The Saturday Evening
POST
November 19, 1955 — 15¢

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The Cold, Silent Abyss at Earth's Outer Limits:

I FLEW TO 90,000 FEET

WHO RUNS CHICAGO? By John Bartlow Martin

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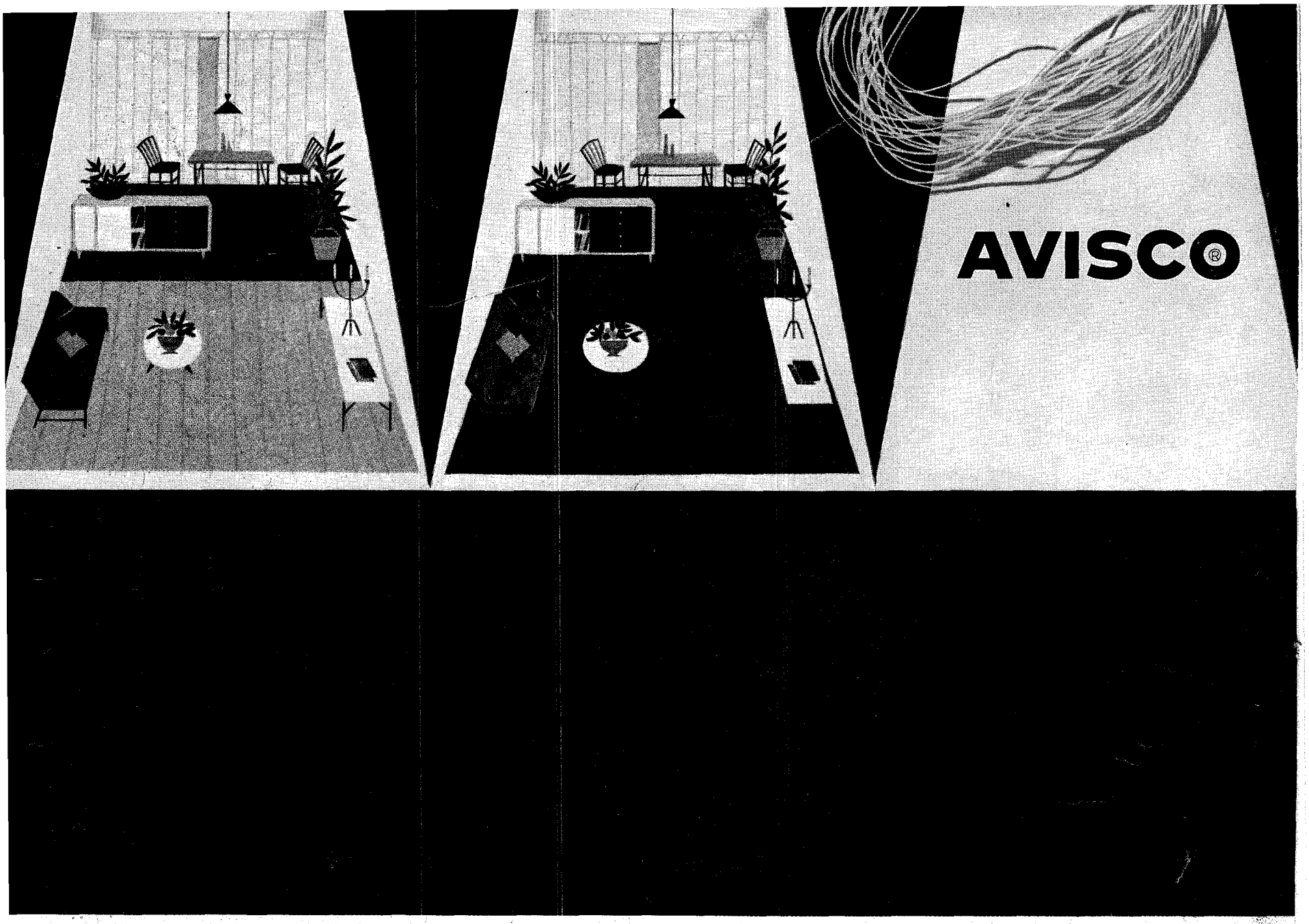

Go ahead! You can afford to get both rooms carpeted / AVISCO is the reason

You don't have to settle for just living room or dining room. Carpet two rooms handsomely for about the price you'd expected to spend on one. How do you double your dollar? There's a new era in carpeting, and you're lucky to be born into it. Avisco rayon is the ingredient that brings spring underfoot and dense, thick pile you thought belonged only in mansions! Yet the wealthiest home owners of yesteryear couldn't get colors so sparkling for love *nor* money. (They had to worry about moths, you don't.) You can get a rug or wall-to-wall carpeting that keeps brilliance and resilience through home or commercial cleaning; that looks luxurious but isn't a luxury at all. Just look for the Avisco Integrity Tag. This golden label tells you, "Here's assurance of fine rayon fibers, made for carpet use, constructed with highest quality standards." Luxury carpeting for little is one more example of Avisco fiber research.

ASK FOR CARPETING MADE WITH AVISCO FIBERS AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

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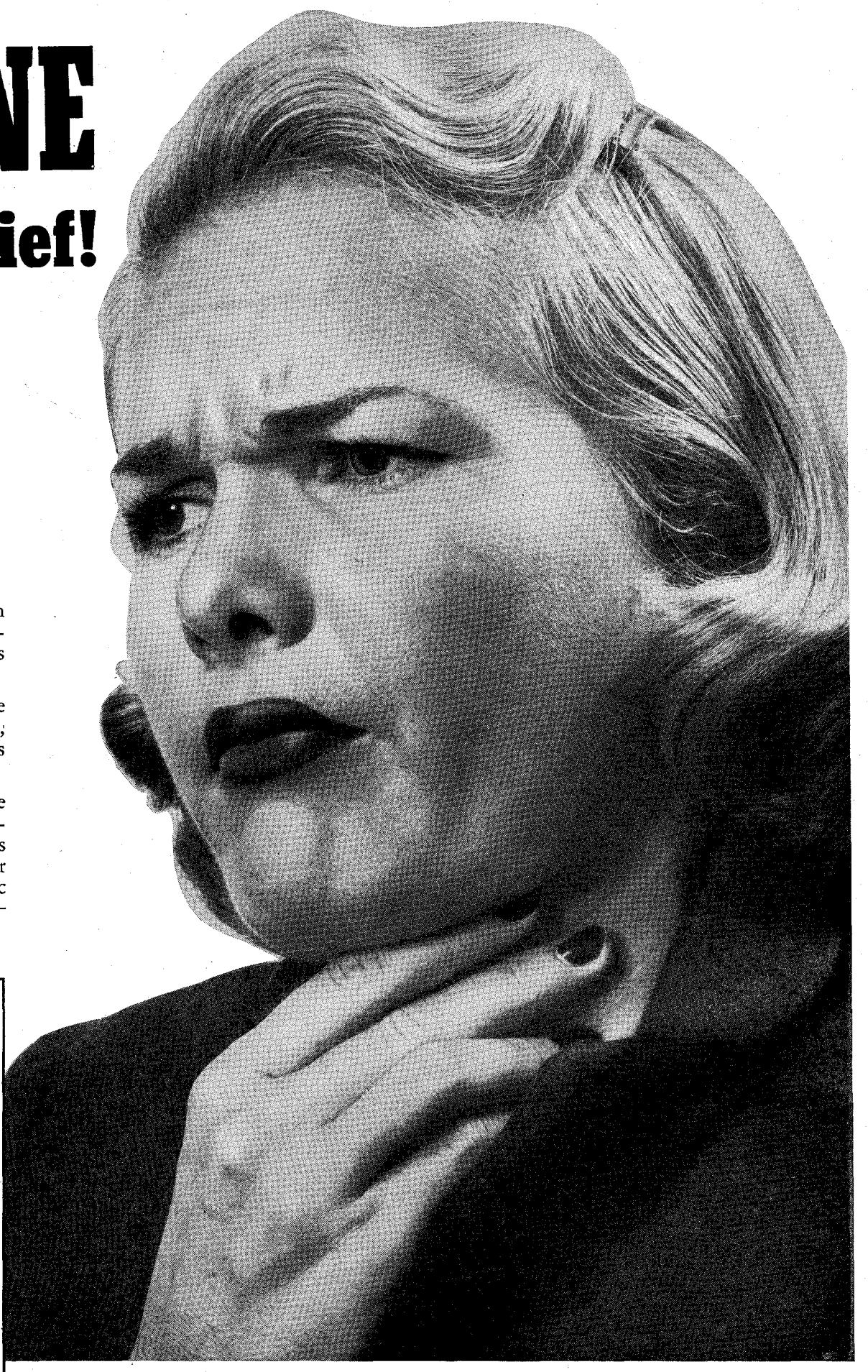
Throat raw and scratchy?

LISTERINE

for Quick relief!



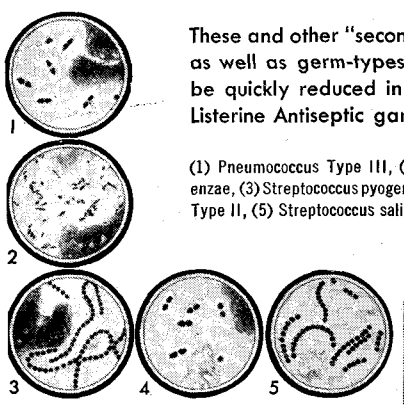
isterine Does What Non-Antiseptic Cold Remedies" Can't Do— ills Germs Instantly—By Millions

: the very first sign of a cold get after the germs that can use you so much misery. Gargle with Listerine Anti-ptic—*quick!* Because Listerine Antiseptic kills germs stantly—by millions.

Remember—non-antiseptic cough drops, aspirin, nose ops or sprays often do relieve many of the symptoms, it they can't kill germs the way Listerine does . . . germs at cause so much of the wretched misery of a cold.

Tests over a 12-year period clearly showed that those io regularly reduced germs on mouth and throat sur-ces with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day, had fewer colds d sore throats than those who did not. No matter iat else you may do for a cold—you need an antiseptic kill germs. The minute you feel a cold coming on—ich for the Listerine Antiseptic—quick and often!

NO MATTER WHAT ELSE YOU DO FOR A COLD YOU NEED AN ANTISEPTIC
to kill germs like these!



These and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.

At the first sign of a Cold or Sore Throat—

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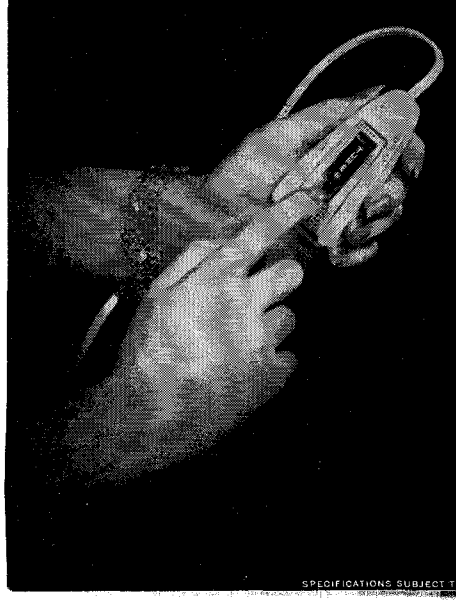

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THE COVER

Old folks are so fussy about noises at night; they hear a burglar, and they grope downstairs, and there is none, or they hear a pillow fight, and grope upstairs, and there is none. If Thornton Utz's father doesn't stop fussing around, he'll wake those boys up, causing them to be nervous and restless and perhaps to wind up having a pillow fight. Well, young folks have eccentricities, too, like not going to bed when they go to bed. Maybe that's because every boy is an Indian, a cowboy, a rocket man, a Crockett man, and so forth—thus being much busier than an adult, who is only one person. When boys do get their work done at night, they should yell downstairs, "Will you *please* shut off that TV noise and go to bed?" To sum it up: boys will be boys, and adults, adults.

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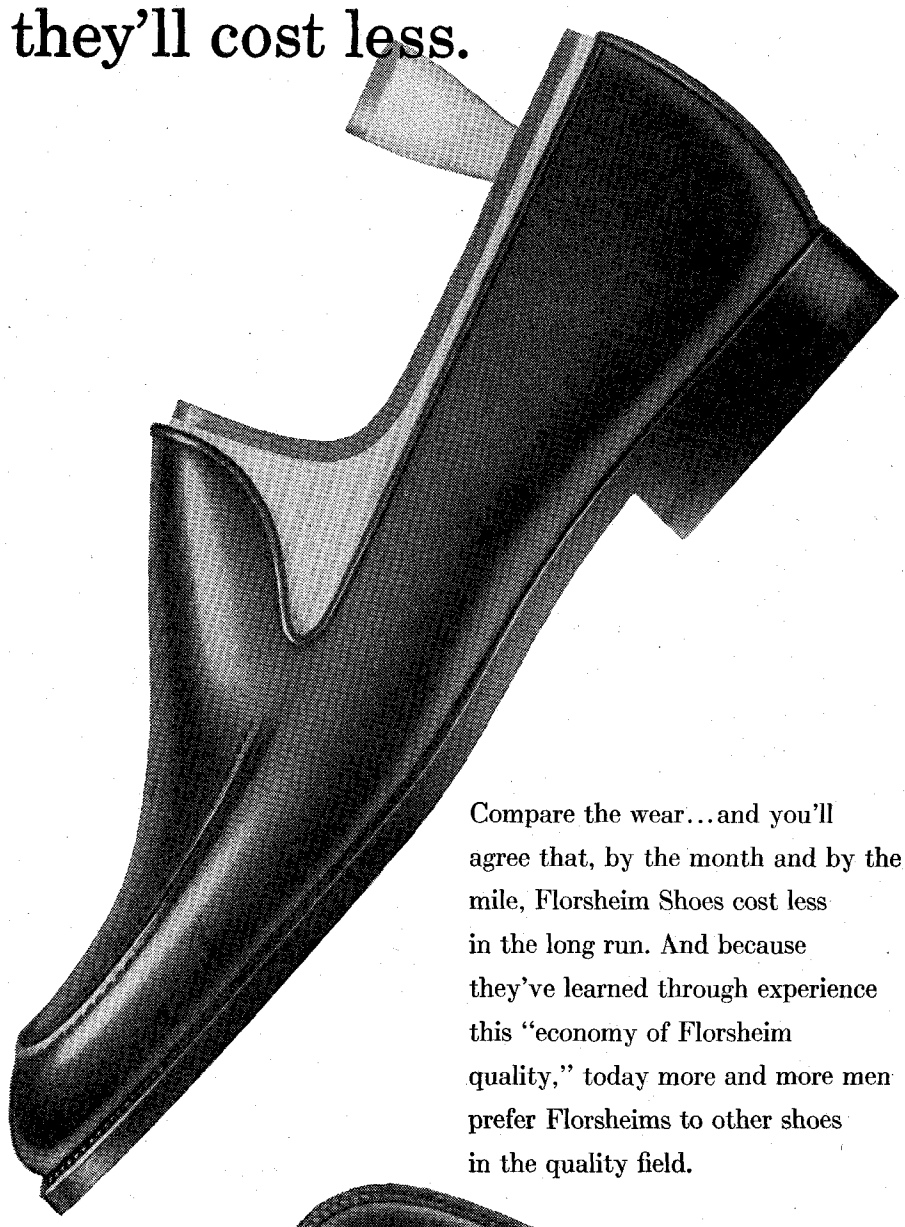

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Letters

What F. D. R. Said

Dear Sirs:

I congratulate you on running the most excellent article on nematodes, KING OF THE PESTS (by Norris Leap, Oct. 15). It is high time that more research be put on this problem. In this connection my notes of a Cabinet meeting held on November 16, 1939, might interest you.

President Roosevelt thought the scientific work in the various departments should be cut by one third. He said, "Now take for instance, the Bureau of Nepatology. Do you know anything, Henry, about this bureau?" I said, "Mr. President, there is no such bureau. Perhaps, there should be, but there isn't." I said this, thinking of course, that he was making a play on the word "nepotism." "Well," said he, "the Bureau of Nepatology last year was getting $102,000—and this year it wants $107,000." I said, "You are referring to a project called Nematology." "Well," said he, "when Harold Smith brought the budget in to me and I asked him about this increase, he said, "The people in Agriculture made a very good defense of it and I recommend that it be allowed." The President then quoted himself as saying to Smith, "What is Nematology?" Smith blushed and said he didn't know. The President then turned to me and asked, "What is it?" I said, "It is the science of nematodes." "What are nematodes?" he demanded. I said, "A certain kind of wormlike creature that lives in the soil and preys on roots, among others—on sugar beets." Ickes chimed in and said he thought so, too.

I refer to this conversation which took place sixteen years ago to indicate how hard it is for competent scientists to wake up the people of the U.S. to a new disease or insect threat. Usually by the time the awakening has taken place the pest has gained such a head start that very little can be done about it. . . .

HENRY A. WALLACE
South Salem, N. Y.

The Korean Problem

Dear Sirs:

I was greatly interested in WE CAN'T IGNORE KOREA (by William Worden, Oct. 15) principally because I recently returned with a tourist's-eye view of that country. . . . It is hard for an American to realize the depth of degradation, the filth and the generally miserable conditions existing in this country, and makes all Americans present there wonder in the summing up, what are we doing there anyway?

H. A. THOMSON
Malvern, Pennsylvania

Dear Sirs:

I don't believe I have ever read as unfair an article about my country as that which appeared in your October 15th issue entitled WE CAN'T IGNORE KOREA. If conditions generally were such as portrayed by William L. Worden, Korea should not only be ignored but ostracized by all civilized nations.

. . . Mr. Worden calls [Syngman Rhee] the loneliest man in the world and depicts him as emerging from a palsied trance, only approaching normalcy when he talked about the necessity of reuniting our divided nation and being eternally on guard against communism. Presider Rhee has the loyalty and devotion twenty-five million of his fellow country men, and has been commended by thou sands of other persons in the free worl for his valiant stand against the enem of all of us. No man is lonely under thos circumstances. . . .

YOU CHAN YAN
Korean Ambassad
Washington, D.C

Dear Sirs:

. . . In printing William Worden article WE CAN'T IGNORE KOREA yo have done a grave injustice to a prou and courageous leader [Syngman Rhee and his equally courageous nation. . .

GARY GLEN
Los Angeles, Ca.

Dear Sirs:

. . . After being stationed in Korea a an enlisted man with the United State Armed Forces for fourteen months, I ar rived at the same conclusions as th writer.

WAYNE O. FURMA
Wellsboro, Pennsylvani

Why Men Like Dogs

Dear Sirs:

As implied in your editorial STATISTIC DON'T TELL WHY MEN LIKE DOGS (Oct 15) it is unlikely that we will ever know exactly what is at the bottom of th peculiar relationship between man an dog until dogs are better able to expres themselves. Then we may find out wh dogs like men—a much more intriguin question. . . .

GEORGE GODSO
New York, N.Y

Dear Sirs:

. . . Our sole devotion to dogs stem from one fact. The dog, God bless him does not plan to tear your leg off whil he wags his tail. And that is a dam sight more than one can say for som people.

J. S. MATOS
Youngstown, Ohi

Dear Sirs:

. . . Now that the psychologists hav "come out" about why people *have* dogs please induce them to "come out" abou why people have kids—especially as o today.

J. M. PRICI
Atlanta, Ga

Dear Sirs:

. . . What a pity that all the time an energy wasted on dogs couldn't be ex pended on human beings!

MRS. B. T. ANTELIERI
Whittier, Cal

Dear Sirs:

. . . The other night my dog scratche on the door several times, indicating sh wanted out. I said wearily to her, "Oh Cindy, I'm (Continued on Page 6

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THE

Bent-Wing Thrasher

This bird can be quickly identified by his thrashing left wing. You might think he's ready to turn. But he's really flicking ashes, pointing out sights or waving to friends.

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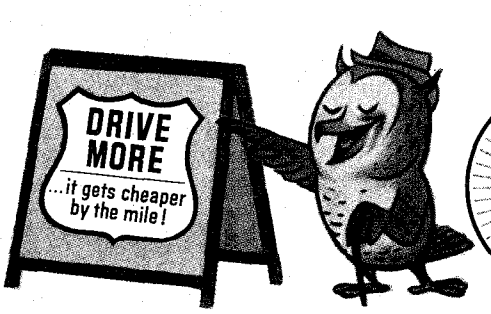
It's smart to use *premium* gasoline



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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

tired. Wait until daddy comes home. Go back to bed like a good girl." She looked at me with, I swear, human understanding, and what do you know? She went right back to her bed and slept for a couple of hours until daddy came home! Now do you see why I love her? . . .

STELLA BIENSTOCK
Los Angeles, Cal.

Not Too Old to Work

Dear Sirs:

Please tell Mrs. Frances B. Gordon her article [Too Old to Work? Not Me!, Oct. 8] was great. A fine "lift" for us "old women"! . . .

MRS. RUBY MCGEE
Crawfordsville, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I don't see anything so wonderful in a woman at that age working in a watch factory. My wife, Georgie Gess, well past 50 at the time, worked in the Mead Ordnance plant in '43 and '44 making a 36 to 40 mile trip twice a day. . . .

H. E. GESS
Louisville, Nebraska

Strom Thurmond

Dear Sirs:

. . . I am sure that all South Carolinians living in Washington enjoyed your article on our Junior Senator, Strom Thurmond [Dixiecrat in Washington, by Ashley Halsey, Jr., Oct. 8]. . . . we are always happy to see South Carolina receive favorable publicity. . . .

MRS. RODGER D. HARRIS
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I'm glad that the author noted the fact that the Senator is the negro's friend, though few would believe it. In fact, most southerners are. We don't wish to deprive the negro of his rights, but we do think we should be allowed to retain a few rights ourselves. And one of those rights should be the privilege of choosing our associates. Like Strom Thurmond, all true southerners are champions of segregation. . . .

GUY SIMMONS
Moscow, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Think how much better off all of us would have been with Thurmond as President. . . .

JOHN E. BARBER
Montgomery, Ala.

The "Summit" Talks

Dear Sirs:

I must take time to . . . express my appreciation for The Perilous Descent from "The Summit" (by Demaree Bess, Oct. 15). . . . The above article is so clearly put that at last I have an inkling of what the over-all picture of America's foreign policy is. . . .

MRS. E. M. THEIL
Sunnyvale, Ca

Dear Sirs:

What Demaree Bess wrote about th present intentions of the communis should be read and discussed by busines men and our political leaders. That ab member of your staff put into unde standable language what disturbing! few realize are the present intentions those autocrats. . . .

GORDON C. CORBALE
New York, N.

The Kremlin Plan

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial . . . (Oct. 15) titled The Kremlin Expects America to Cut He Own Throat, is a masterpiece. . . . Th American public needs to . . . ca about for ways to combat effectively th communistic measures that are bein employed against it. . . .

C. B. MCABE
Dalhart, Texa

Dear Sirs:

. . . Common sense suggests tha Khrushchev was talking, not about th hopeless task of the Red apparatus her where subversion is probably at the low est ebb in our history and Marxism cer tainly is; but about the economic race u ahead. He was saying that communisr will win that race.

When I read the Post ads that typif the glories of American production, know Khrushchev is wrong. But when read that you cower with fear for Americ lest a Red with a passport will destroy u I begin to wonder at your lack of faith i your fellow Americans.

FRANK A. SIEVERMAN, JR
New York, N.

Humane Prisons

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for your excellent articl Our Prisons Need Not Fail (by Ree Cozart, as told to Edward W. Stagg Oct. 8). . . . I worked for 9 years in th Danish prison administration on a priso farm, where we employed the sam methods as named in your article and ou experiences were very similar to those c yours. . . .

G. ARTMANI
Racine, Wisconsi

Dear Sirs:

. . . This article was written to vindicat a foolish and extravagant administration and was far from a true picture of condi tions prevailing at the institution. Angol may be the ideological dream of Mr Cozart, but to the poor citizens living within a radius of twenty-five miles of th penitentiary, it's a nightmare. . . .

J. R. LAWRASO
St. Francisville, La

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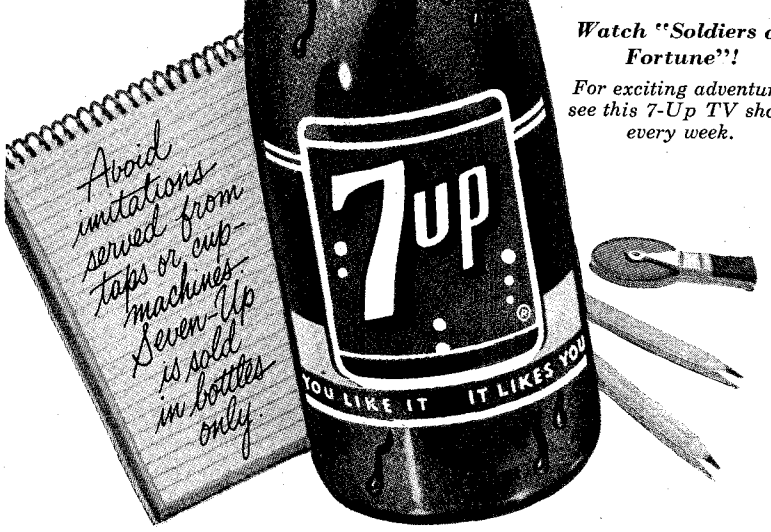

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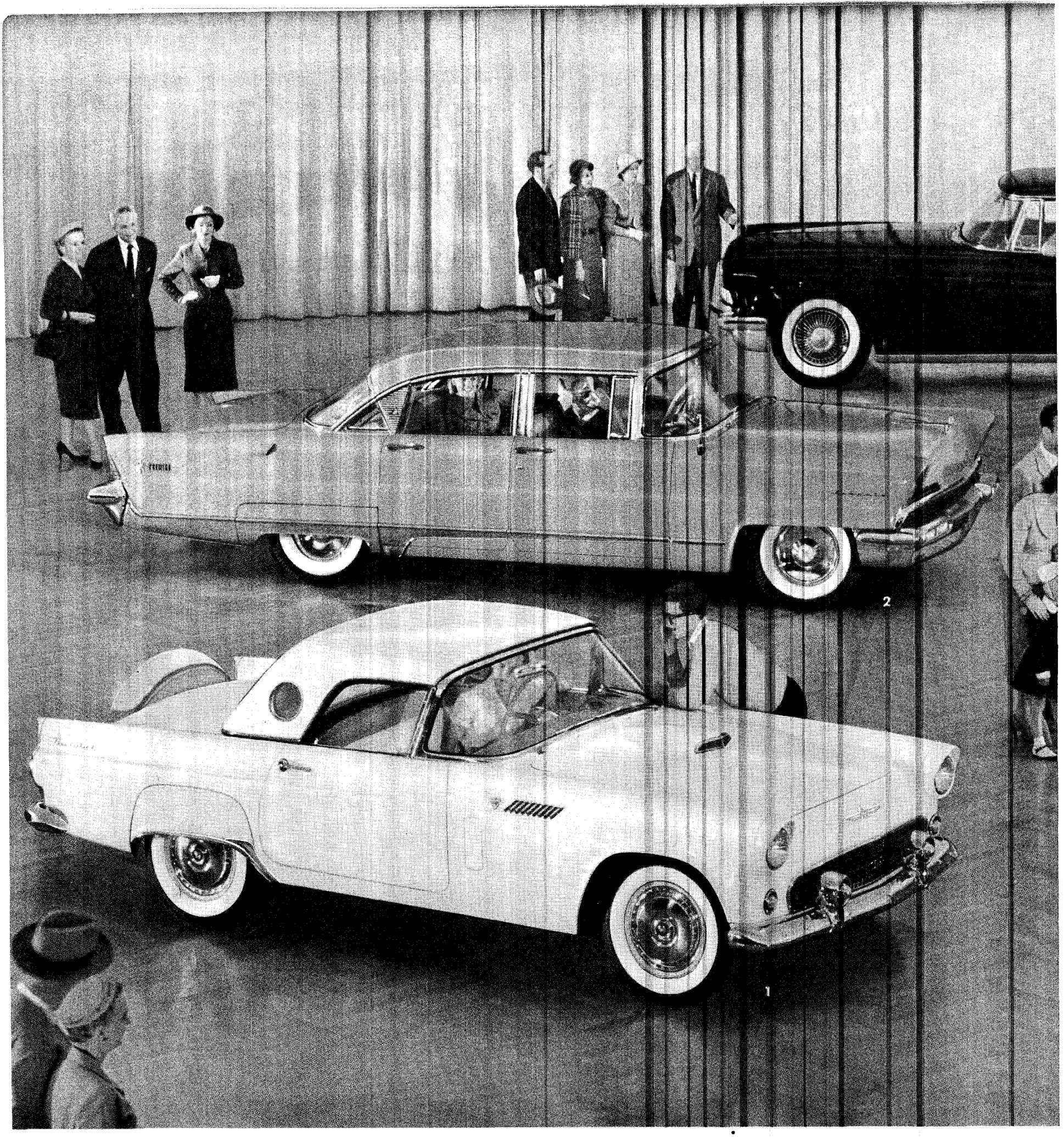

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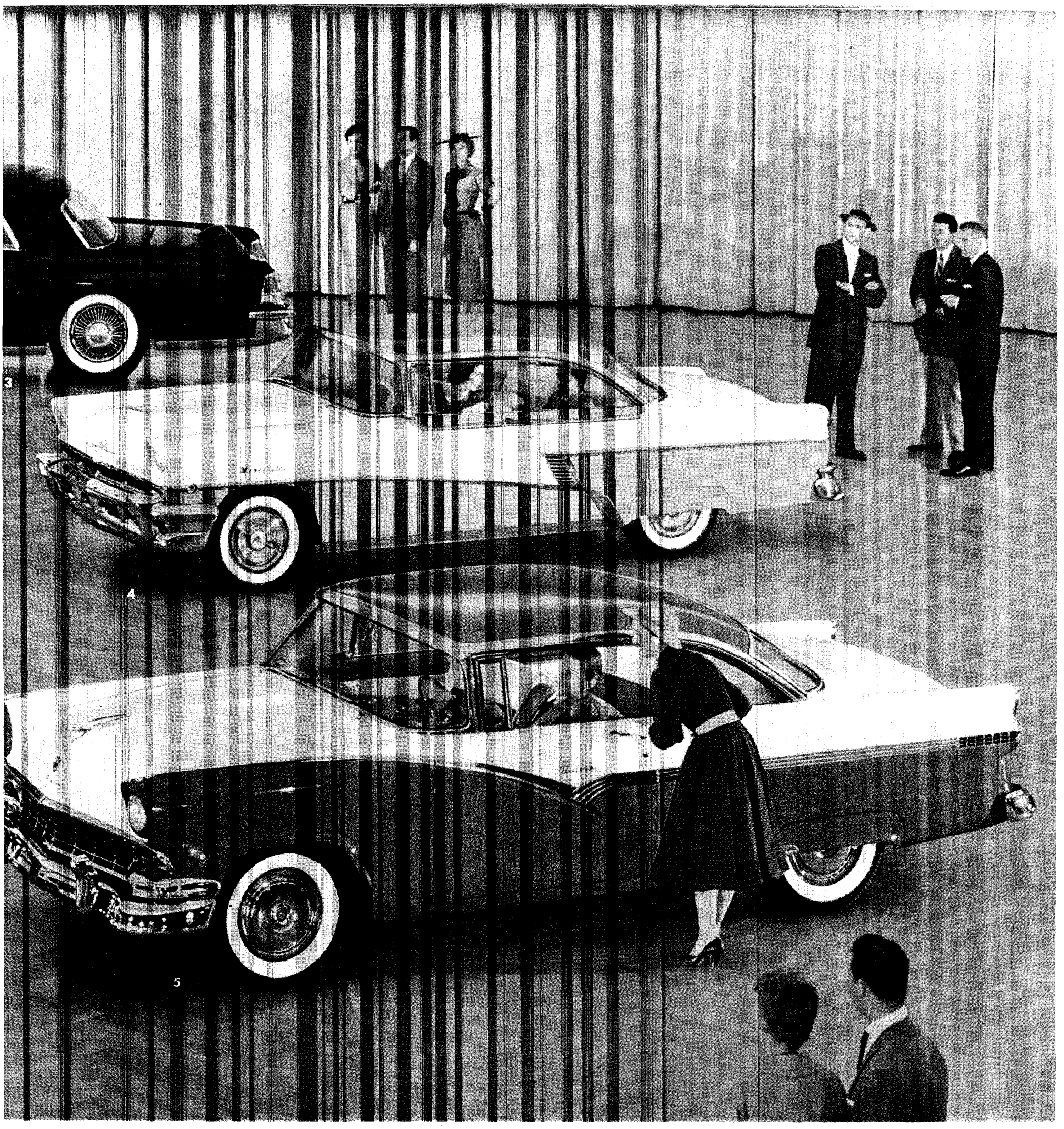

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e. It is value that never existed before; the lowest ced Ford car, for example, has features that once were dreamed of on the costliest cars. It is value that comes ly from so wide-ranging a line, with so many fresh ideas. You'll see proof of this as the Big Trend continues. les of every member of the Ford Family of Fine Cars are going higher and higher. Ford and Mercury cars lead their fields in trade-in value.

For the men of Ford are building new kinds of cars for a new kind of people—the Americans of mid-century who are crowding showrooms of the Ford Family of fine dealers. Your dealer is waiting for you.

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Editorials

Mr. Nixon Can Take Pride in Some of His Enemies

On the assumption that President Eisenhower will not be a candidate for re-election, a number of Republican leaders are already being "talked of" as possible successors. There are points for and against all of them, but one of the possibilities, Vice-President Nixon, has become the target of an intensive smear campaign, sponsored and directed by the American Communist Party. Of course this does not mean that all who don't care for Mr. Nixon are communists. Perhaps there are good reasons to be against him—as is true of any politician. But the Red smear on Nixon is something special.

The Communist Party's Politburo has handed down, through Chairman William Z. Foster, an edict that Nixon must be destroyed. "It is no political secret," he said, "that President Eisenhower is systematically trying to prepare the ground to make the reactionary Richard M. Nixon his eventual successor in the White House. . . . His (Nixon's) political cronies and backers are among the most consciously Fascist elements." This last statement, of course, is a typical communist lie.

In next year's election, said the CP chief prior to the President's illness, "the menace of the Nixon candidacy should be made a serious issue. The great masses of the American people" must stop the "pro-Fascist Nixon."

When Foster says the "great masses" should do this, he means that the communists and their supporters must make an anti-Nixon noise in practically all organizations they are members of, ranging from Red fronts to noncommunist groups such as labor unions, women-voters' clubs, student leagues, religious and ethnic societies and assorted associations for "civil liberty" and for "liberal" and "democratic" action.

When President Eisenhower had his heart attack, the communists carried out Foster's command by intensifying their smear campaign against the Vice-President. The Daily Worker used almost the whole of its front page to denounce him on a number of grounds, including his leading part in writing the Internal Security Act, and his villainy in being "responsible for imprisoning Alger Hiss." This, of course, is the real "reason why."

Foster issued a supplementary directive, headed "*STOP NIXON!*" Once again he assailed Eisenhower for having "taken Nixon under his wing . . . and . . . grooming him as his successor. . . . The sinister Nixon . . . belongs to the general camp which contains the most virulent anti-laborites, Negro-haters, red-baiters, anti-Semites, warmongers, and Fascists." Foster called on "the labor movement and its political allies" (meaning procommunists in unions and elsewhere) to lead the people by attacking Nixon at once.

Certainly this does not mean that noncommunist opponents of Nixon should stop opposing him. Opposition to any potential candidate is the right of any American. But it might be a good idea to see to it that the communists do not slip the honest opposition any poisoned arrows.

DUFFY'S CARTOON

Exported Caviar.

The Yalta Deal Doesn't Look Any Better When Dug Up

Journalism and public controversy being what they are, it is not remarkable that newspaper accounts of the Defense Department's documentary report on the circumstances of Russia's entry into the Pacific war should have emphasized the apparent conflict between Gen. Douglas MacArthur's attitudes on this question, at the expense of the more important material which the report contains. The MacArthur issue boils down to the fact that the general said last year that if he had been consulted prior to the Yalta Conference, he would have "most emphatically recommended against bringing the Soviet into the Pacific war at that late date. To have made vital concessions for such a purpose would have seemed to me fantastic." However, the officers quoted in the Defense Department report represent the general as having said after the Yalta Conference that, because the Soviet Union could not be prevented from taking most of what it wanted in Asia, Russia should be urged to "share the cost in blood of defeating Japan."

There is surely a degree of difference between wanting the Russians to pay for the booty they were bound to take anyway, and bribing them to join up with even more concessions than they would have thought of asking.

However, the real interest in the documentary report lies not so much in its revival of the controversy over General MacArthur's attitude as in its tracing of the evolution of military and political thinking on Russian participation, from the dark days of 1942 up to the weeks before the Japanese surrender in August, 1945. In the early days after Pearl Harbor, it was natural for military commanders in the Pacific theater to hope for any intervention which would take some of the heat off their hard-pressed commands.

Had they not been under the Japanese guns, our military planners might have wondered what could be the significance of Stalin's repeated refusals to permit the setting up of American air bases in Siberia or even to discuss the matter. Those were the days when Soviet fortunes were at their lowest point. But Soviet fortunes never sank so low as to compel the Kremlin to welcome outside observation of the Siberian slave-labor camps!

This eagerness on the part of the Joint Chiefs of Staff to tempt the Russians into the Pacific war whether or no is in marked contrast to the military attitude after 1944, when it could be predicted without overconfidence that the Japanese war was in the bag. By early 1945 Acting Secretary of State Joseph C. Grew was questioning the advisability of urging the Soviet Union into the Pacific war without obtaining "certain desirable political objectives in the Far East." Admiral King expressed the naval point of view when he said that, regardless of the desirability of the Russians entering the war, they were not indispensable, and he did not think we should beg them to come in. These intrusions of common sense were, of course, forgotten at both Yalta and Potsdam, where the conferees accepted terms which made the Soviet Union the really big winner of World War II.

It's plain enough now, as it was to a few wise if inarticulate men ten years ago, that the barrier to flexibility in dealing with the political objectives of the war as (Continued on Page 12)

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Here's the perfect way to fill . . .

the perfect fountain pen!

14 Kt gold nib **$15.00****

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Perfect, because Waterman's C/F* is cartridge-filled, an innovation that banishes forever every filling hazard. Unbreakable cartridge is transparent, shows the ink line clearly. No inner parts to break or wear out. Tremendous ink capacity.

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You can select

a beautiful care-free floor

from this book of designs, and install it yourself with a brush and scissors

it's Johns-Manville

TERRAFLEX vinyl asbestos tile

See the many beautiful patterns in this book, then see how easy Terraflex® is to install! Simply brush on Johns-Manville Terraflex Adhesive right over the old floor. It makes installation easier than ever before. Then set Terraflex Tile on the Adhesive. You can cut Terraflex with scissors when necessary.

Terraflex stays first-day fresh for years, needs only a damp mopping to keep it shining bright. It's the original vinyl asbestos tile, has a nonporous surface that dirt and grease can't penetrate.

Send 10¢ for this colorful design book

shows the beautiful Terraflex colors
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Editorials

(Continued from Page 10)

they developed was the phrase "unconditional surrender." Because of that unfortunate and limited expression of our war aims, we were prevented from considering the possibility that exploration of the peace feelers which Japan was making might be to our advantage. Otherwise we might not now find ourselves in the somewhat absurd position of attempting to rearm a reluctant Japan after zealously destroying her industrial and military potential in the face of Soviet aggressive intentions in Asia.

Now the Army Cures Whooping Cough!

Last October, some 17,000 of our troops vacated the musical city of Salzburg, Austria, which had been under our occupation for ten years. This was part of the move to restore to Austria its sovereignty.

During those ten years there was many an unfortunate incident which did anything but endear the GI's to the Austrians. But so handsomely did our Army authorities conduct its public relations that it may be said flatly that there were more regrets than huzzahs when we packed up and left. One of the reasons, of course, was the formidable $25,000,000 a year spent by the Army in Salzburg and the surrounding area. Also some 5000 Austrian civilians employed by the Army at various tasks lost their jobs. Another reason was that we really did a bang-up job.

One noteworthy achievement was the unprecedented Operation Whooping Cough. During 1953 and 1954, an epidemic of the wretched cough seized hold on thousands of Austrian children. A United States Army doctor suggested that doses of good, clean oxygen would alleviate the ailment.

The matter was taken up with the ranking officers, with the Pentagon and the State Department. "Why not?" everyone said. And so it was that Operation Whooping Cough was set into motion. Contingents of Army planes were loaded with thousands of youngsters, and dozens of flights were made daily. The pilots good-naturedly provided ice cream and other goodies out of their own funds and varied the scenic routes of the flights over the Alps nearby.

The "indigenous population," which is Army jargon for the natives, was stunned. The only gripe was: "They're doing it to make you think they're nice people." Which was exactly the case! After several weeks, thousands of children exposed to the pure air at 10,000 feet were relieved and trooped back to school.

But there was to be a tragic climax. One Army captain, who had made 160 Whooping Cough flights, was killed in a crash unrelated to the Operation. The grateful Salzburg people erected a memorial to him, which, when you look at it in terms of occupation history, is astonishing.

The Crow Has Outlasted Nicer Birds

The dictionaries make no mistake in defining the word "crow" as "to boast in triumph," just before referring to the "familiar bird of glossy black plumage." American crows—and their English cousins, the rooks, and those world citizens, the ravens—still have a lot to brag about. The crow family's intelligent self-interest has frequently attracted the story-tellers. In recent literary generations, Poe and Dickens featured the raven. O. Henry made the crow's "philosophy" a theme of one of his most famous tales, and Wycherley's "rook" is still accepted as a synonym for rogue and sharper.

At any rate, the American crow has long regarded the "scarecrow" simply as a convenient parking place, and seems likely to be as little bothered by the most ingenious modern methods of scaring him out of his wits—or, anyway, out of planted fields. Among the new devices, according to a New York Times report, are firecrackers attached at long intervals to a slow-burning fuse; gaudy-colored burlap bags swinging at the tops of ten-foot poles; plastic snakes in Ohio orchards; broadcasting of recorded calls of distressed crows at Michigan State College, and of dog barks in Israel.

In the midst of all this sound and fury unperturbed American crows keep breaking into the news for snatching clothespins from newly hung wash, sliding down cellar doors on baking-can tops, and stealing everything they can carry away. They also go on eating, and their friends and enemies go on arguing about the economic meaning and the effect on "Nature's balance" of the 650 different food items identified as being eaten by 2118 crows collected in forty states and some parts of Canada.

Despite his bad reputation and various efforts to liquidate him, the crow appears as nearly immortal in the woods as in literature.

Help Fight TB

Buy Christmas Seals

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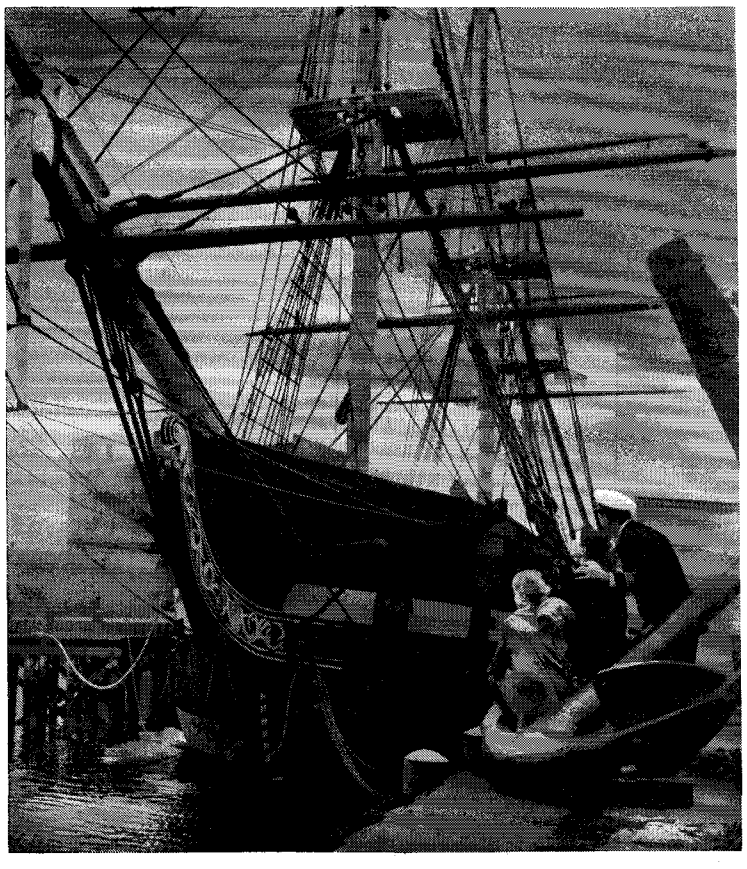

U.S.S. Constitution, *symbol of America's historical stand for freedom of the seas. "Old Ironsides" fought many glorious battles to establish this tradition.*

Freedom of the Seas

A great tradition in the public interest

From its birth our country has fought for the principle that the seas must be free. This principle is vital to the United States. It is vital to all nations.

Insurance Company of North America was founded in 1792 to give ship owners and merchants independent American insurance covering "sea risques." This company's insurance provided the basis for American credit. It helped the country to grow.

In this century, even in times of war and those crucial months before the outbreak of wars, the North America has insured American ships and cargoes in trade with allies against the hazards of war. This is done, not as a matter of business, but *as a matter of principle.*

Insurance in such critical days is absolutely necessary to keep international trade flowing, to make sure that American business and industry have the strategic materials they need.

Even with the risk so great, and the hope of profit so slim, North America did not turn away from its avowed task of protecting American interests. The decision to serve the people of the United States, in war and peace, good times and bad, had already been made in 1792.

NORTH AMERICA COMPANIES

PROTECT WHAT YOU HAVE©

Philadelphia 1, Pa.

Insurance Company of North America
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THE NEWEST AND BEST FROM AMERICA'S OLDEST AND STRONGEST STOCK INSURANCE COMPANY

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United States Rubber contributes to a new age of driving safety with

the safest tire for the new safety age U.S

Now—two great new safety exclusives bring you a wholly new quality of tire protection... the safest tire ever built!

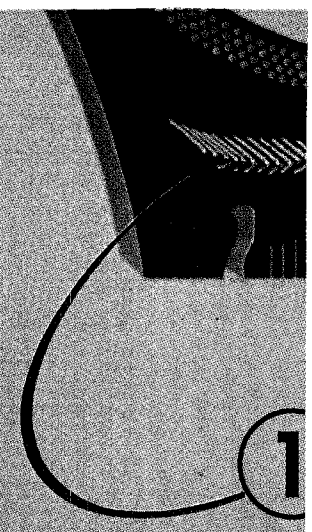
Now, with the new Safety Age U.S. Royal Master, you are *safer* from tire risks at whatever speed you drive your car, whatever object strikes your tire. For the exclusive "Safety Crown" ends the danger of blowouts and cuts in the tread area.

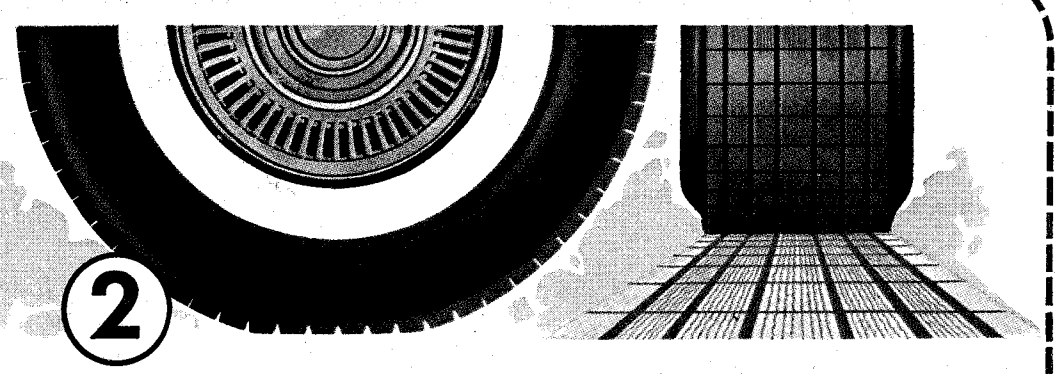
Now you are *safer* from tire risks on whatever road you ride, in whatever season you travel. For exclusive "Working Safety Tread" gives you positive skid prevention and stopping power unknown before.

Beyond this safety are many other benefits. The luxurious comfort of a smoother, more buoyant ride. The increased security of cooler running at today's higher speeds. A full *line* of colors and stylings to match and enhance the modern look of your car.

Here too is superlative economy—tread mileage that lasts you, in all probability, longer than you keep your car—plus body construction so advanced it all but eliminates the possibility of premature tire failure.

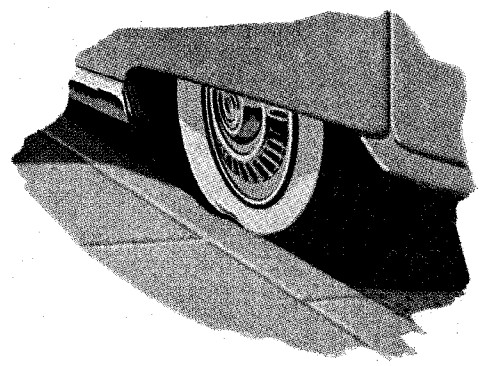
Why wait... why put off your personal Safety Age? For this exceptional tubeless tire safety, comfort, styling and value—for your new car or the car you now own—see your U. S. Royal Dealer or new car dealer *soon!*





EXCLUSIVE "WORKING-SAFETY TREAD" STOPS 1 TO 10 CAR-LENGTHS QUICKER!

Look at this tread design, entirely different from any other tire you've ever known. When you touch your brakes, seven basic tread ribs open into thousands of gripping surfaces for positive skid prevention. This working safety device gives you a tremendous extra margin of stopping power—1 to 3 car-lengths on dry pavement, 5 to 10 car-lengths on wet pavement!



BOLD NEW BEAUTY CURB-GUARDED FOR LIFE!

Choose your U. S. Royal Masters from a complete range of colors and styles. New Coloramic Styling in black and white, blue and white, bronze and white, or green and white—or the future-fashioned Star Streak Styling pictured at right—at no difference in price. All are protected from sidewall scuff damage by U. S. Royal's own patented Curb Guard Rib!

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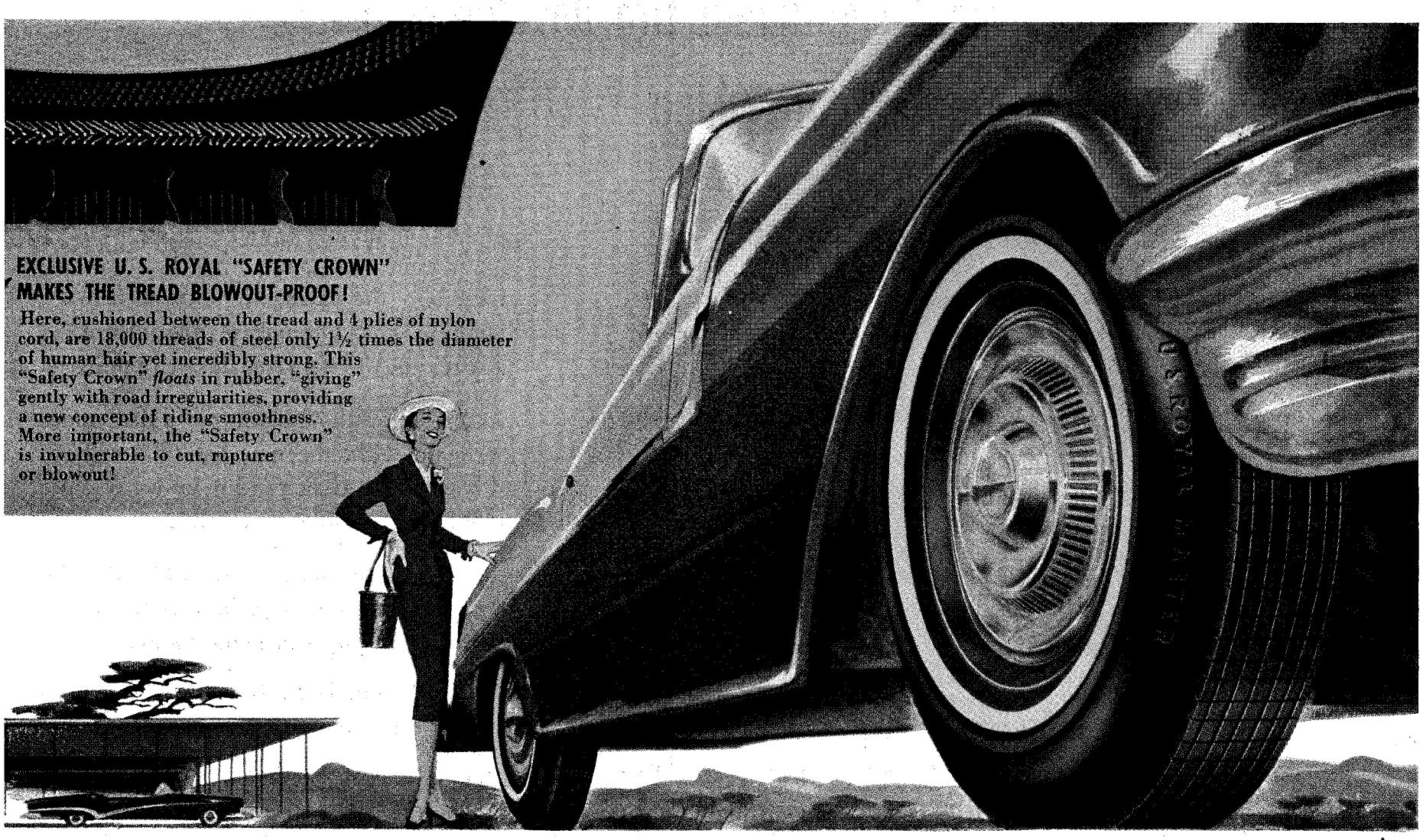
ever built Royal Master


EXCLUSIVE U. S. ROYAL "SAFETY CROWN"
MAKES THE TREAD BLOWOUT-PROOF!
Here, cushioned between the tread and 4 plies of nylon cord, are 18,000 threads of steel only 1½ times the diameter of human hair yet incredibly strong. This "Safety Crown" *floats* in rubber, "giving" gently with road irregularities, providing a new concept of riding smoothness. More important, the "Safety Crown" is invulnerable to cut, rupture or blowout!

AND MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL...
(PLEASE TURN THE PAGE)

US RUBBER

United States Rubber

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Here is why the safest tire ever built—

the new Safety Age U. S. Royal Master is.....

1. today's most significant tire development

2. today's greatest tire value

With new U. S. Royal Masters, you can have tire *safety* you never thought possible before:

Now you are protected against tread blow-outs, cuts, sudden "flats", forward skids and side skids.

Now you are free to enjoy the pleasures of motoring without worry about tire risks.

Equally important—new U. S. Royal Masters deliver tire *value* you never hoped to own. And here is why:

The tread of the new Safety Age U. S. Royal Master is so tough it will probably last you longer than you keep your car.

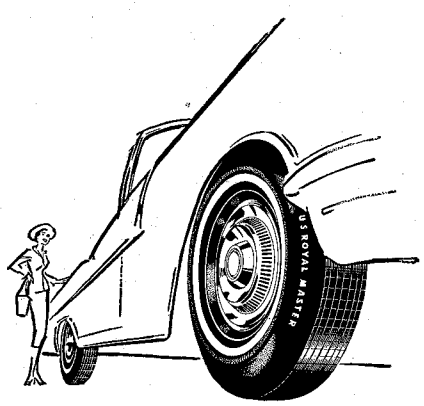
Besides, this tire's stronger body, reinforced by the exclusive "Safety Crown", virtually ends premature tire failure . . . assures you of getting *all* this extra mileage.

As a result, although you pay a little more to begin with, the new Safety Age U. S. Royal Master gives you the lowest cost per safe mile available in any tire.

Yes, both in terms of *safety* and of hard, cold, dollar-and-cents *economy*, here is the wisest tire investment you can make today.

Why not ask your U. S. Royal Dealer or new-car dealer for a demonstration.

You'll find . . . *you can pay more but you can't afford less than the safest tire ever built!*



US RUBBER **United States Rubber**

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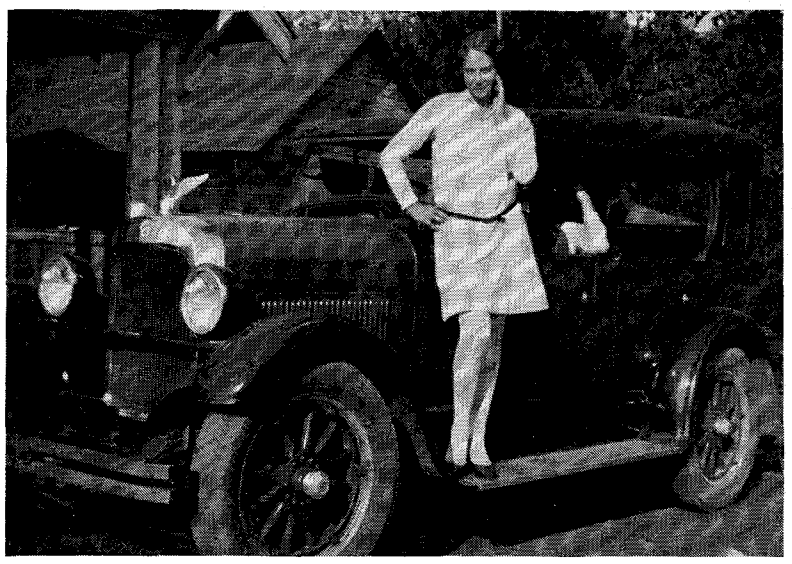
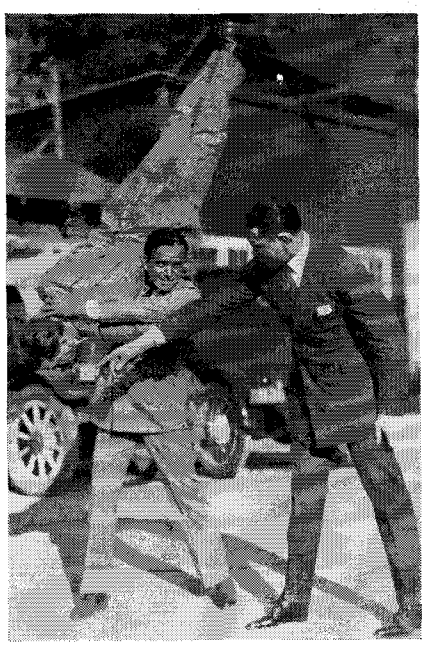
PICTURES WITH A PAST

Remember When?



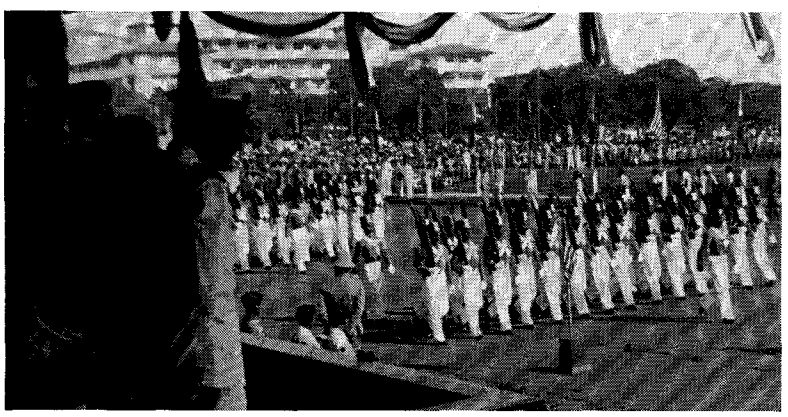
REMEMBER when these models, in cars and clothes, were all the style? The auto is a 1925 Studebaker Six, some models of which went so fast that prohibition rum-runners made them famous as the "Bootleg Special." The young lady displaying her knees was in keeping with the times too. Skirts never were higher, nor waistlines vaguer. Still, a lot of us say "Those were the days!" I know, because I drove the car and I married the girl.

D. C. BESLY



RECALL how Doug Fairbanks, Sr., used to toss around opponents in his movies? Here, in fun, he gets actor William Lowery all up in the air by jujitsu. Egging Doug on is Jack Dempsey, new heavyweight champ in 1919 when this photo was taken. Jack played himself in a film called "Dare-Devil Jack." The critics said "it took great courage."

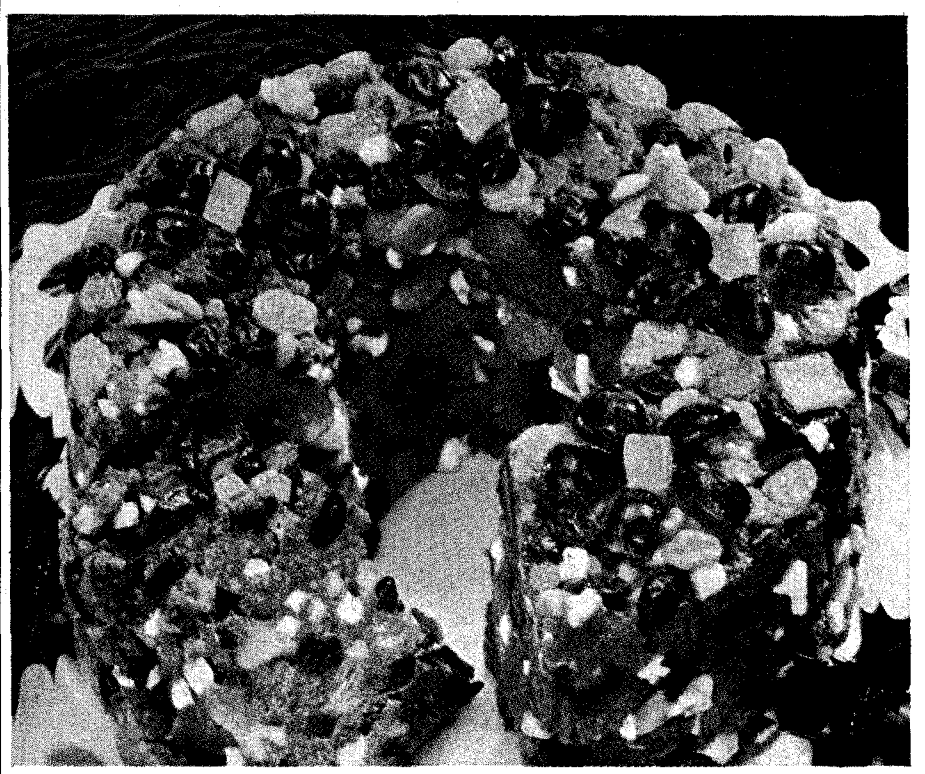
MAX PETER



THESE marching cadets are not West Point's "gray line," but one of the most heroic cadet corps in history. Four years after I took this photo in 1938, many of them had died in defense of their country. For this is the Philippine Army equivalent of West Pointers, U.S. trained. They fought superbly against the Japs. The parade, reviewed by United States Commissioner Paul V. McNutt, marked "Occupation Day," August thirteenth. The Philippines were the only nation in the world that celebrated their occupation by another nation, the United States.

IRMA T. IRELAND

Surprisingly YOURS WITHOUT BAKING



this jolly PET MILK fruit cake kissed with RAISINS

To make 3½ pound fruit cake:

Line with waxed paper bottom and sides of a 9-inch tube pan or a loaf pan holding about 6 cups.

Put into a bowl and let stand until needed . . . . . :
- ¾ cup PET *Evaporated* MILK
- 2 dozen finely cut Marshmallows
- ⅓ cup Orange Juice

Roll into fine crumbs . . . :
- 6 dozen 2½-in. Graham Crackers

Put into a large bowl the crumbs and . . . . . :
- ½ teaspoon Cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon Nutmeg
- ¼ teaspoon Cloves
- 1½ cups seedless Raisins *(preferably half golden, half dark)*
- ¾ cup finely cut Dates
- 1 cup broken Walnuts

Add . . . . . :
- 1¼ cups ready-mixed, cut-up Candied Fruit, *bulk or canned*

Add milk mixture. Mix with spoon, then with hands until crumbs are moistened. Press firmly into pan. Top with additional fruit and nuts. Cover tightly. Chill 2 days before slicing. Keep in cool place.

RAISINS ALWAYS SPRING A TASTE SURPRISE!

CALIFORNIA'S RAISINS
NATURAL SEEDLESS
GOLDEN SEEDLESS
MUSCATS
CURRANTS
SULTANAS

CALIFORNIA RAISIN ADVISORY BOARD, FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

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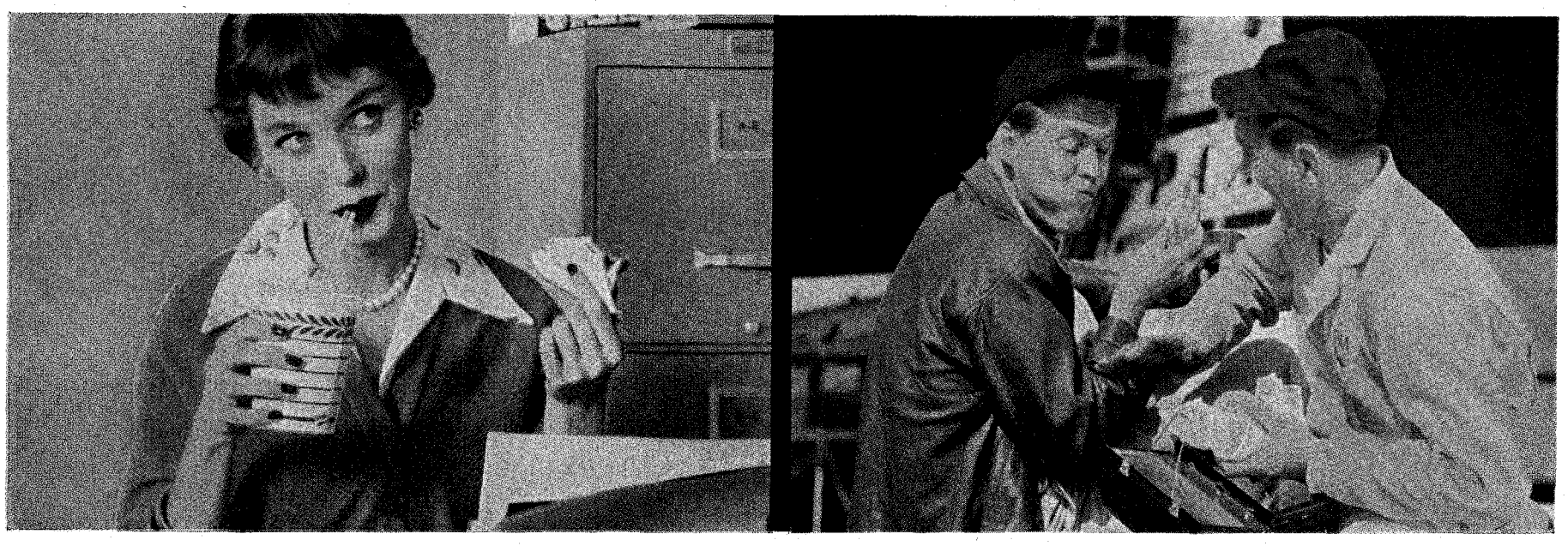
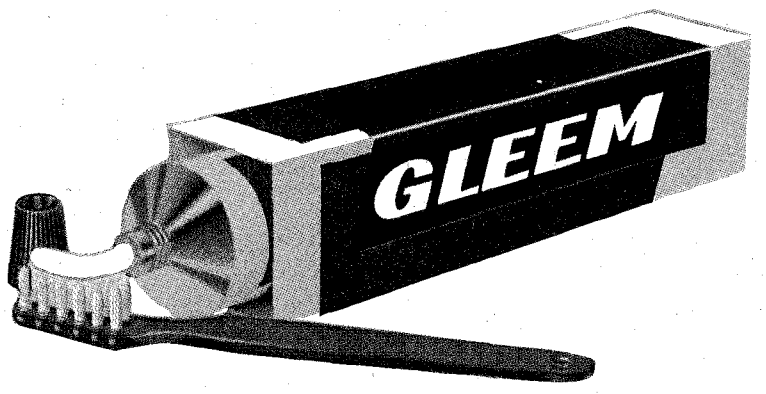


Here are some of the many people who can't always brush after meals . . . they've made Gleem the fastest-growing toothpaste in the U. S.!

New Gleem Toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal

JUST ONE BRUSHING destroys decay- and odor-causing bacteria!

If you can't always brush your teeth after meals, even though it's best, *you* should change to Gleem, too. One Gleem brushing destroys up to 90% of bacteria (major cause of decay) . . . protects most people against mouth odor *all day*. Gleem's flavor is so wonderful even youngsters like to use it regularly! And for children, regular after-meal brushing is a *proven* way to reduce decay!



Mouth odor stopped all day for most people with *one* Gleem brushing. Scientific tests prove just brushing with Gleem before breakfast gives all-day protection against most unpleasant mouth odor. So *always* start your day with Gleem.

Only Procter & Gamble's new GLEEM has GL-70 new cleaner and decay fighter!

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I FLEW TO 90,000 FEET

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

By MAJ. ARTHUR MURRAY, USAF, as told to DON DWIGGINS

A rocket-ship test pilot, who has traveled higher than any other man, tells what the cold, silent outer limits of earth are like.

Lt. Col. Jack Ridley hands me my flight plan with a wry grin. I look at it and whistle softly. It's a black pencil line, going up and over, like a toboggan slide turned upside down. The line starts at 30,000 and goes up and up until I think I'm lucky Ridley didn't have a bigger piece of paper.

"Top floor," he says. "Think you can make it?"

Ridley is project engineer on the Bell X-1A rocket ship, high-altitude-test program at Edwards Air Force Base, the big flight-test center on Southern California's Mojave Desert.

"If you say I can, I can," I tell him sincerely. The officer is a walking slide rule with an uncanny feeling for what hasn't happened yet. Top floor is above 90,000 feet, more than seventeen miles straight up. Nobody has been up there before, not even Ridley.

Nobody knows how an airplane will act up there, what unpredictable dangers wait for the first man to cross the threshold to outer space. Air so thin you'd boil like a teakettle; so cold a mercury thermometer would freeze; cosmic radiation, whizzing meteorites and weird weightlessness.

"The Air Force contract calls for just one more ride," Ridley is saying. "Let's make it a good one."

I know what he means. Little by little, rocket ships like the X-1A have been nudging higher and higher toward outer space. But somewhere up there is a bogey, a controllability limit, before you come to Buck Rogers country.

"You'll drop from the mother ship near thirty thousand," Ridley goes on. I follow his finger up the black line. "Climb at thirty degrees, subsonic. You're on three rocket chambers. At fifty thousand, fire Number Four and watch your fuel flow. Take off a little climb and go supersonic, get out of the high-drag area fast; then head her up again."

Right here, Ridley says, half my fuel will be gone, after two minutes of climb.

"She'll accelerate like a bullet. You'll leave a contrail from fifty thousand up to about seventy thousand. Check for fuel-pressure fluctuations, and watch that peroxide temperature. Stay under Mach Two. There may be control loss between eighty and ninety thousand. You'll be light now, your fuel almost gone, the thrust-to-weight ratio almost one-to-one; you'll pick up more speed, and then you'll be in it."

As a sky explorer, Major Murray faces dangers no less real, and a lot more mysterious, than those he encountered on fifty World War II combat missions. Here he's wearing a high-altitude pressure suit. Behind him is one of the F-100 supersonic fighter jets at Edwards AFB, California.

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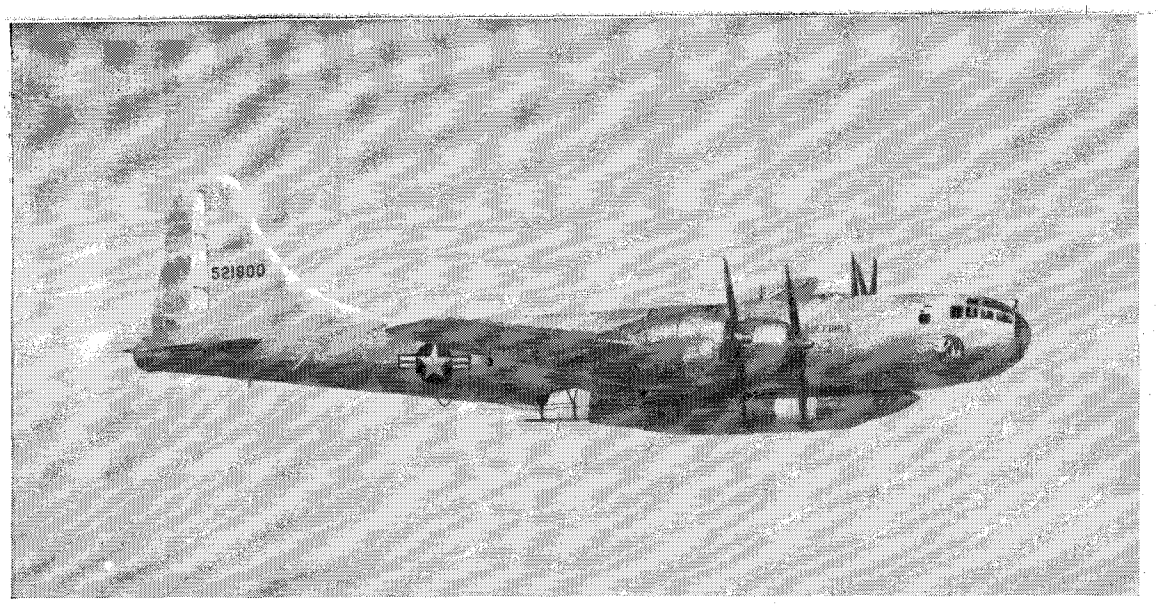
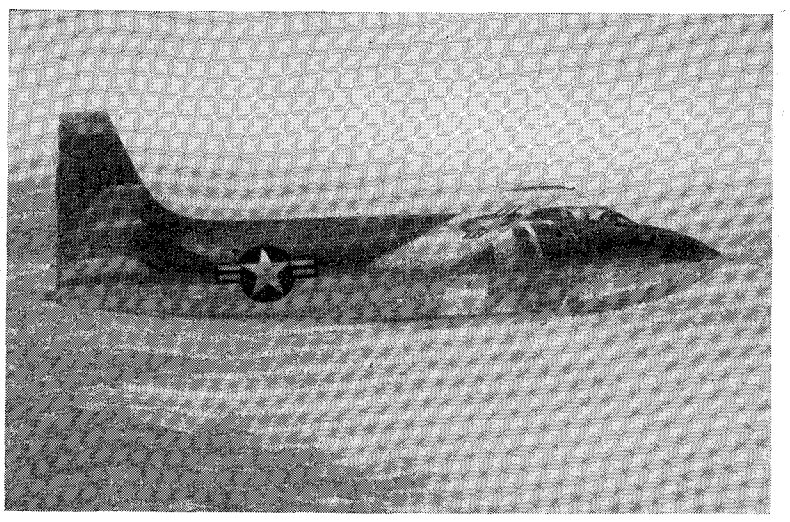


The little Bell X-1A is carried six miles high in the bomb bay of a modified B-29, then turned loose. Murray, in his record-breaking flight, went eleven miles higher on his rockets.



An X-1A in flight. Murray's fuel burned out at around 80,000 feet, but inertia hurled him even higher in a wild, 1400-mph spin.

I'd already got an idea of what to expect from Maj. Chuck Yeager, who turned the X-1A research ship over to me on December 13, 1953. On the twelfth Yeager had booted the Bell rocket ship to a new world speed record—officially more than 1600 miles an hour—but he narrowly escaped death in doing it.

Chuck had pushed over into a speed run, up around 70,000, and held it there until the machmeter needle moved over past Mach Two. Well beyond twice the speed of sound, the X-1A was slammed hard by unexpected forces as ghostly shock waves of the thin upper air tumbled over its hot skin.

Yeager wrestled with the controls until he bent the stick. He was thrown violently against the canopy, breaking it and knocking himself punchy. And before he could regain control of the bucking beast, he had fallen 50,000 feet back toward Earth. He was downright lucky—the X-1A had no ejection seat at that time.

On that day Yeager did more than just set a world speed record to top off a half century of aviation progress since the Wright Brothers flew at Kitty Hawk. He stumbled onto a new problem more formidable than the sound barrier, a thing he was first to blast through on October 14, 1947, six years earlier.

In high Mach flying at high altitude, the stalling speed creeps higher, too, because the air is thinner upstairs and it won't support a wing at lower speeds. So, says Ridley, fly faster to keep from stalling. But today's research

Our hottest research aircraft. Center: Douglas X-3. Clockwise, from lower left: Bell X-1A, Douglas D-558-I, Convair XF-92A, Bell X-5, Douglas D-558-II, Northrop X-4.

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planes raise a new supersonic design problem that says you can't go any faster or the shock waves will get you.

That leaves you nicely balanced in what Ridley calls a "controllability envelope"—an engineer's phrase. It's like driving a car around an icy curve. You go faster, you'll skid off the road. You hit the brakes, you've had it. Only in rocket flying, you're battling thin air, not icy roads.

Wind-tunnel data isn't 100 per cent trustworthy at speeds above Mach Two, so research ships like the X-1A are needed to find out the things engineers cannot predict. Each rocket flight brings back a little more information about aerodynamics of supersonic flight. What Yeager learned helps make my work easier, and what I find out will help the next man up.

Already designers are hard at work further streamlining newer airplanes to operate in the higher stratosphere, before you come to outer space. Out there, space-ship designers say, we'll probably rely on steering rockets to stay on course. But I am not yet in outer space. I'm an Earthling, like anybody else, and I'm tired. I say good night to Ridley and drive home to our house near the base. I turn in early, leaving my wife, Betty, to put the four kids to bed.

As I lie there, the problems of tomorrow pop up. I think about defrosting, the way Betty worries about her refrigerator, and I remember the time I flew chase for Lt. Col. Frank K. (Pete) Everest, our flight-test chief pilot.

Major Murray (dark suit) with his rocket-ship teammates—Lt. Col. Jack Ridley, Maj. Stuart Childs, Lt. Col. Frank Everest—and their wives, at the Edwards AFB Officers Club.

Back on earth, papa is greeted by John, Catherine and Mike, while young Chris (left) and his mother, Betty, wait their turn.

Pete had run out of fuel on a high ride in the old X-1, predecessor to the X-1A, and was gliding back to base like a brick. Dropping back into the hot desert air from the bitter cold upstairs, the X-1 ran through such a sudden temperature change it coated Pete's windshield with a layer of opaque frost. And no windshield wiper.

I pulled in close and played seeing-eye dog, guiding Pete back to the big dry lake bed at Edwards by radio. I got even, though. Pete had to talk me in when the X-1A's windshield iced over on one of my early rocket flights.

This test-pilot teamwork is a handy thing for survival. A good chase pilot can spot trouble before it happens, and help to avert it. Like flying in close to check your rocket flame. By its color he can tell if your fuel mixture is correct.

I did a little favor for Ridley once, when he was locked up inside the cockpit of the X-1B, hanging, six miles up, in the bomb bay of the drop ship. Barely a minute before the drop, I flew in under for a last check—and saw a bad liquid-oxygen leak. I radioed the bomber crew not to drop Ridley. It could have been his last ride.

I know firsthand from an early X-1A ride how dangerous a "LOX" boil-off can be. I'd left my chase pilot, Major Yeager, and was climbing fast on three rocket chambers when the center of gravity suddenly began to shift aft. That meant one thing—I was losing LOX faster than I was (Continued on Page 168)

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A Post Novelette Complete in This Issue

A Time For Anger

He had taken their sneers and contempt too long. Now the time had come to prove he was as good as any man . . . and good enough for any woman.

By COLIN LOFTING

Granjo stuck a pitchfork in a bale of hay. The handle, at an angle, pointed up and away from him. He took a rope from a round, flat canvas bag, shook out a loop and started dabbing it on the pitchfork. Just before he released the rope, he'd twist his hand—palm out and thumb down—and the loop would circle the handle, almost as if it were coming back toward him. He handled a rope as easily as a man puts on his clothes.

A large convertible, with a silver statuette of a mounted cowboy adorning the radiator, pulled up in front of the row of stables. Granjo coiled the rope and waited. Neither friendship nor animosity showed in his face, but there seemed to be an air of discomfort in the way he waited.

Tote Masefield climbed out of the car. He was a lean man, freakishly narrow in the hips. He had a hard face; handsome, but completely void of expression.

"How's the stock?" he asked.

"All right," Granjo said. "Pepe has a little heat in his ankle, but I've got him standing in cold-water bandages."

Tote stepped under the shed and stared into three stalls, one after another. He had his hands in his hip pockets and from his pursed lips came an endless, toneless whistle.

"Who's here?" he asked then, curtly.

"Rufus Ingalls is the only one you have to worry about," Granjo answered.

"What'll he rope off of?"

"I imagine the gray. The one he used at Fort Worth."

"Well, I hope you have Pepe sound by tomorrow," Tote said, his voice irritable.

Granjo didn't answer. The rodeo grounds were beginning to come to life; horses rattled their feed tubs; cattle bawled hungrily around the empty hay racks in the infield, and exercise boys galloping around the half-mile track sang and whistled.

A small boy on a bicycle pedaled down between the stables. When he saw Tote his face lit with recognition. He turned, dismounted, and handed Tote a telegram. Tote took it without a word.

Granjo watched the boy staring at Tote, hero worship plain on his face. Then the boy pulled an old rodeo program from his pocket. Shyly he held it and a pencil out. "Would you autograph this for me, please?"

Tote took it and scribbled his name.

"Gee. Thanks—Tote."

The boy said the name with reverence. Tote never glanced at the boy, but went back to studying the message in his hands.

Granjo pulled a silver dollar from his pocket. He gave it to the boy and winked. The boy suddenly stared at Granjo, as if he'd noticed the tall, wide-shouldered Indian for the first time.

"Thank you very much," he said, and, turning, he climbed on his bicycle.

As Granjo watched him pedal off he thought of himself four years ago. Certainly not as young as this boy but just as smitten by the roper standing next to him now.

Granjo's family bred horses. Granjo's father, a full-blooded Flathead Indian and a successful rancher, raised some of the best quarter horses in the Northwest.

He could barely remember his mother. She had died when he was nine. But from his father's words he could picture a white woman, who had taught at the little mission school, and then after marrying his father had lived happily, respected and loved by both Indian and white.

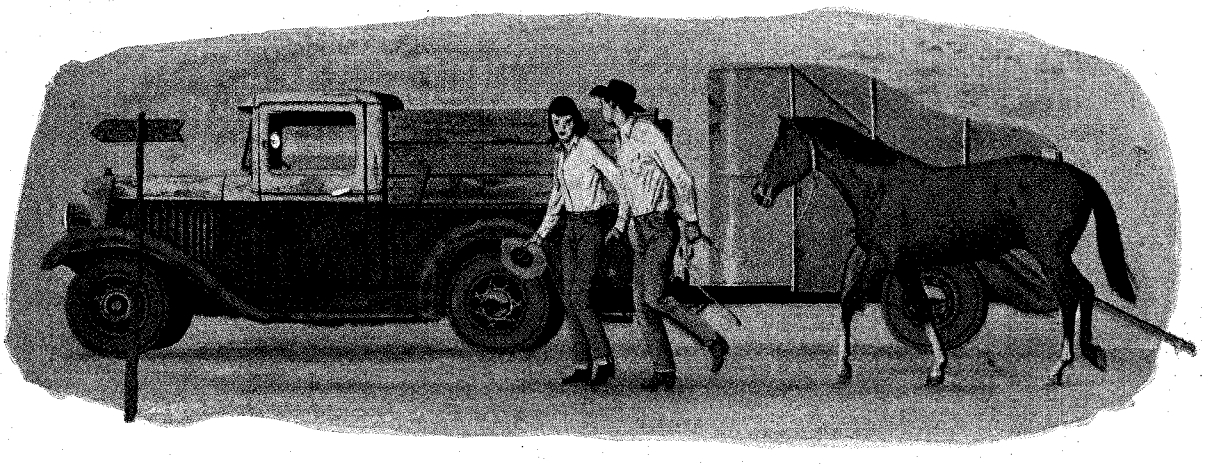
Granjo, as long as he could remember, wanted to be a roper. Every chance he had, in small local shows, roping for side bets, and working on roundups for nothing, he roped. Then one day, with one of his father's horses in a trailer behind the old jalopy, he traveled the long road to Sheridan, Wyoming. His horse—he'd trained him himself—put him up on his calf fully twenty yards before the nearest contestant, but Granjo was all thumbs; on the ground he couldn't compete with the professionals. Young Tote Masefield could wrap a calf while Granjo was still going down the rope.

And after that show, Tote had come up to Granjo and asked, "Did you train that horse yourself?"

Looking back on it now, Granjo remembered saying, "Yes,

(Continued on Page 99)

Granjo helped Edith unload Hustler. The little stallion walked into his stall without fussing.



Tote turned, but Granjo caught his elbow. "I'd like to see you outside for a moment."

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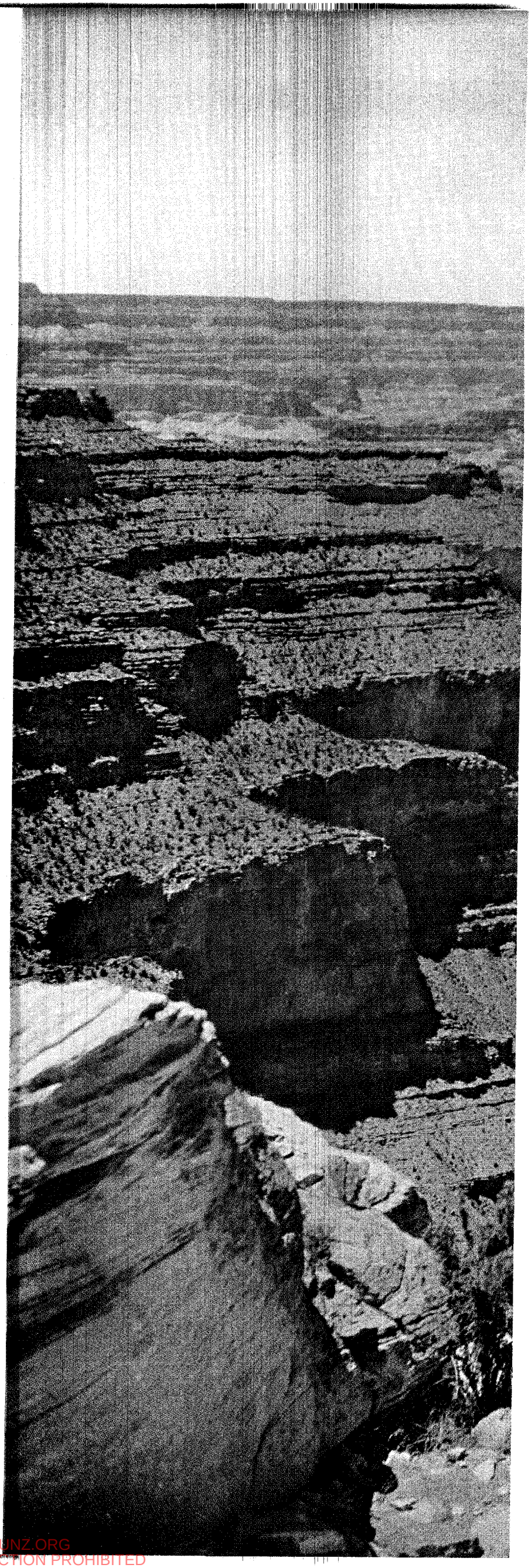
The Face of AMERICA

ETERNAL CANYON

No river dug a bigger bed than the Colorado's in Arizona. Other canyons are called grand, but only one is *The* Grand Canyon. Nearly 300 miles long, over a mile deep—a superbomb's gouge is a pinprick beside this hole in the ground. The patient river has carved a façade that poets have failed to describe. It worked in secret, still shuns intruders. Its rapids have killed many. Undiscovered human bones lie in its deeps, on its banks. But the canyon's primitive beauty is accessible. The dour indomitable mules of Arizona drovers take visitors—including women and children—to the river's edge. Switchback trails descend through the geologic ages, like Dante's path into hell. At times the canyon has infernal aspects—dead red earth under burning sun, shadows that move as fast as a strolling man. At others, it glows in celestial pinks, buffs and blues. John Bradley's mules are bringing tourists up the Kaibab Trail to the south rim at Windy Point, after a night at Phantom Ranch, a canyon guest house. The riders have seen earth that was before man—violent as in the Creation. Geologists consider the Grand Canyon relatively new. Scarcely a million years old. ● Photograph by Bill Shrout



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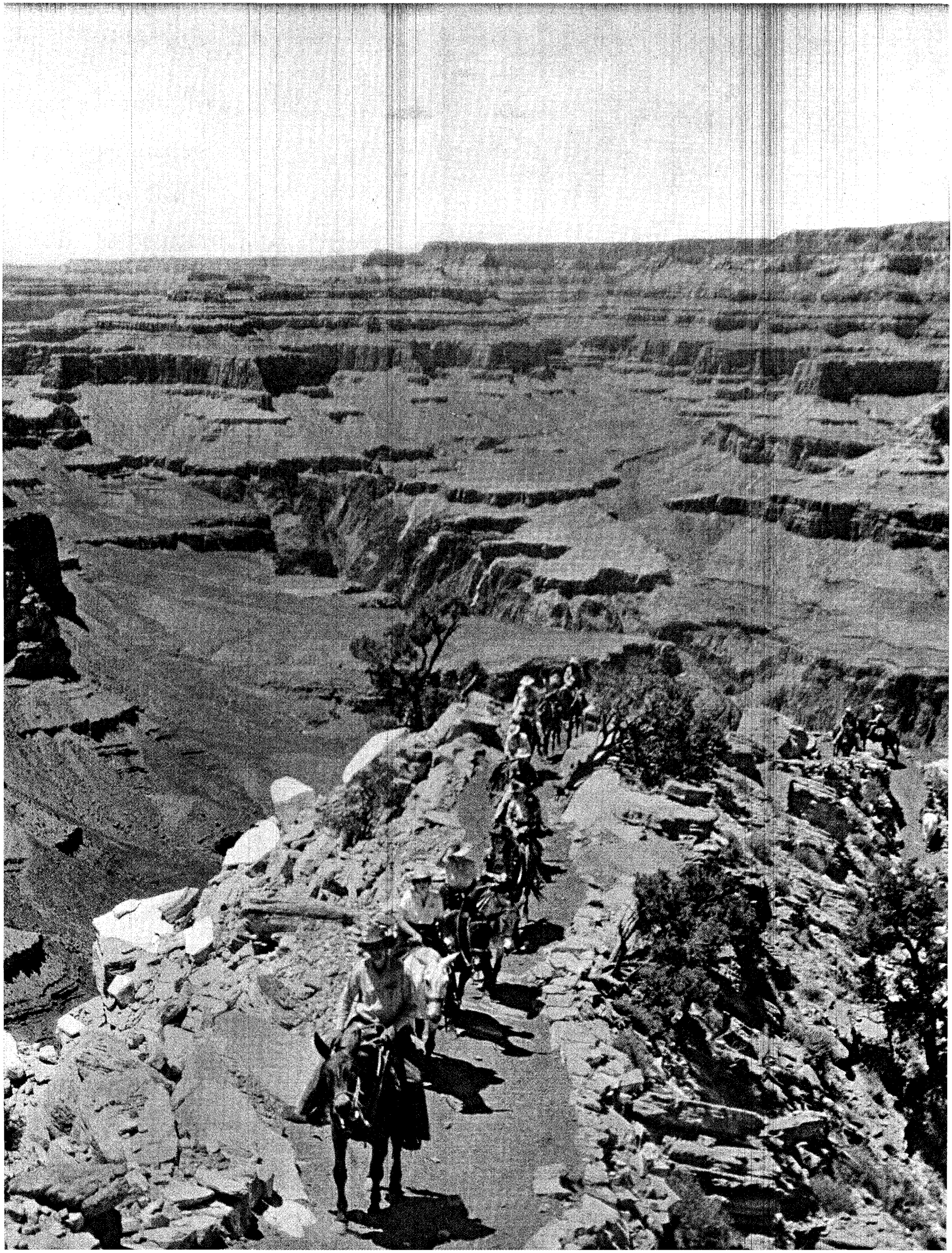

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The Lady Loved Sports Cars

She wanted to buy his car, so naturally Joey had to give her a demonstration ride.

By STEVE McNEIL

It had rained last night and the day before that, and it was still raining today. The wind off the ocean blew the rain in slashing streaks and sent people scurrying here and there.

Joey swung around the Turnaround and parked in front of a restaurant which had a neon sign glowing feebly in the gloom: ART'S PLACE. Joey got out of his car as if he were sliding out of a small armchair. It was a sports car—a two-seater, low and saucy, and glistening. Joey opened the door to Art's and walked inside. There was a state cop sipping coffee and reading a paper. There was Art, leaning against a steam table and smoking a cigarette. And there was a blonde, sleek and shining, with eyes blue as ink spilled upon a sheet.

She looked at Joey as if he had crawled out from under a rock and said, "Well!"

Joey looked at her miserably. Art moved and placed a cup of coffee in front of Joey, who sat down and spooned sugar into the cup.

"I tried, Anne," Joey said. "The guy offered me twelve hundred cash and a pickup truck. What would we do with a pickup truck?"

"Room for your mother-in-law," Art said.

"You keep out of this, Art," Anne snapped.

"Yes, ma'am," Art said, unimpressed.

"I put an ad in the paper," Joey said. "I had the radio station give me a plug. I passed the word around everywhere I could think of."

"I saw the paper," Anne said coldly. "'Reason for selling—matrimony.' Sounds as if I'm stealing your tricycle. Sounds as if I'd be walking up the aisle right now if it weren't for that."

"You said ——" Joey began.

"I said get rid of that thing and then ask me. I said if we went on a honeymoon I didn't want to be fitted into our car with a shoehorn. I said I'd like to take something other than a hit-and-run bag the size of a shaving kit."

"All right!" Joey yelped. "I said I'd sell it, didn't I? O.K., so I'll get you a fishtail convertible and you can take two trunks if you like. But give me time."

Anne looked at the ceiling. "Other girls find normal men. Other girls are able to come up with a man who didn't start out with a motor scooter, progress to a motorcycle, and work on up to an oversized beetle with an engine; but me ——"

"Don't forget the jets," Art said. "He was wedged into that F-86 for quite a while. Maybe it gave him the idea."

"How did you get into this?" Anne said.

"I get tired dishing out coffee and sandwiches. Sometimes I feel like dishing out conversation. No extra charge, either."

"You're so funny!" Anne snapped.

"Now and then," Art said, pleased, "I do get off a good one."

"You've been pretending to sell that car for two weeks," Anne said, "but something always goes wrong. The price isn't right, or you have to take something in trade, or the man didn't call back or didn't have any cash. Why don't you take it up to Portland and sell it to a used-car dealer?"

"And give it away?" Joey said. "Those bandits look at that car as if it's just a hunk of metal." Joey stood up and walked around, mimicking a car dealer. "Tell you what, buster, give you sixteen hundred and I'll have to carry it till summer. Market's soft for sports cars right now, but I like you, kid. I'll take a chance. Probably lose money on it, but ——"

"Wonderful," Anne said. "You'd go great on television." She stood up and shrugged herself into a white raincoat. "Let me know if you're able to part with your toy. But don't bother to call until you do."

She opened the door and took off. Joey watched her get into her own car and drive away.

Art filled his coffee cup. Joey looked at himself in the mirror. He was a young man, lanky, with a butch haircut and worried blue eyes.

"I know a guy drove clear to Connecticut on his honeymoon—in a sports car," he said.

"I know a guy didn't even have a honeymoon," Art said. "Me. I was working the swing shift."

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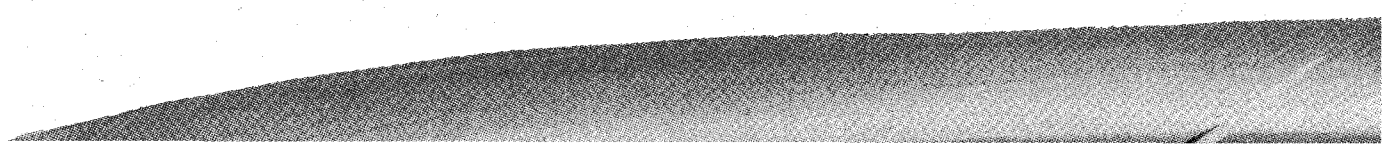

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Lights seemed to flash,
bells seemed to ring.
After a while, Joey released her.
"Holy Toledo!" he yelped.
"What am I doing?"

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Aviation enthusiast Godfrey, shown with James Stewart and Grace Kelly, took his TV audience to New York's Paramount Theater for the première of Strategic Air Command.

This is My Story

Of this 1931 clipping Arthur comments, "How kind they were to me then—those columnists!" Twenty-four years later, still nagged by his injuries, he often finds crutches helpful.

* * *

If you were listening to WRC at 5:31 o'clock yesterday you may have recognized the voice of your old friend, Arthur Godfrey, announcing the correct time.

Godfrey, braced on crutches, took a holiday from Mount Alto and paid a visit to his old stamping ground, where before his automobile accident he was of the station's most popular announcers.

* * *

Arthur was imitating the high-flown tones of radio's early heroes, and doing poorly. His Big Idea came after he left a hospital bed, and the doctors were saying he'd never walk again.

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Herluf Provensen, chief announcer at WRC, Washington, shown listening to new crackleproof paper, gave a young Godfrey (right) his first job on a national network in 1931.

By ARTHUR GODFREY as told to Pete Martin

PART THREE

In the fall of 1929, part of me belonged to the United States Coast Guard, in which I was a radioman first class, stationed at the Coast Guard Depot at Curtis Bay, Maryland, just outside of Baltimore. The rest of me belonged to the Triangle Pet Shop, a birdseed store in Baltimore which had a radio spot three times a week on local station WFBR. The birdseed boys had tagged me Red Godfrey, the Warbling Banjoist.

I plunked a banjo and tried to sing birdseed into the hearts of Baltimoreans. Then one night the announcer didn't show up. He was supposed to read the commercial, then introduce me; so when it was time to go on the air and he hadn't appeared, I said to the engineer in charge, "Don't worry. I can read his stuff." In those days an engineer ran the station alone and there was no nonsense about such characters as producers. The engineer nodded, I went on the air, read what there was to read, sang my songs and signed off. I'd been off only a minute when Mr. Mahone, the president of the station, got me on the phone and said, "Who announced that show? It sounded like you."

"It was," I said.

"You did it only twenty-five times better than you sing," Mahone said. "How'd you like to do all the commercial announcing on this station? I'll give you twenty-five dollars a week for coming up here every night at six and staying until we sign off." That was a lot of dough to a guy who was making $92.40 a month. It doubled my salary, and this was very useful, since I had a wife who was very pregnant, with a baby due in February. I said, "O.K."

Every night I took off my uniform, put on civilian clothes, went to WFBR and got in my six or seven hours. I not only announced and did commercials, I emceed all of the programs except the ones which originated away from the station. I sang, played a uke and a banjo and played records. I consider the experience I received during my year at that little station the most valuable contribution to my career.

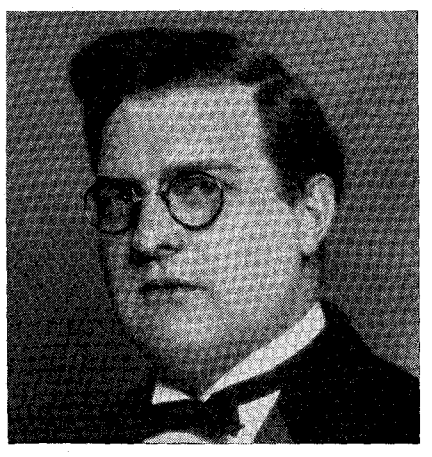
With all this, something had to give, and it was my Coast Guard radio engineering. When I checked in at the Coast Guard laboratory every morning, I was so bushed I slept instead of working, and I became cocky and bigheaded. My superiors could have made it rough for me. I owed the Coast Guard three years' service for the education it had given me, and I could have been court-martialed for my attitude and sent to sea as a deck hand. I am not sure why they didn't throw the book at me, but it must have been because of the kindness of the depot's personnel officer, Lieutenant Commander Jack Whitbeck. He called me in to see him and said, "Sit down, Godfrey, I want to talk to you. I've been listening to you on the radio and I'm wondering what you want to do with yourself?"

"I don't know, sir," I said. "When I came into this outfit, it was my ambition to make the Coast Guard my career, and I've been working toward that."

"You *were* until a couple of months ago," he said. "You're not any more. I called you in because you've got to make up your mind. Your commission is in Washington, ready for signature. Do you want your commission in the Coast Guard or do you want a career in broadcasting?"

"I guess I'll give up broadcasting, commander," I said.

(Continued on Page 143)



In the early '30's, lofty diction was considered mighty important, so Arthur emulated Kelvin Keech (guitar), Milton Cross (glasses) and David Ross. But Arthur wasn't the type. "I just couldn't learn to quit dropping my g's."

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He pulled her under the archway and kissed her. It was a long, lovely, and slightly scalding moment.

The Halfback and the High-Brow

By JAMES KALSHOVEN

Finnegan admired Coralee for her brains. He found she had other qualities too.

Michael Finnegan, better known as Flash when the stadium was filled, leaned forward in the front row of English 211, lost in the brave new world that had opened before him. Outside were October sunshine and coeds in new fall sweaters and the spiced aroma of burning leaves. Inside was Professor Brown reading Mariana to the class.

"'—— *I am aweary, aweary, O, God, that I were dead!*'" read Professor Brown, and softly closed the book.

Finnegan sighed. Beside him, Coralee sighed. In the back row, Gagliano honked loudly into a handkerchief.

"That was written when Tennyson was only twenty," said Professor Brown, frowning at Gagliano. A handsome man, the professor. White-haired. Straight and dignified as the War Memorial Tower. As full of learning as the library. *A scholar and a gentleman*, was Finnegan's reverent opinion. "A magnificent achievement, indicating the potentialities of a youth that had not been wasted. Keep that in mind, ladies and gentlemen, at least until our next meeting. Class dismissed."

Finnegan sat on the steps of Hodgkins Hall, the sunshine like golden wine, somewhere the thud of a football. "Only twenty," said Finnegan moodily. "Holy tops!"

"There were others," said Coralee severely. "Byron, Shelley, Meredith—scores who had no need to regret a misspent youth. Chatterton died at eighteen, but his work is known to the world."

But not known to Finnegan. A fine, ignorant lawyer Finnegan would make, presuming he was ever admitted to law school. Sadly he reviewed the sterility of (Continued on Page 170)

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"If you ever want a murder done, let me know," wrote a grateful recipient of Social Security. Here are strange cases from the files of

UNCLE SAM'S BIG PAY-OFF

One reason the Social Security Administration gets mail by the truckload is that every day finds an average of 15,891 Americans in need of Social Security cards. About 8220 need replacements for cards destroyed by accident, lost or stolen. The other 7671 are beginning their working careers.

For the great majority of those setting out to earn a living a card and a number are indispensable. Sometimes you encounter a real hardship case like that of J. Wilbur, born all but anonymous.

J. Wilbur's mother wrote in about him:

Dear Sirs: In regard to J. Wilbur. Seventeen years ago on January 14 I birthed a son. He was a fine boy, weighed 12 lbs. at birth. There wasn't any account number on him anywhere and the doctor attending did not stamp any number on him. He grew up quickly.

When he was old enough he went to school as all other boys do. Learned very fast as he was a bright tot. He has been working on his father and his grandfather's farms. Wilbur is now in the 11th grade. Mr. Jones asked Wilbur recently would he help him in his meat market on Saturdays. He also told him to write and get him a Social Security card. The boy never before having worked anywhere but on the farm we never did number him nor anyone else number him either. Will you all please number him and send him a Social Security card?

The Social Security people made haste to number poor unnumbered Wilbur, because if you don't have a number these days you are cooked, and no two ways about it. You would also feel a little left out. For outside of the weather, taxes and the two-sex system, few things concern so many Americans as does Social Security.

Babies by the thousands are supported by Social Security benefits, and the other day a man in Massachusetts asked for a card at the age of 102. Some 69,000,000 citizens contribute every payday or when they pay their income tax, and while only 78,000,000 accounts are active, Social Security actually has a whopping total of 115,000,000.

That many interested parties are bound to have a great miscellany of problems, claims and questions. So it is not surprising that mail trucks bring 300,000 to 400,000 letters a month to national headquarters of Old Age and Survivors' Insurance activities, in Baltimore, with thousands more arriving at the six area and 532 district offices.

Most of the letters in this Mississippi of mail are routine business correspondence. (Continued on Page 189)

BY ROBERT M. YODER

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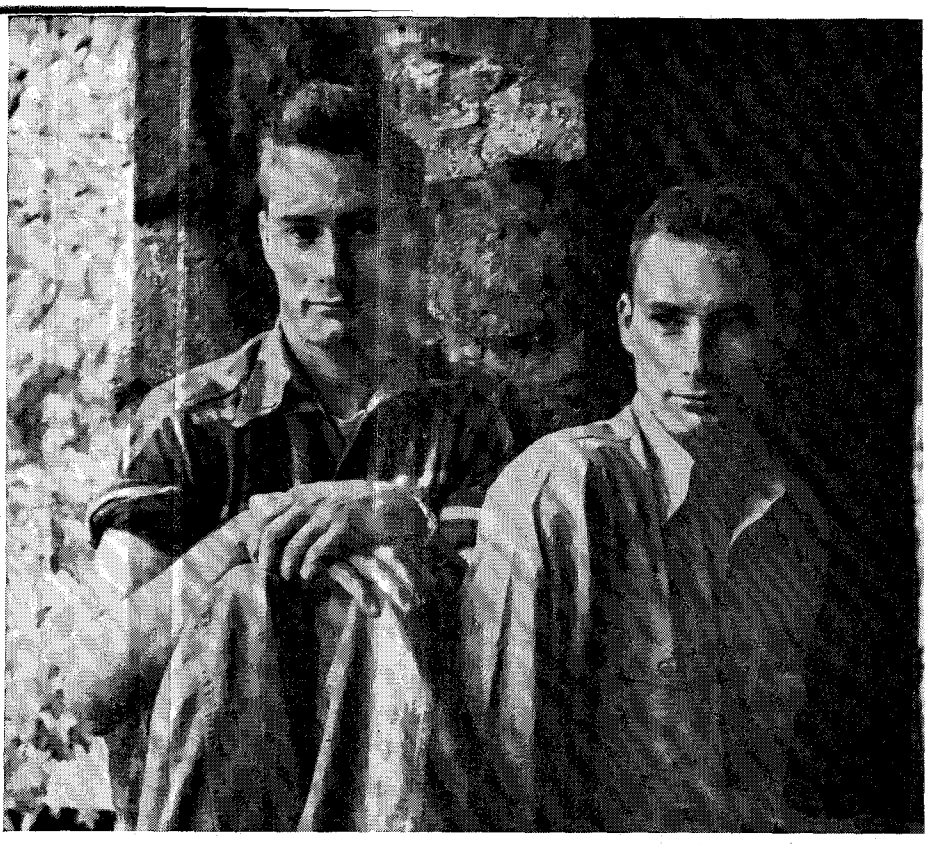


Richard Herrick and his brother, Ronald, who made the sacrifice that saved Richard.

HE GAVE HIS KIDNEY TO HIS BROTHER

Ronald Herrick allowed surgeons to remove a healthy organ from his vitals, to save his twin's life.

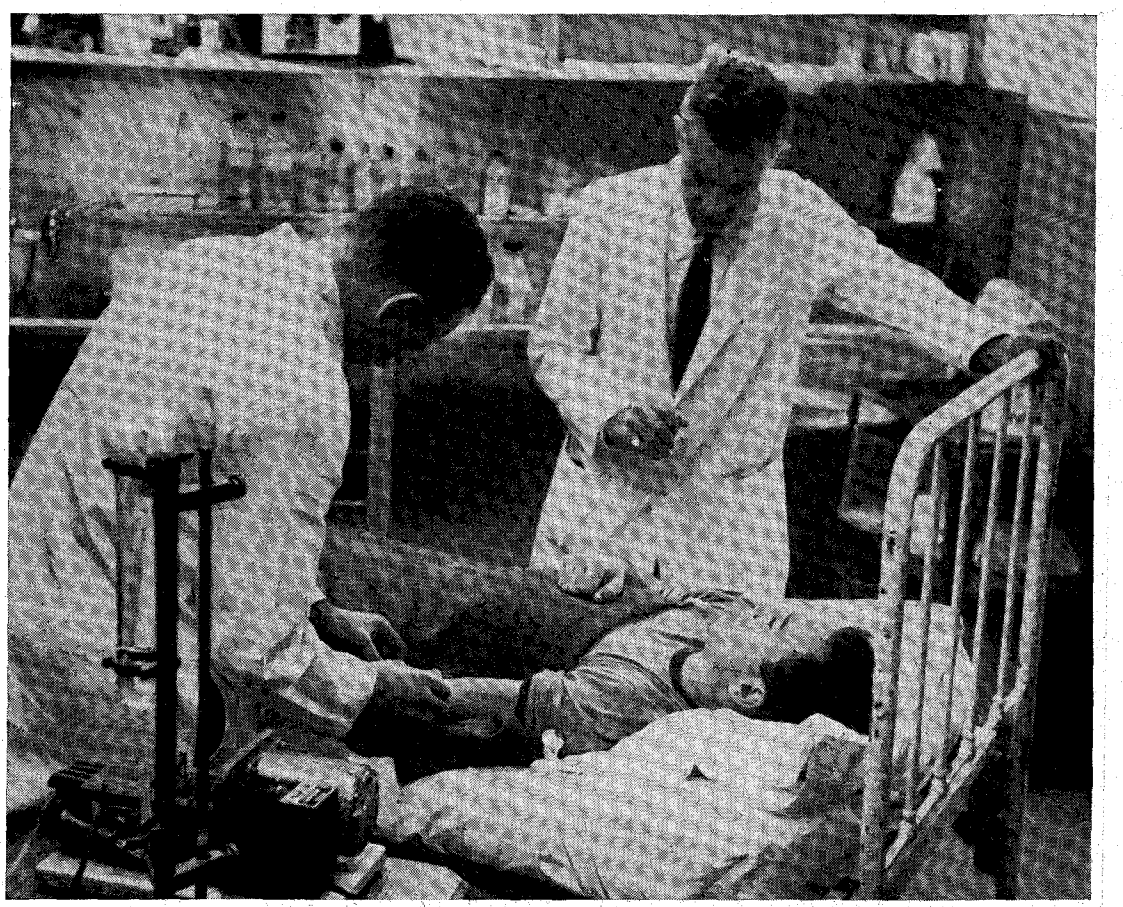
Here's how this medical miracle was performed.

By VIRGINIA S. HERRICK

There is no other human relationship quite like the bond between identical twins. They look alike, act alike, grow and develop at the same rate, and respond in similar fashion in nearly every situation. They are inseparable during childhood, are often close together throughout life, and at times seem almost a part of each other.

This last statement has a peculiarly literal meaning to Richard and Ronald Herrick, my husband's nephews, who now make their home with us. For Richard's very life is constantly dependent upon a vital organ, a kidney, transplanted from his twin brother's body into his own. In fact, the only kidney Richard now has is this borrowed one. Both of his own, seriously damaged by nephritis, were removed several months after the transplantation operation.

The twins, now twenty-four, are healthy and active. And it is difficult to realize, as I see them helping with the chores around our dairy farm at Northboro, Massachusetts, or hear them singing duets in the church, that Richard was on the point of death a year ago



At Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, Boston, Richard undergoes a test to determine how his new kidney is working.

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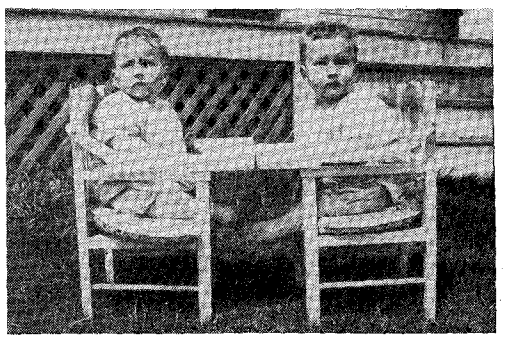
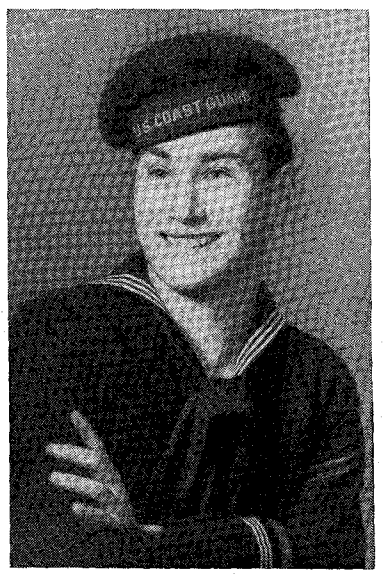
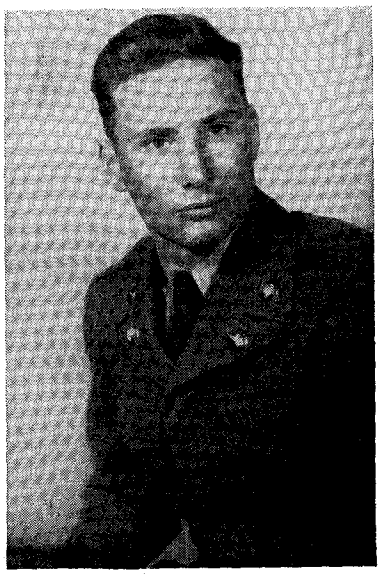
Richard and Ronald with their father, Van Herrick, shortly after their birth in 1931. Center: the twins at eleven months. Their first separation came in 1950, when Richard joined the Coast Guard and Ronald the Army. Doctors discovered Richard's deadly malady three years later while giving him a pre-discharge physical examination.







and would probably not be here at all were it not for the unique surgical procedure in which they were the principals.

The saving or prolongation of life through the replacement of injured, diseased or worn-out parts by sound ones has for years been a goal of the surgeons. But aside from the grafting of skin, which acts only as a temporary covering, or the transplanting of segments of bone or artery, or bits of cornea, relatively little success has been achieved in this direction. Whole organs from one individual just don't seem to "take" in the body of another—except, it now appears, when the donor and recipient are identical twins.

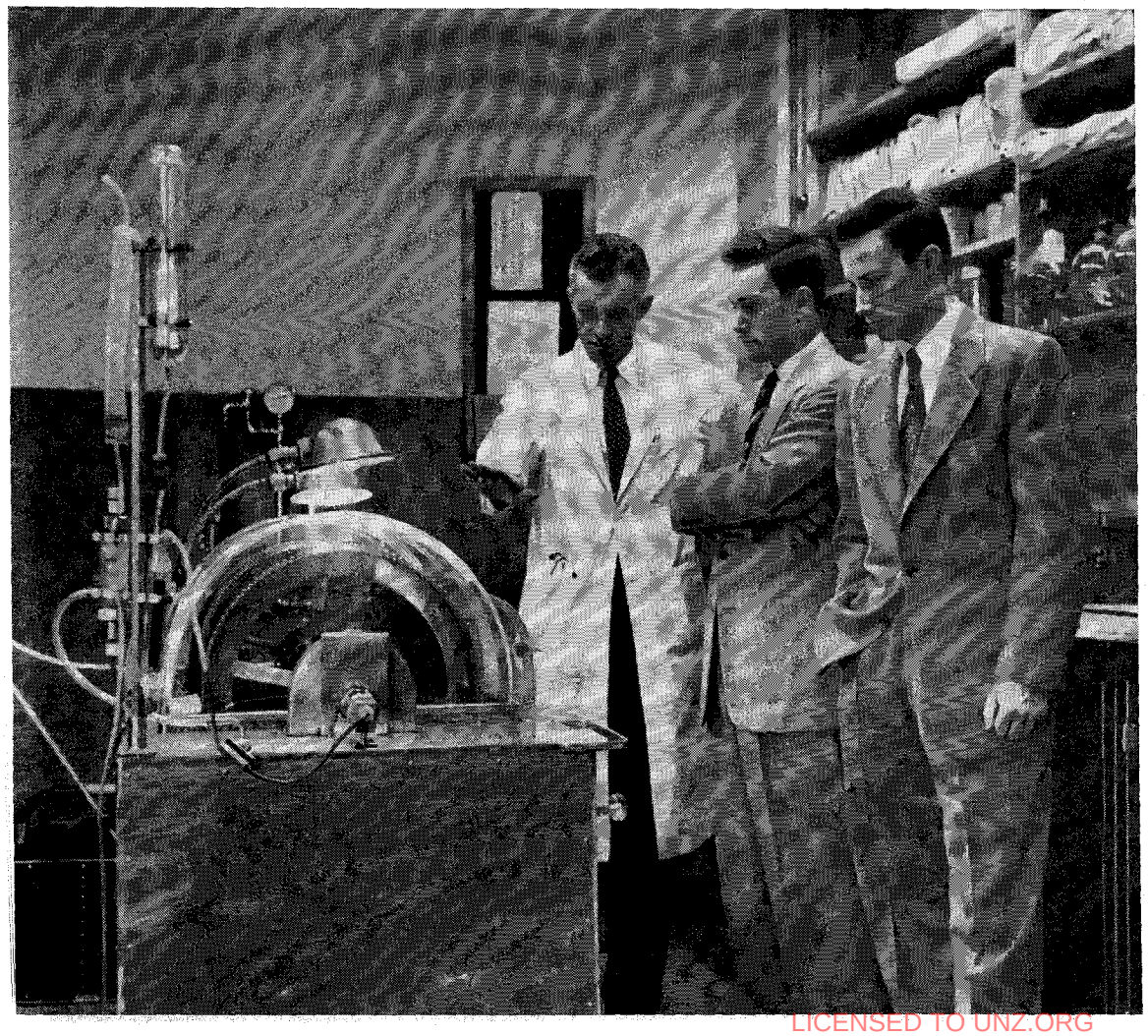
The doctors at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, in Boston, who on December 23, 1954, carefully and skillfully moved one of Ronald's kidneys into Richard's abdomen, have, of course, learned much about the factors that favor or hinder organ transplants. They emphasize that Richard is at present the only "case" of his kind in medical history, the only person to be successfully served for more than a short time by a donated kidney. But his experience may help the doctors find a way eventually to save others, even if those others are not fortunate enough to have generous twin brothers.

Meanwhile, the story of Richard and Ronald Herrick is worth telling for its own sake, as a chronicle of devotion between two brothers and a record of brilliant medical accomplishment. The boys were born on June 15, 1931, to Marjorie and Van Buren Herrick, Jr., and from the very beginning they operated on identical schedules—by demand. If Ronnie was given a bottle, Richie yelled for his. If you picked up Richie, you soon had Ronnie on the other knee. If you bought a toy for one, the other twin had to have one exactly like it. In appearance they were almost duplicates; Richie was just a trifle thinner. Their childhood was spent on a farm belonging to their grandfather, Dr. Van Buren Herrick, and here they lived a happy, normal life. With them were an older brother, Van Buren, and a younger sister, Virginia, now Mrs. Robert Griffin. When they reached the proper age they trotted off to school together, played baseball and went swimming. And while in high school they found they had good singing voices and began to build up a repertoire of songs.

The twins' early medical history was fairly uneventful, except that Richie had scarlet fever and was the only one of the children who did have it, a point that was later of some significance in explaining his kidney trouble.

The boys' mother died in 1948, when they were seventeen, and after that their life became harder. For their father was in very poor health. He had suffered most of his life from stomach ulcers. After finishing high school the twins worked awhile and then started college. But by that time the Korean war had started and they decided to enlist in the service. Ronald entered the Army on November 21, 1950, and Richard joined the Coast Guard a few weeks later, on December fourteenth.

This was the first time they had been apart, and Ronald, who for some reason had always had a feeling of (Continued on Page 157)



Dr. John Merrill explains to Richard and Ronald the workings of the machine called the artificial kidney. It kept Richard alive for a time.

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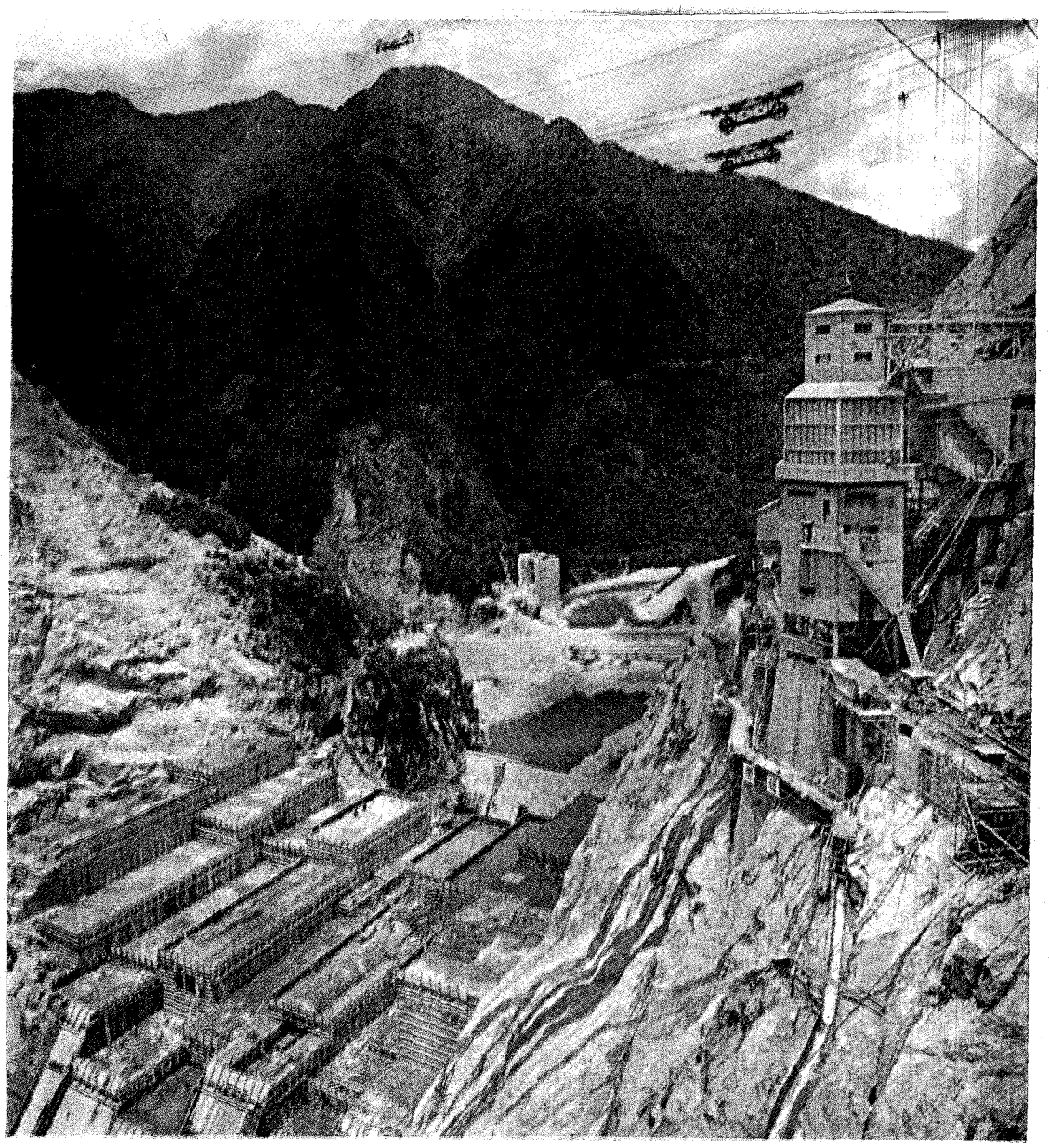

Sakuma—a clattering Yankee construction project in a medieval fastness of the Orient.

In a remote Japanese river gorge, where blue eyes and blond hair startle the indigenes, a few isolated American families run one of the happiest deals in the Far East.

They're Taming the Heavenly Dragon

By HARU MATSUKATA

Mrs. Berg and Mrs. Fukuda compare babies. Maid (center) interprets.

The Americans' summer activities centered around the "Sakuma Country Club," which they built. Members often invite Japanese friends to the club.

Evelyn Reid's blond hair created a sensation when she went to a local beauty parlor to have it cut.

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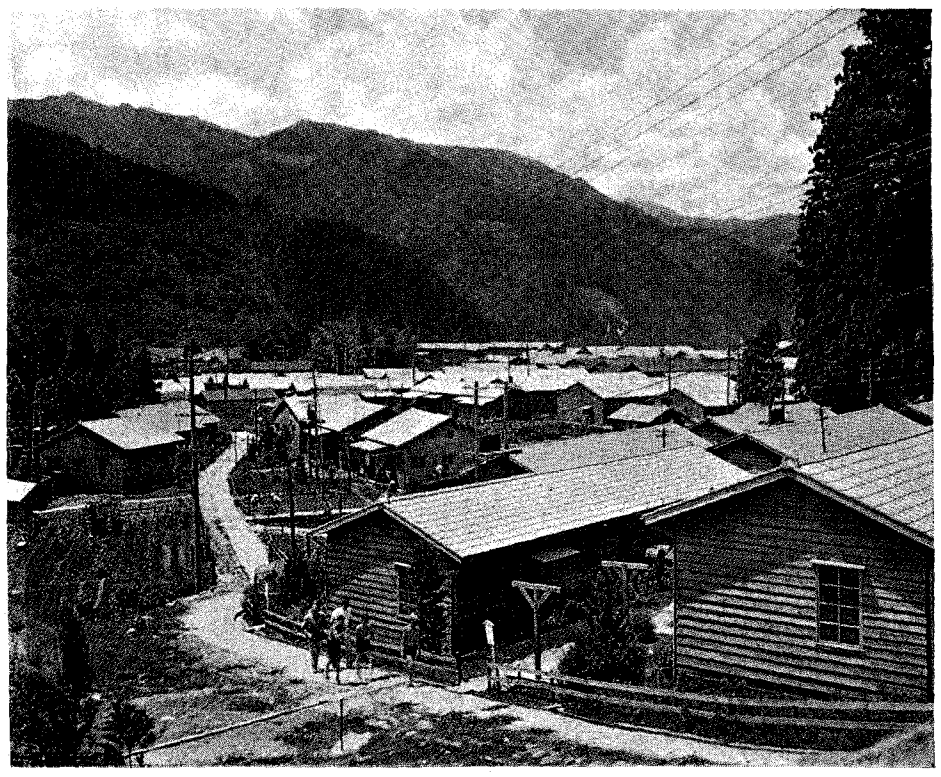
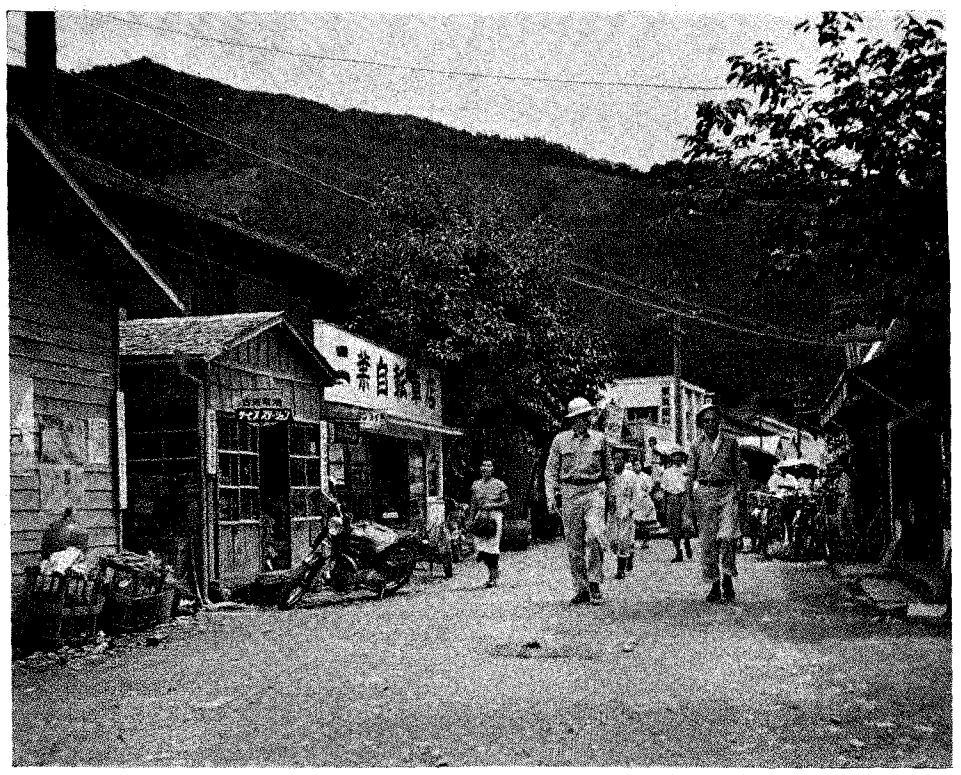


Before the dam was begun in 1953, the people of Sakuma had never seen an American. The little village is so remote that United States occupation forces never penetrated there.



Construction chiefs Dick Rofelty and Frank Ryan tour the main drag. Work on the dam is done by 5000 Japanese laborers. The Americans advise and superintend.

SAKUMA, JAPAN.

A small Japanese boy dashed down Nakabe Street in Sakuma village, his clattering wooden *geta* raising puffs of dust. As he ran, he yelled, "*Akka-ké, akka-ké!*" (red hair, red hair). Immediately, small heads with shaven black hair and heads with combed black bangs popped out of stores lining the street, and a whole troop of boys and girls joined in following an American family.

The object of all this excitement was eight-year-old Sandra Leslie, of Fresno, California, a blue-eyed, freckled redhead, who, with her father and mother, was taking her first look at a Japanese village, and giving the villagers their first look at a copper-top.

It was a sunny November day in 1953. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leslie and their daughter, Sandra, had just arrived in Sakuma, Shizuoka Prefecture. Cable operator Leslie was one of twenty-six Americans, employees of the Guy F. Atkinson Company, of California, who were giving technical help to Japan Electric Power Development Company in building the largest power dam of its type in the Far East. The dam, 510 feet high and 886 feet wide at the crest, was in the steep canyon of the Tenryu, the Heavenly Dragon River, not too far from Tokyo, but a couple of centuries away by type.

When Hugh Parker, of the Atkinson company, was scouting this river for a damsite, early in 1953, he was the first Westerner Sakuma villagers had ever seen. An innkeeper's son ran screaming to his mother at sight of Parker's six-foot-one frame. The mother explained that Parker was an American, and had come in an airplane.

The little boy burst out laughing. "That isn't true," he said. "An airplane couldn't carry him."

By the end of 1953, sixty Americans—twenty-one families—were living in newly built quarters above the river cliffs. They were changing the lives of 3000 Sakuma villagers, and being changed themselves. Sakuma today is noisy, aggressively modern and crowded with 5000 dam laborers. Up one side of the canyon, a conveyer belt rattles and screams twenty-four hours a day. A few yards below it the American houses are clustered. There are no trees here; only a single flower garden, planted by Mrs. Robert Rofelty, wife of the chief American engineer, softens the landscape.

It isn't so rough as the old wild West, not with airplane travel, refrigerators and plumbing, but this camp on the Sakuma frontier was rough enough for the early comers. Rofelty, arriving two years ago, took Stateside warnings about Japanese food very seriously. To be safe, he ate canned corned beef for months—until he learned that "Kobe beef," some of the best in the world, made its way from the city of Kobe to a Sakuma store.

Cautious American housewives can't appreciate the flavor of egg-sized Japanese strawberries. "We really don't know how they taste," says one. "You see, we wash them in chlorinated water and then pour boiling water over them." The same strawberries are enjoyed by some less cautious Americans, in places like Tokyo, without boiling. But life here is as different from the way other Americans live in Japan as if Sakuma were in another country.

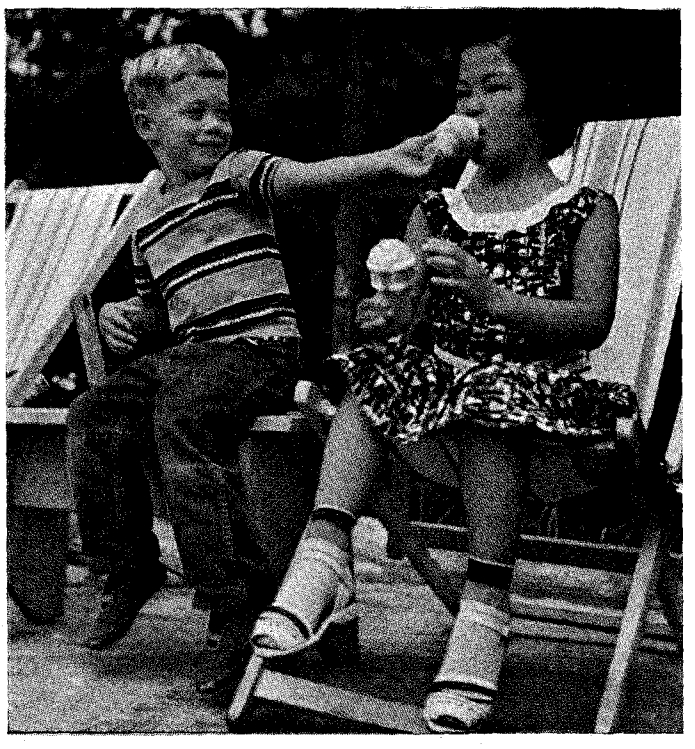
At Sakuma, Americans live from the Japanese economy. Some of them follow Japanese no-furniture and no-shoes-in-the-house customs. At least one family prefers the wearing of kimono and eating with chopsticks—Duane Atkinson, electrical supervisor and grandson of the company president; his wife, Sydney; and their five-year-old son, Brandy.

There are no automobiles here. You can't buy hot dogs or ice cream; sometimes they come as gifts when American servicemen visit from an air base four hours away, where they live strictly American style.

But life isn't all homesickness. There was, for example, the curious experience of American women who consulted local Japanese doctors. No matter what the ailment was—a sore throat or a cut finger—the doctor's first direction, as given by an interpreter, was always the same: "Strip to the waist."

The ladies, dutiful to medical practitioners, always did. It was some time before shocked women and puzzled doctors figured out why—an interpreter whose curiosity had been aroused by a recent visit of Marilyn Monroe to Japan. The interpreter is working somewhere else now.

(Continued on Page 77)



At a Fourth-of-July party Brandy Atkinson and Yumi Nagata share a rare treat: ice cream in Sakuma.

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Ever Get Spots on Your Clothes?

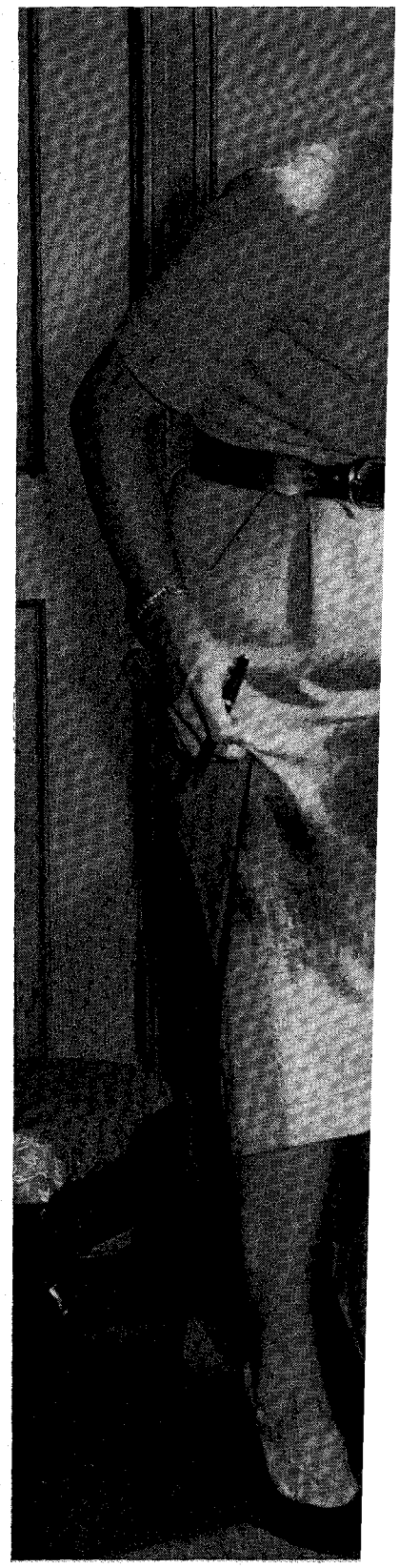
By Ben and Marie Pearse

What should you do about a gravy stain? If you spill ink on your dress, should you wash it in milk? These people's business is to answer these questions and a thousand others.

The plate-glass portals of the National Institute of Dry-cleaning's plant in suburban Washington might truthfully display the slogan WE'RE NEVER SURPRISED. The institute is the research organization for some 8500 dry cleaners in this country and more than thirty foreign nations, including the Scandinavian and Oriental. New problems confronting its members anywhere on earth eventually reach the institute.

"Do pearls dissolve when dry-cleaned?" asked a member in Beloit, Wisconsin, who sent in an evening gown trimmed with synthetic pearls and mother-of-pearl leaves. The institute said "No," and returned the gown with instructions for processing it.

Similar dilemmas are solved theoretically in the institute's test laboratory and proved in its model retail plant. The plant also serves as a testing ground for new equipment and methods, and as a classroom for a dry-cleaners' school. Although the institute's retail operations compete in some measure with those (Continued on Page 160)



While inkmakers seek a more ir
ways to dissolve it. Can this stain

Ralph Simons, a National Institute of Drycleaning student, removes wrinkles with a steam-air finisher.

". . . and please brush his teeth." To clean a

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TRAIL TO NOME

By FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE

"There isn't a team in the North that can touch mine," Rick had bragged– until he met his match in a woman.

I was thirteen, and big for my age, the night my father, Big Mike Jessup, gave me Lesson No. I in a course he called Man's Partial Understanding of Woman. It wasn't about the birds and bees, either. I'd picked up a little of that from the kids around Nome, Alaska.

I was hungry and wolfing on mom's moose mulligan and sourdough biscuits when pa said, "Rick Tremper fired me today. He wants a younger man running the dredge crew next year."

I stopped eating, waiting for the explosion that never came.

My sister, Mary, engaged to marry Rick Tremper, looked thoughtful; then said, "First he sells Afognak, his lead dog, because he wants a younger leader for the Dog Derby. Then his dredge superintendent. H'm-m-m."

I looked at mom, who gets fighting mad when anyone treats her family unfairly. She was studying Mary and looked prouder every second. I could tell that pa liked what he saw when he watched mom's expression. I just couldn't understand my family taking a dirty deal like this and not fighting back. I got a scared feeling inside my stomach, like the time I thought I'd have to fight Jim Doolittle, who grew up to be an air general.

"Well, Mary, aren't you going to give Rick's ring back?" I blurted.

"Naturally not, Jerry," Mary answered. "Running the dredge is Rick's responsibility to the stockholders. If he believes an aggressive younger superintendent is better than an older, experienced man, then he must make the change."

"No fight in any of you!" I yelled, suddenly losing my appetite. "You can all go to hell!" I heard them (Continued on Page 133)

It wasn't long before Mary had overtaken every driver but Rick Tremper and Bart Laidlaw.

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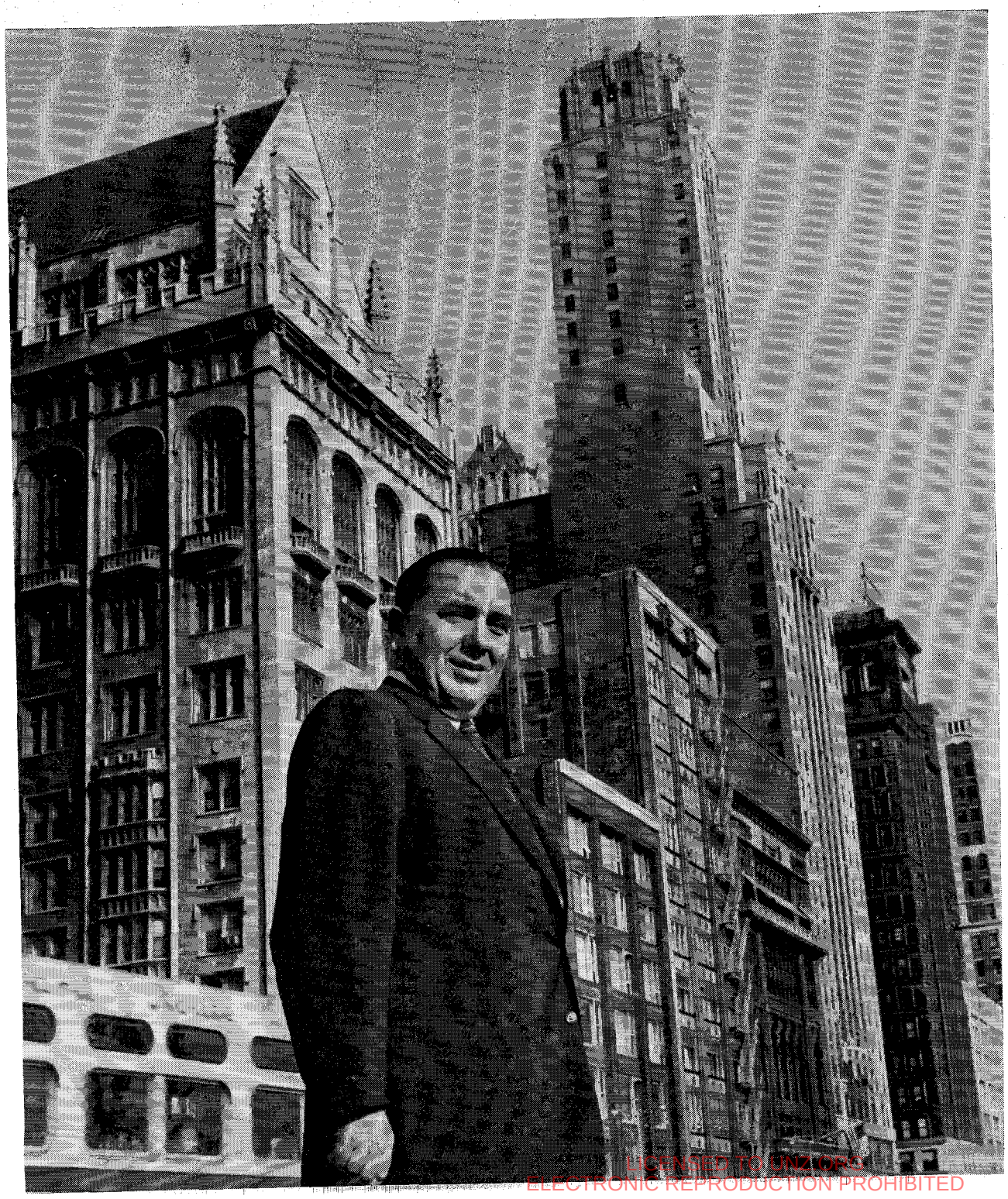
Who Really Runs Chicago?

A reporter lays bare the inner workings of machine politics in Chicago, revealing the cynicism and idealism that weld ward heelers to reformers. . . .

By John Bartlow Martin



PART ONE

Last winter, when the gray slush was deep underfoot and a pall of February smoke hung low, Chicago went through an election campaign. It was electing a mayor. For weeks, the candidates' images stared at the voters from billboards and television screens. Their sound trucks toured the Loop, their slogans bloomed on automobiles, their aides toiled in crowded headquarters. In the gilded ballrooms of Loop hotels, the well-dressed dined at $100 a plate. Party workers trudged to huge arenas to hear the message, and bands blared outside dingy ward headquarters.

Night after night the candidates raced through grimy streets to ward rallies. One of them traveled some 5000 miles about the city. They shook countless hands on street corners and at factory gates; they went to innumerable "coffee sips" and cocktail parties; they received delegations in their headquarters; they attended church suppers and bingo parties and torchlight parades. They all said many times, "I love Chicago." They bespoke the dreams of city planners, ignored till now.

More privately, they angled for the Jewish vote, the Polish vote, the Negro vote, the

With the backing of Chicago's Democratic machine, Mayor Richard J. Daley (left) recently won a hands-down victory over the Republican reform candidate, Robert E. Merriam (above, at the polls with Mrs. Merriam).

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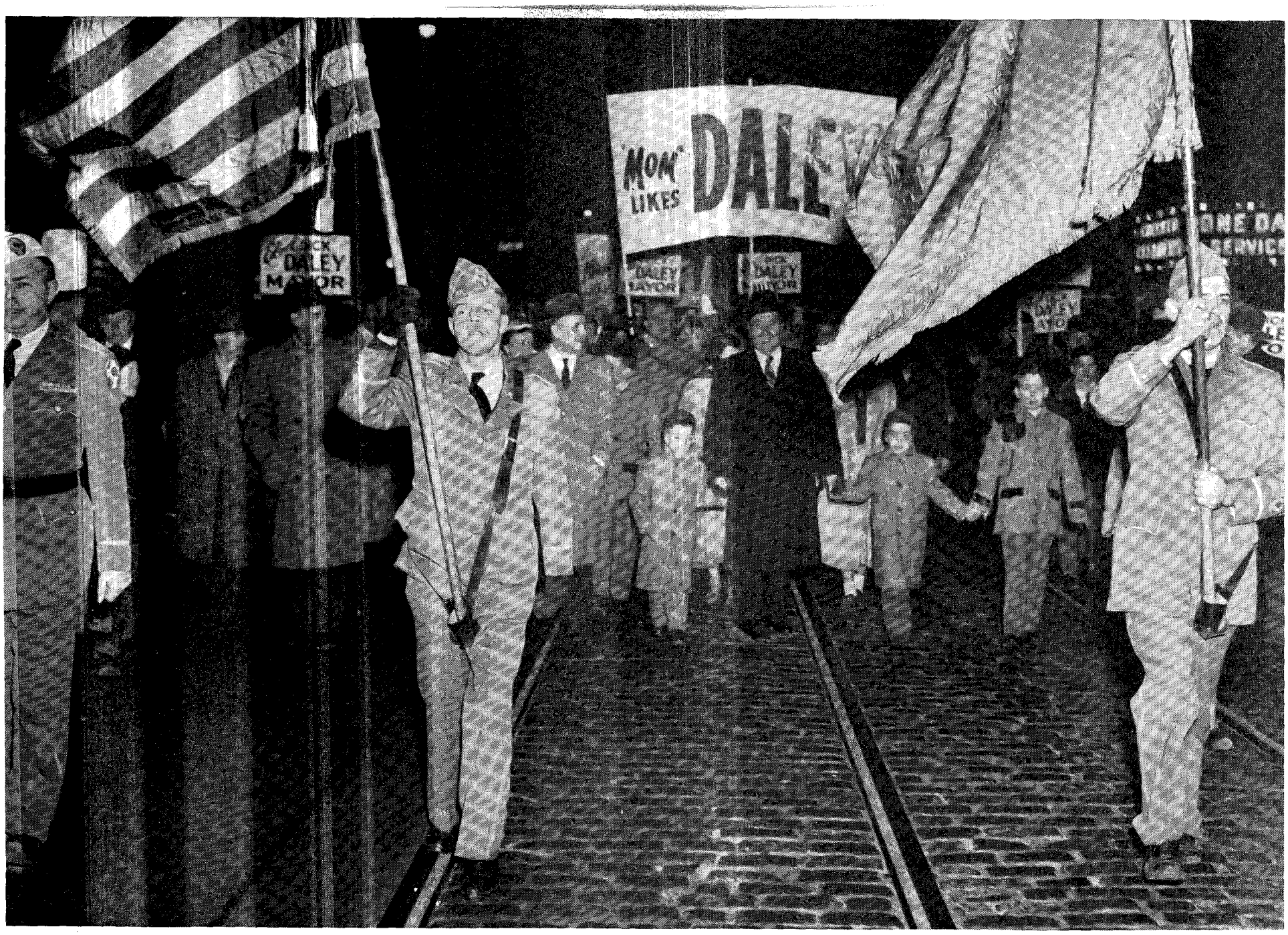


Daley, a career politician, parades with some of his seven children. He stood high with labor, and also had the blessing of Adlai Stevenson and Sen. Paul Douglas.

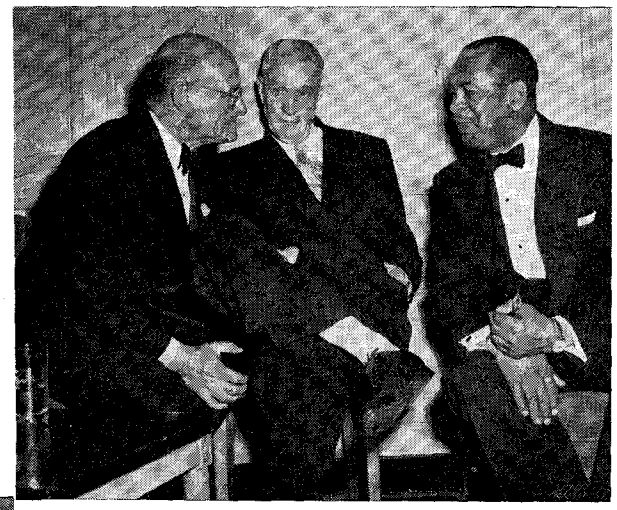
Catholic vote. Their friends raised hundreds of thousands of dollars and their precinct captains trudged from door to door. All the while, week after week, the newspapers thundered at crime conditions, vote frauds and political trickery.

It is all long since over. The primary election was held on February twenty-second, the general election on April fifth. Now is a good time to take a retrospective look at the campaign. For twenty-four years, the Chicago mayoralty has been controlled by the Democratic organization, probably the most powerful of the old-fashioned big-city machines in America. But in 1955 the Republican organization, which is no better and no worse but is less successful, nominated Robert E. Merriam, a young Democratic reformer who had turned on the Democrats. For the first time in years, the Democratic organization faced a serious threat. Moreover, it had a primary fight on its hands. The attacks upon the machine, and its struggle under siege, make a good case history in American municipal politics.

The blueprint of the machine is simple. In each of the city's fifty wards, Democratic voters elect a ward committeeman. These fifty committeemen, together with the suburban co mitteemen, comprise the county central committee. Each committeeman runs the party in his ward. Each ward is divided into precincts, about eighty to a ward—4157 precincts in the city. The committeeman appoints a captain for each precinct. In the end, the fortunes of the party of Jefferson depend upon the precinct captain.

The captain is the man a citizen telephones if the garbage isn't collected or a dead tree needs cutting down. The City Hall government is remote; the precinct captain lives down the street. He is the government. A precinct captain said recently, "When I go around to see you just before the election, I don't say 'vote for Dick Daley'—I say 'vote for me.' Daley's

(Continued on Page 79)



Democratic kingpins: Col. Jake Arvey (the machine's elder statesman), State's Attorney John Gutnecht and U.S. Congressman William L. Dawson.

Ex-mayor Martin H. Kennelly comforts weeping Morris B. Sachs after they bucked the machine in the Democratic primary and lost. Sachs later dried his tears and joined the Daley forces.

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By WILLIAM FAY

SEVEN STEPS TO MURDER

The dope-crazed gunman was ready to strike again. Devlin had to stop him now.

"If you really must know," said Devlin's wife, "a girl could do worse than marry a smart young cop. She could hang around here the rest of her life and listen to an old, complaining one."

"Like me, I suppose?"

"Exactly like you, Georgie, dear; so don't keep sticking your chin out," Mae advised him. "Hand me the hammer."

Devlin, the captain of police, got up from his chair and gave her the hammer, aware that he should have been more useful at this time and less concerned with prideful matters of his own, as well as with that feeling of foreboding, very likely groundless, that had been plaguing him since he had heard about Rico Alvarez. *The hell with Rico Alvarez*, he decided.

"Is it hanging straight?" Mae said.

"Your slip, dear? No, it is hanging crooked."

"The curtain," she said, "you idiot."

"The curtain, yes," said Devlin softly; "it looks like a veil for a queen."

She was three rungs up the stepladder, with her mouth full of nails and her hair in a knot, and today, after twenty-five years of living with him, she was still the best-looking woman in the house. He told her this now, while holding the ladder, knowing well that she never got tired of hearing it. He had a talent for being close to her that was the joy of his life and the one true tonic for the tired days that become more frequent when a cop has passed his fiftieth year.

"You'll roast in purgatory for your lies," Mae said.

"So I won't be alone."

He remained standing there by the big open window on the second floor of his own house, looking out on a gray, soiled, uptown street that had known more stylish times. He didn't mind it too much, because the years had murdered any pretensions the Devlins might have owned at the beginning. He had

"How was Rico after it happened?" Devlin asked. "He was out of his mind," Fullam replied.

acquired the old and narrow brownstone house by assuming its mortgage from a bank in '32, when a sergeant's pay looked like a sweepstakes ticket that you cashed in twice a month.

"It's a hell of a fine place for a weddin' party," Devlin said, "if it's good for nothing else."

He felt it was one of the Lord's more spectacular miracles that a man like himself, having raised seven kids, could still possess a house of his own in the center of New York—never mind the weight of the current mortgage or the scars on the old neighborhood. He wasn't fool enough, with five daughters and a pair of sons, to call himself an impoverished man. He only wished he had the price of an impressive present for the bride. It was June now, the month of church bells, falling rice and rented swallow-tail coats, so that the daylight lingered long, long after supper. The geranium looked healthy in its pot. A stickball game competed with the traffic in the street and you could smell the summer's conquest of the city like a sugared dream or like a deadening drug—he wasn't sure which one. But gazing a little farther down the street, he could see the smart boys gathered outside the Hotel Paradise, a fancy trap on a corner of Broadway, in the Seventies. *Trouble?* he thought, and then he answered the problem as he wanted it to be answered, *They wouldn't dare.*

"Here comes the bridegroom," Devlin said, more gaily. "With his hat in his hand and his head in a cloud. What kind of tricks am I supposed to do at the church rehearsal?"

"You're supposed to act like a grown man and the father of the bride," Mae said, "so you'll learn what you have to do tomorrow. And you might apologize while you're there to Father Zymanski for having missed all the other rehearsals."

"I was workin'," Devlin protested, "and I'll do no apologizin'."

"Then wear a necktie," Mae suggested, "and try to have your shirt inside your pants. You'll be told what to do when you get there."

"You're very funny," he said. He was a uniformed cop in his working hours, with gold on his chest and style in his walk, no matter how tired he was. Off duty, on a summer night, he felt entitled to look relaxed.

"Go on down now, and no smart jokes," Mae said. "I told the girls to buy some cake. I'll have the coffee made when the pack of you come back."

Devlin put on a tie and a jacket. The bridal party was gathered downstairs in the front room where the gifts were on display. There was an overflow of young detectives, including the bewildered groom, four ushers and Eddie Pfeiffer, who was going to be best man. They had all been to FBI school, these gleaming examples of modern law enforcement, and they were examining the gifts with profound laboratory interest. Devlin had to be careful not to make any

(Continued on Page 84)

"Give me the gun, Rico," Devlin said. He advanced another step.

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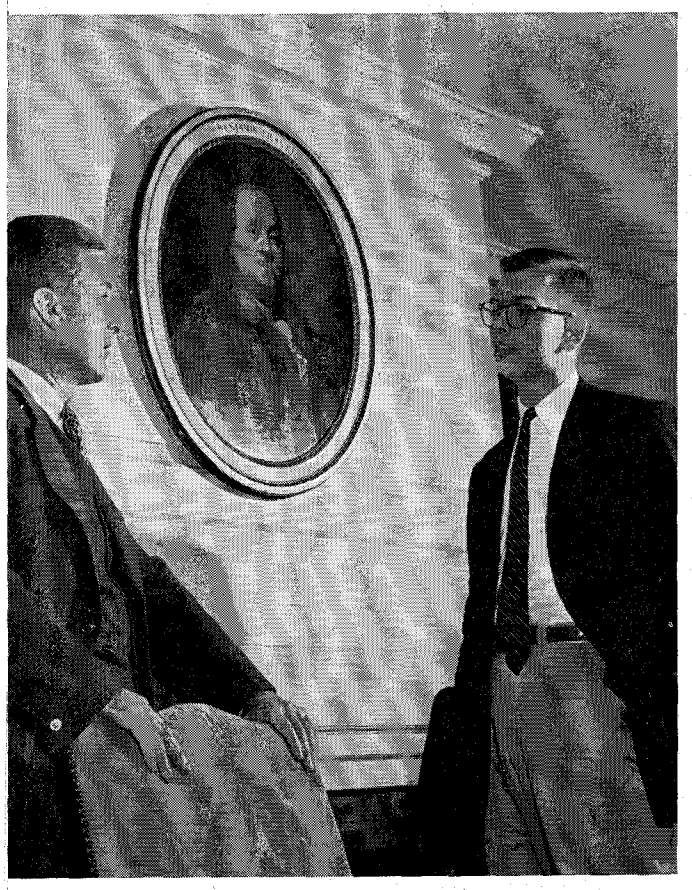
HOW TO CHOOSE A COLLEGE

The "best" college is the one that best suits a student's individual needs, counsels the author.

An expert gives you the low-down on American colleges, and tells why so many young people go to the wrong one.

By Clarence E. Lovejoy, as told to Jerome Ellison



Harvard president Nathan Pusey with Clifford Calhoun, of Burlington, who holds a scholarship available to "an Iowa boy living in an area served by the C.B.&Q. RR." Dr. Pusey once held same scholarship.

The other day I received a letter from an Illinois lad asking if there was any place where a boy having reasonable intelligence, a fair high-school record, no athletic ability, no money and a large willingness to work could get a college education. I sent him the name and address of one of the many institutions that met his requirements. It was located in his own home town!

As a college counselor I'm often surprised at how little people know about our colleges, even those near their own homes. Considering the number of institutions of higher learning (2049), their enrollment (2,800,000) and the size of the alumni population (about 9,000,000), you'd think that more people would at least know the names of the largest (New York University, 39,000 students), the oldest (Harvard, 1636), the richest (Harvard, endowment $233,000,000) and the most scholarly (Swarthmore, sixty-one Ph.D's. and learned awards per 1000 graduates).

Yet the fact is that the opportunities of the collegiate life are but vaguely comprehended. At the University of Miami one may cram in fresh- and salt-water fishing, "bottom and surf; plug, fly casting and trolling; field trip to Gulf Stream; casting practice alternate Saturdays." At Michigan State one may study truck driving, beekeeping, restaurant management and 478 other subjects. The University of Connecticut includes in its extensive curricula such subjects as ice-cream making, turkey management, orchestra conducting, queen-bee handling, dendrology—the study of trees—and outdoor cookery.

Though most Americans don't know it, our country contains nearly as many degree-granting colleges as all other nations combined. Today about six in ten elementary-school pupils finish high school; a little over three in ten high-school graduates start college, in a ratio of three boys to two girls. College enrollment has been increasing and is expected to be pushing 5,000,000 in 1960. Today, practically every growing family has to ask the question: "Which college?"—a query that directs attention to the immense diversity of the field.

I was nudged into college counseling by the steady pressure of people who needed information. I had been a Regular Army officer, New York Times sports reporter, teacher at Rutgers, and tour supervisor in Europe. In 1939 I wrote a book called So You're Going to College. It was in steady demand until replaced by Lovejoy's College Guide, which has become a standard reference book. As a result of the two books, ever-bigger slices of my time were going to students and parents seeking individual advice. In 1948 I opened my counseling service in New York City. Since then I've advised 5000 clients personally and helped many more through College Guidance Digest, a bulletin service for high-school guidance specialists.

The size of a college can often make a big difference to a student. Even in this era of bigness, there are still many small colleges. Of our 475 junior—two-year—colleges, more than half have fewer than 300 students. Among the four-year colleges accredited by regional scholastic associations are 135 with enrollments under 300. And we have our giants. New York has the three largest: N.Y.U., 39,000; College of the City of New York, 37,000; Columbia, 30,000. The University of Illinois is fourth with 24,000. Enrollment at ninety colleges exceeds 5000; twenty have over 15,000 students.

The first requisite to finding your way in all this is, of course, to know where you're going, academically speaking. Also, it may help to

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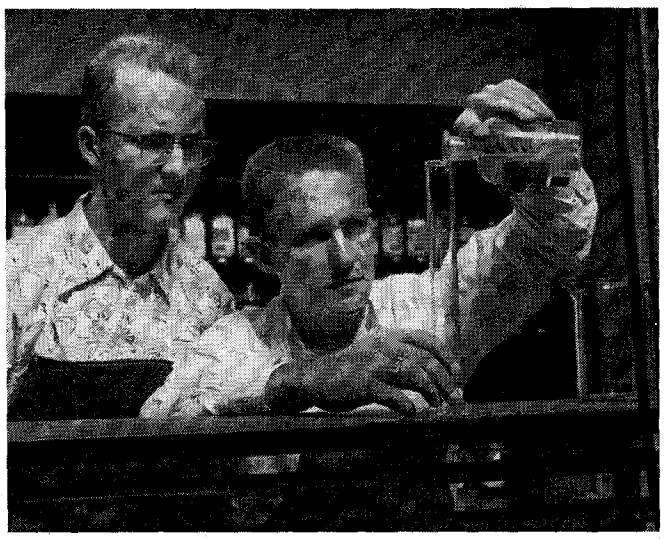
At Maryland's Hood College, Miss Marrietta Henderson conducts a course titled Education for Marriage and Family Living, which includes quite a few tips on how to catch a husband.

Millsaps (Mississippi) is one of several colleges where $850 will cover a year's expenses. Dr. H. E. Finger, Jr. (right), is Millsaps' president.

take candid stock of one's status. If one is an heiress with a flair for finance, Webber College (Florida), founded in 1927 "to teach young women how to administer the estates they were to inherit," is obviously the place. At the opposite end of the economic ladder is Midway Junior—Kentucky—for homeless girls. Gallaudet (Washington, D.C.) is the nation's only college for the deaf.

Those who feel that philosophical considerations are most important should not overlook St. John's (Maryland) where students read the hundred great books and discuss with the faculty their modern application. Hiram College (Ohio), Chapman (California) and Eureka (Illinois) believe you learn more when you study one subject at a time than when you hop around. They give about six to eight weeks to a course, then pass on to the next. If one has the purse and fancy for foreign travel, Hollins (Virginia), Sweet Briar (Virginia) and Smith (Massachusetts) are among the schools which work it into the regular curriculum. The Smith junior year abroad gives majors in French, Spanish and Italian a chance to study in the lands where these tongues are spoken; students of world economics may spend their year in Geneva.

Language courses, aside from the standard French, German, (Continued on Page 54)



Everett Larson and Robert Carlson won scholarships at MIT for "boys who don't drink or smoke."

For future suburbanites, University of Connecticut features a course in outdoor cookery.

If a youngster wants to act, Hiram (Ohio), with its showboat, may be the college.

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Death in the Wind

By EDWIN LANHAM

Brad drew Paula closer.

"When I get out of here. . ." he said

But for now, a murder stood between them.

Angrily, Brad Davis pulled the watch out of his pocket and tossed it on the table. "Take it to the police!" he said. "If you think I killed Ruth, go ahead!" Paula Trent didn't move. She was sure of Brad's innocence, but did she have the right to withhold evidence?

Brad, a foreign correspondent for the New York Courier, had come to Menasset Harbor to see his adopted son, Pierre, a French war orphan. He got into a violent argument with his former wife, Ruth, and left to spend the night aboard his yawl. A hurricane struck early the next morning and Ruth's body was found on the rocks beneath the sea wall at her home. Brad survived the storm, only to learn that he had been branded a murderer by Lieutenant Gray, of the Connecticut police.

After Ruth's death, Pierre moved in with Paula and her father, Horace Trent. Paula found Brad's watch, the hands set near the time of Ruth's murder, at the spot where Ruth's body was found. The three most likely suspects, aside from Brad, were Ruth's second husband, Porter Bellows, and two disappointed suitors, Alex Fawcett and Mort Brewster. Bellows had an airtight alibi. Both Alex and Mort were involved now with a glamorous widow named Muriel Parker.

Brad had been approached by a man known as Frenchy, who wanted to sell him information. Frenchy said he could not talk to the police because he had entered the country illegally. Brad stalled for time.

Alex Fawcett ran into Brad at the harbor, pretended friendship, and offered to drive him to see Lieutenant Gray. When the two men arrived at Gray's office, however, Fawcett told the policeman, "I brought you something. Here's your man."

IV

Lieutenant Gray was in uniform, with his campaign hat pushed back on his head. As he rose to his feet his eyes were cold and alert and his jaw was set.

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"Come in, Mr. Davis," he said. "We've been wondering what happened to you. . . . Where did you find him, Alex?"

"Let's get one thing straight," Brad said. "I came here of my own accord, lieutenant. Mr. Fawcett was kind enough to drive me down."

Lieutenant Gray nodded to Alex Fawcett. "Thanks, Alex. I'll carry on from here."

"O.K., Vern," Alex said, with a look of satisfaction on his face. He closed the door behind him.

"Where have you been since last night, Mr. Davis?" the lieutenant asked crisply.

"I've been thanking my stars that I survived," Brad said. "I had a close call. I had to swim for it, but I made it."

"Oh, I knew you made it," Lieutenant Gray said. "Recognize those, don't you?" He pointed to a heap of clothing on his desk and Brad recognized the stripes of his *maillot*. "You slept last night in a cottage down at Oak Beach," the lieutenant said. "The lady who lives in the cottage next door complained a couple of hours ago that a strange character was hanging around down there, and we went down and found these things. Why didn't you let us know you were alive? The Coast Guard has had a helicopter looking for your body. They've been combing the area. You're aware, I suppose, that your former wife was murdered?"

"Yes, I heard that."

"I'll have to ask you where you were Monday night."

"I was aboard my yawl," Brad said. "I stopped off to see her, as I think you know, but I left there not later than eight-thirty. I understand she was killed around nine o'clock. When I landed at the point my son was still up, and his bedtime is eight-thirty."

"When a body has been exposed to the elements it's impossible to determine the exact time of death," the lieutenant said. "It could have been later than nine o'clock, and it could have been much earlier."

"She was alive when I left there," Brad said. "I'll concede that there had been some friction between us. You witnessed a sample of it Monday afternoon. I went to see her that night in the hope that she would agree to let me see the boy regularly."

"And she refused?"

"I told her that I was going to take legal steps," Brad said. "We had some angry words and she slapped me, but that's all that happened."

"I had a look at her will today," the lieutenant said. "She's left a couple of hundred thousand to her husband and made various small bequests to servants and friends, and so forth, but the bulk of the estate, close to a million dollars, was left in trust to the boy. He'll have a tidy income out of that, and I assume that in the natural course of events you would have the disposition of it."

"I do pretty well financially, lieutenant, if that's what you mean," Brad said.

"Come to think of it, I guess there'll be quite an argument about who gets custody of the boy," Vern Gray said. "I guess Mr. Bellows will want in on that."

"If the medical examiner's estimate as to when Mrs. Bellows was killed is as elastic as you say," Brad said, "how does that affect Mr. Bellows?"

"You can forget about Mr. Bellows," the lieutenant said. "His movements Monday night are accounted for, from seven-thirty on. He left the house a little before eight o'clock to drive the cook home, and at eight-twenty he was in the drugstore, buying two poker decks to take to Horace Trent's house. He was in a poker game by half past eight."

"I wonder to what extent you've investigated Mr. Bellows," Brad said. "Did you take his fingerprints?"

"Now why should I take his fingerprints?"

"Nobody knows much about Mr. Bellows," Brad said. "There seems to be some mystery about his background, and I would think that when a man comes into money through the murder of a woman he had married only a few months ago, you would go a little farther than a perfunctory investigation."

"Perfunctory?" Vern Gray said. "I told you he had an alibi."

"If he were responsible for the murder of his wife I think he'd be very sure to have an alibi," Brad said.

The lieutenant's lips tightened. "Let me remind you that you are the man under investigation at the moment, Mr. Davis. Monday night your former wife was murdered and you were seen with her a short time before her death. Subsequently your boat was sunk in a hurricane and you were given up for dead. Where were you? You managed to get some clothes, I see."

"I found them in that cottage at Oak Beach," Brad said.

"All right," the lieutenant said. "But why didn't you come to the police? Why did you stay in hiding?"

"I wasn't in hiding, lieutenant. I was down at the town dock most of the afternoon. I talked to several people. I was in plain view. The fact is, I was trying to get some information about the murder of Mrs. Bellows. If you will co-operate with me, I can still get that information."

"The question is, will you co-operate with me?"

"Lieutenant, suppose I know a man who has information about the murder and suppose this man has reasons for refusing to negotiate with the police. Will you hold off until I can make arrangements with him?"

"What kind of arrangements?"

"He wants money," Brad said.

Vern Gray grinned skeptically and shook his head.

"I saw this man on the beach today and he offered to sell me the information," Brad said. "The point is that he is an illegal alien. He agreed to come forward if I paid him five hundred dollars."

"And you had got hold of the five hundred?"

"I had the money. My wallet was in my pocket when I swam ashore on Coot Island, and I have plenty of cash."

"Then why didn't you pay him off this afternoon and bring him straight to me?"

Brad smiled tightly. That had been before Pierre had reported his understanding that Ruth had mailed the watch back to Brad. He said, "I didn't trust a witness who demanded money, but as I thought it over I decided I'd better find out what he knew."

"How could that Frenchman have known anything?" Vern Gray asked. "Mr. Davis, you've got to do better than that." He saw Brad's face and smiled grimly. "Did you think I didn't know who you were talking about? Mrs. Parker saw the two of you together on Oak Beach and she

(Continued on Page 118)

The lieutenant picked up the photograph and turned the light on it. "Is that Frenchy?" he asked Brad.

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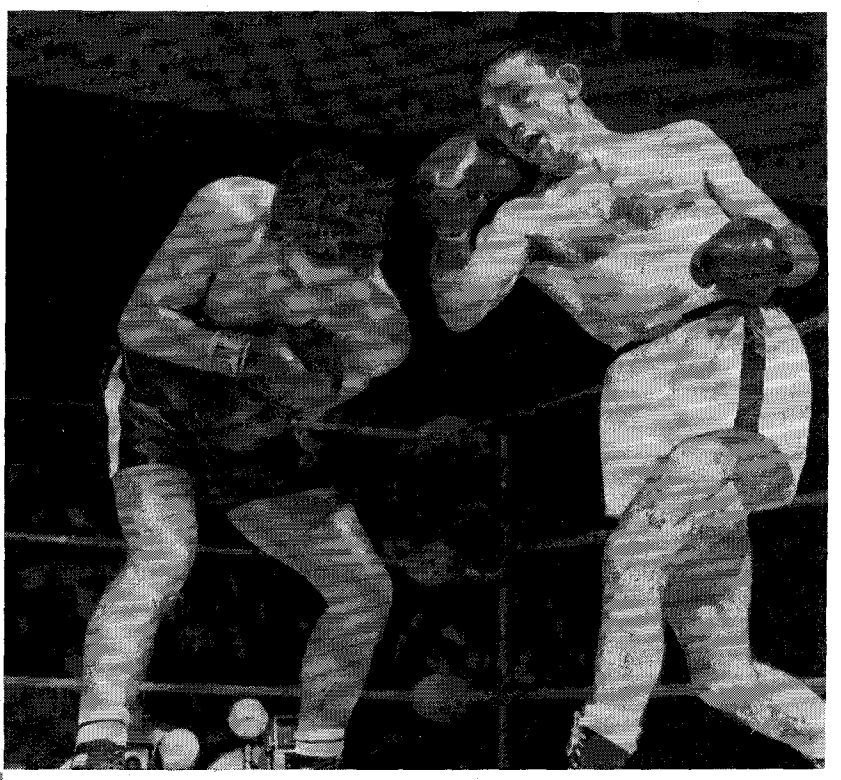
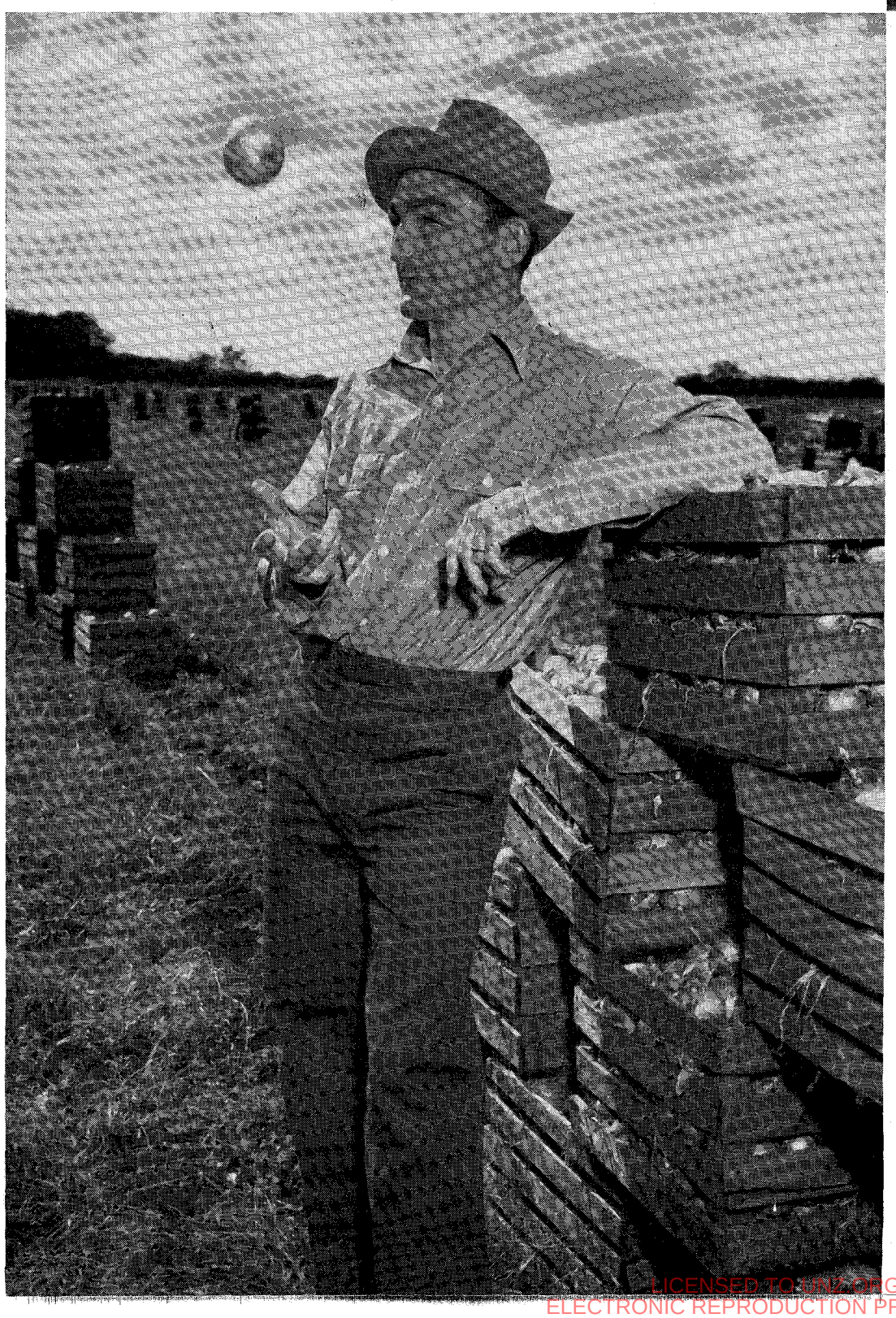
The Two Faces of CARMEN BASILIO

BY W. C. HEINZ

Basilio (right) took the title from Tony DeMarco last June, and will offer Tony a chance to regain it in a return match on November 30.





Welterweight champion Carmen Basilio pities no opponents, not even sparring partners. But outside the ring, he is a different sort of guy.

Canastota is a tree-shaded town of 4500 residents located between Syracuse and Utica and close to the geographical center of New York State. Out of it a narrow black-top road leads northwest toward Oneida Lake, and on either side of the raised road stretch flat black fields. This is the area known to Canastotans as "the Muckland."

These fields were reclaimed from swampland many years ago, and have been planted ever since in corn, potatoes and especially onions. During the growing season the families of workers live in square, weathered-gray, two-story shacks spotted along the road at intervals of 100 yards or so. It was in a field beyond such a shack that an argument started on a hot afternoon in August of 1948 between Joseph Basilio, then sixty-two, and one of his ten children, Carmen, then twenty-one.

"I'm tellin' you, pa," the son said finally, "I'm all done workin' on onions."

"So then what you gonna do?" the father said.

"I'm gonna fight professional."

"And you gonna get plenty lickin's."

"Sure," the son said, "and I'll give out plenty too."

In seven years since then, Carmen Basilio has absorbed a lot of punishment—and handed out even more. It was that way last June eleventh when Basilio knocked out Tony DeMarco, of Boston, in twelve

The Muckland revisited: Carmen, one of ten children of an Italian who farmed the reclaimed swamps near Canastota, N.Y., fought his way out of the onion fields and poverty.

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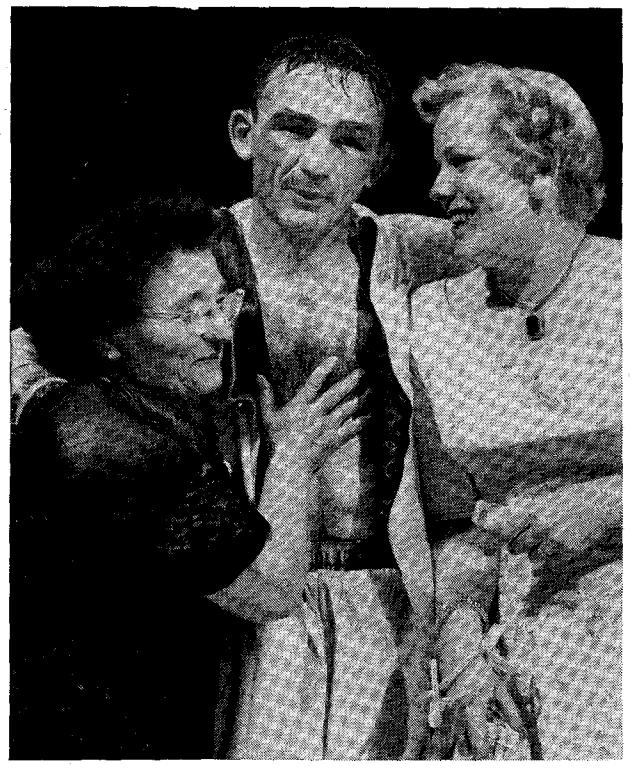
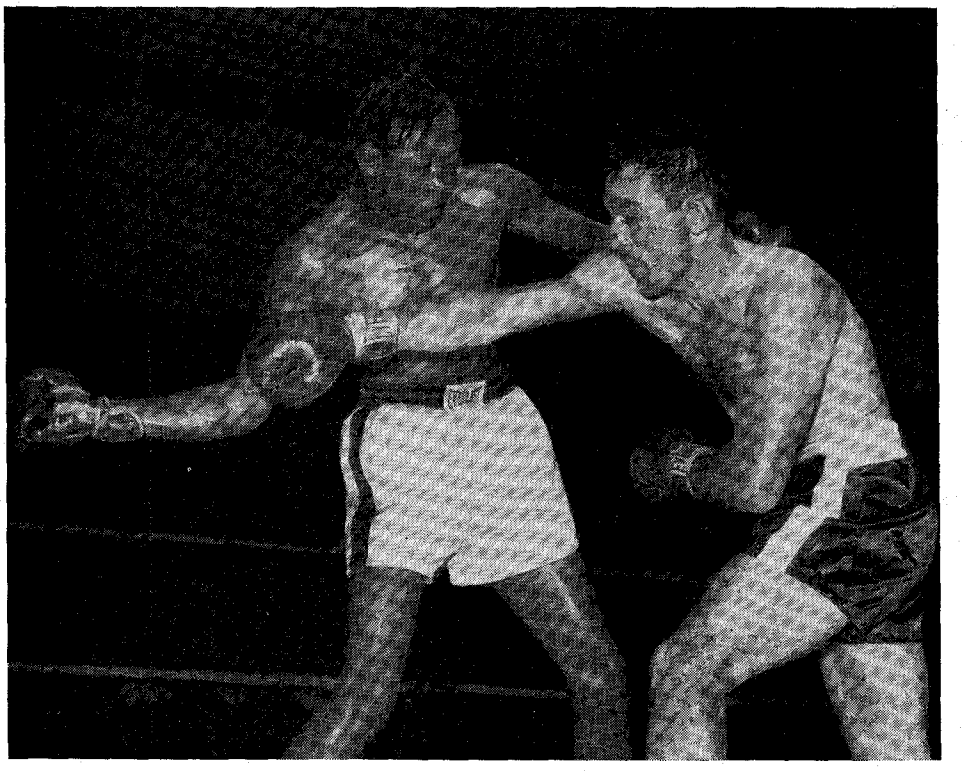
Carmen's mother and wife embrace
him after his 12th-round knockout of DeMarco.



In 1953, Basilio dropped a split decision to welterweight king Kid Gavilan.
Carmen's anguished fans contended that their boy was robbed.



rounds to become the welterweight champion of the world. The 9170 spectators who crowded the Onondaga County War Memorial Auditorium in Syracuse and an estimated 32,600,000 who watched on television saw one of the best punching fights in years.

On the last day of this month Basilio is giving DeMarco a return match in Boston, and if he outslugs Tony once more, he is committed to risk the title again within ninety days against another former champion, Johnny Saxton.

However long his welterweight reign may last, Basilio probably never will be classed with all-time 147-pound greats like Kid McCoy, the original Joe Walcott, Jack Britton, Mickey Walker, Jimmy McLarnin, Henry Armstrong and Sugar Ray Robinson. But he is likely to be remembered as one of the toughest in the division's history.

Although he knows more than is generally assumed about setting up an opponent with feints and preparatory moves, Basilio's basic plan of battle is to take a punch to give one. This was the pattern of his most recent fight, in September, when he won a close decision in an over-the-weight match with Gil Turner, of Philadelphia.

Basilio has been knocked off his feet only once in sixty-four professional battles, eleven of which he lost. But blood—either his own or his opponent's—has spurted in almost every fight. Basilio has had more than 100 stitches sewed into his face to close cuts above and below his eyes. Back in 1950 and 1951 he fought half a dozen times with bursitis paining his left shoulder. His is the kind of gameness that old-timers admire while bemoaning, "Luxury living is ruining fighters."

"When a guy hits me a good punch I feel I'm insulted," says Basilio. "I got to hit him right back. It's as simple as a basketball game. If the other guy scores, you got to score to keep ahead."

"Every time he's booked to fight he's overjoyed," says his wife, Kay. "He tells people he's only in boxing for the money, but I know it's really in his heart."

"This kid is another Billy Petrolle," says Billy Brown, the Madison Square (Continued on Page 163)

A family dinner at Carmen's new home in Chittenango, N.Y.
At the age of six Carmen got his first pair of boxing
gloves from his father (left). "When I opened
up that box," Carmen recalls,
"it was like seeing gold."

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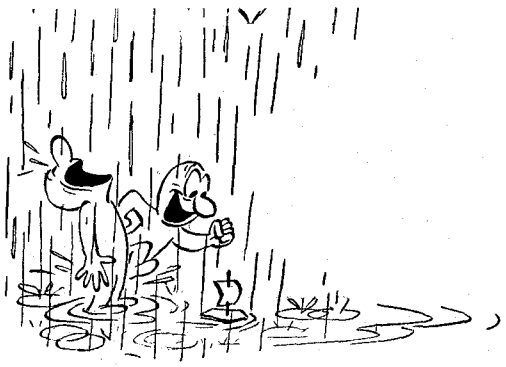


Post Scripts

The Sunday Drive

I frequently drove on a Sunday
When autos were few on the road,
But recently Sunday is one day
I'd rather not leave my abode.

Though once I could look at the cows and
The rest of the pastoral scene,
I now must watch cars by the thousand
And therefore I'm never serene.

And even when far from the highways
On dirt roads more worthy of trust,
I seldom feel safe, for these byways
Oft teem with the speed demon's dust.

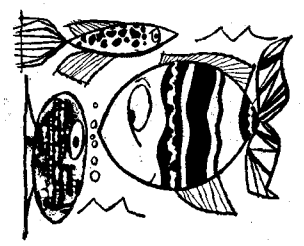
Instead of considering pleasures,
A person who chooses to drive
On Sunday must dwell upon measures
Related to staying alive.

The only enjoyment provided
A driver this turbulent day
Is getting back home, I've decided,
So home's where I've started to stay.

RICHARD WHEELER

"How was that for a scream of boredom?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



Plop!

Tropical fish have one big advantage over other pets—you seldom find one sleeping in your favorite chair. And they don't wake up the house by barking during the night. On the other hand, they contribute very little to a conversation.

You can see right through some tropical fish, which gives them even less privacy than a goldfish.

My wife spent fifteen dollars for what she said was a matched pair of tropical fish. They're matched, all right. Both male.

"But I thought the whole idea was to breed our own tropical fish," I said.

"So it is," she replied.

I didn't pursue the matter.

When I pointed out that the fifteen dollars would have kept the family supplied with Spanish mackerel and parsley for some months, I got no answer.

One of the fish we named George, and the other, Effie. After whom I don't know. Certainly nobody on my side of the family is named Effie. George is my wife's favorite. She frequently calls upon me to observe the soulful look in George's eye. So far it has eluded me.

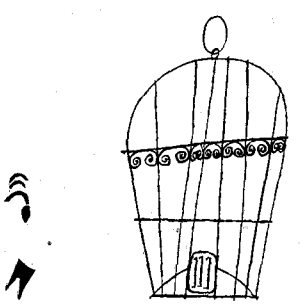
The arrangements made for George and Effie were about the same you would make if you were entertaining an inhabitant of another planet: I bought an aquarium, a reflector for the top of the aquarium, bulbs for the reflector, a feeding ring, a thermometer and thermostat, a pump and filter setup and a quarter load of sand and gravel.

I spent one entire weekend hooking it up so that the temperature would stay at a steady 75 degrees the year round. The rest of the house varies between 45 and 100 degrees. Then my wife dropped in a rock and two plants to give George the impression he is just off the coast of Bermuda.

My wife's mother came over with some shells she had picked up on the beach in Florida in 1933, told us the story of her trip again, and dropped the shells into the aquarium.

"Aren't they interesting to watch?" she said.

I suppose they are. They do seem to be up to something. Last night there were two fish in the tank, and this morning one hundred and twenty-six. I guess there's a chance that they're a matched pair, after all.



Tweet!

There's nothing like having a canary in the house, except maybe having a son who is learning to whistle through his teeth.

Canaries come mainly from the Canary Islands and department stores. Ours came from a department store and was charged and sent. To me there's something kind of ridiculous about having a canary on your charge account, but department stores apparently do a brisk business in canaries.

People who have cats seem to reorder canaries oftener than people who don't have cats, and people who let the canary out of the cage with the window open are considered good repeat customers too.

Our canary enjoys all the luxuries of life—a handsome cage, birdseed, lettuce, a cuttlebone, a hanging bathtub, a quarter load of gravel and all the apple slices he can stuff down. And yet there's a hangdog look about him. I think he misses the floorwalker.

My wife often talks baby talk to him. "Is uzzums hung'y?" she says. "Does um want um's bath?"

He never makes any reply that I can hear, but my wife claims she can understand him.

When he takes a bath he splashes water over an area of twenty feet. If I did it, I don't know what she would say to me, but it wouldn't be, " 'Ook at 'ittle fella taking a dweat, big bath!"

Our canary, according to my wife, is an unusual shade of yellow. That may be.

A canary is not considered dangerous except when he's eating his apple slice. Then he may peck you.

For its size, a canary has a kick comparable to a mule's. Our canary has kicked birdseed a distance of fourteen feet, six inches.

Anybody who doesn't appreciate the song of a canary is either lacking in musical sensibility or is trying to concentrate. You can't listen to a canary and concentrate at the same time.

My wife claims our canary can sing My Maryland. This is stretching things. She plays the recording of My Maryland, and when the music goes up, he goes up. When the music goes down, he goes down. Sometimes, however, when the music goes up, he goes down. I hate to draw this to my wife's attention.

JOHN BAILEY

Form 89634-Series 2 W-UP-S1001-OG

For methodization and systematology,
Our Government agencies need no apology.
Their latest directives, I learn with elation,
Are "dimensionalized for folderization"!

S. OMAR BARKER

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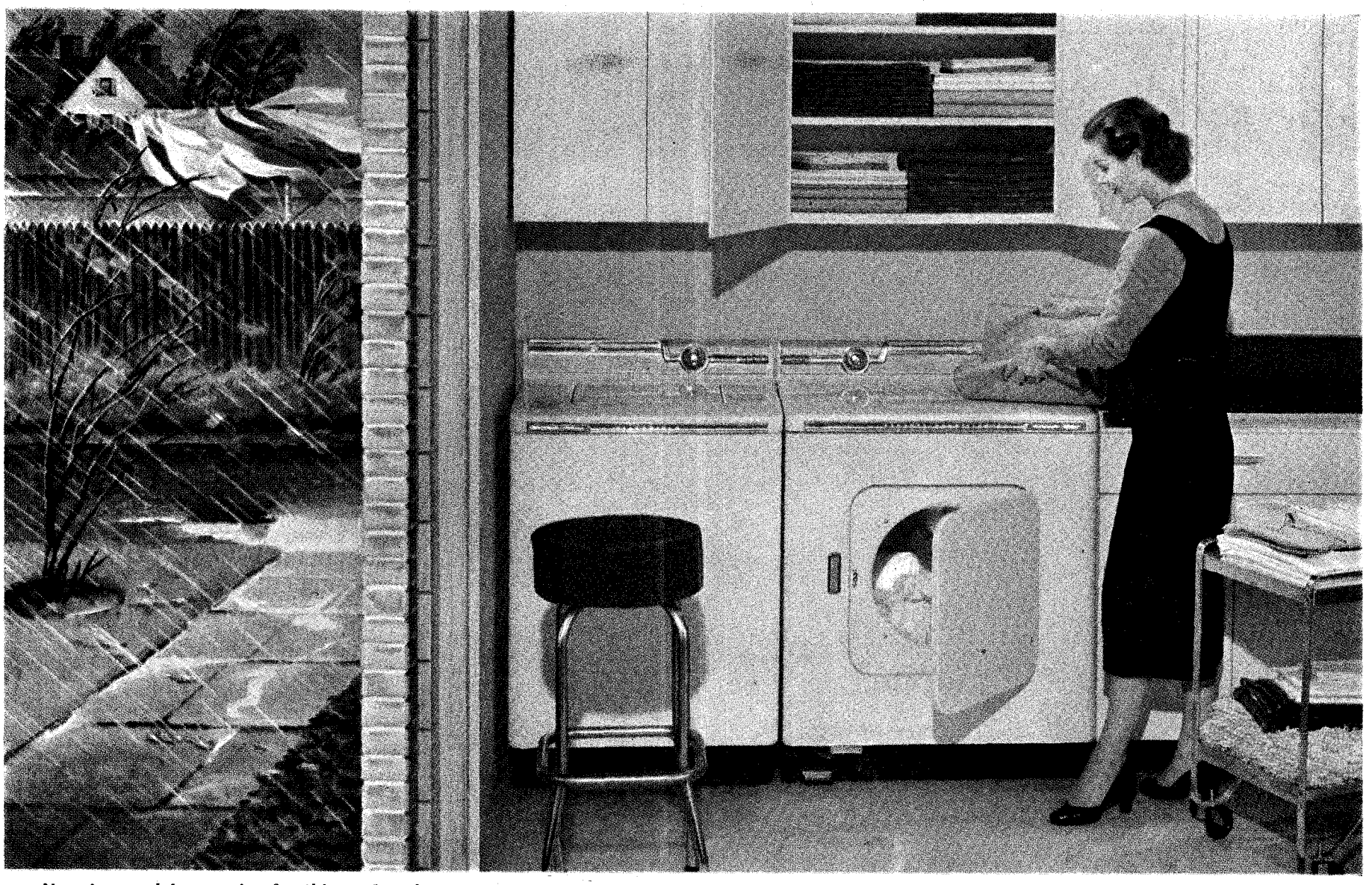
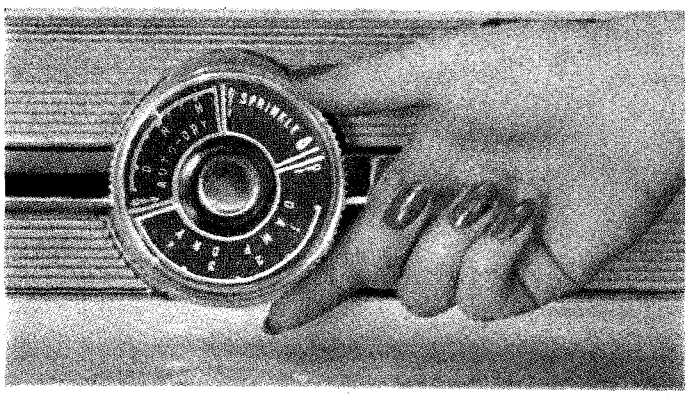


No rainy washday worries for this modern homemaker! Her new General Electric Dryer with automatic control dries clothes just right, no matter what the weather. Saves her so much time and energy, too! See *your* G-E dealer soon. General Electric Dryers priced as low as **$149.95** in most areas.

New G-E Dryer with Automatic Control adjusts drying time and temperature to suit every load... every fabric you wash!

Dries clothes wrinkle-free... sunshine-fresh... indoors!



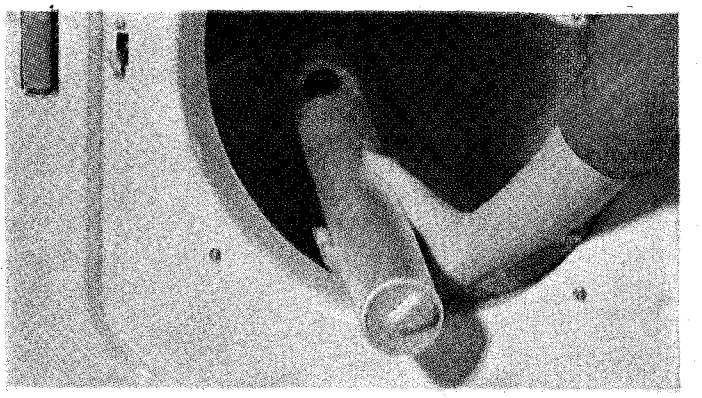
This Automatic Control distinguishes the new General Electric Dryer from conventional dryers! It provides correct time and temperature for any fabric.

No need to guess how long a load should dry . . . or at what temperature! Simply set control according to the type of fabrics you're drying.

"N" . . . *for normal fabrics—cottons, linens*
"D" . . . *for delicate fabrics*
"H" . . . *for heavy bedspreads and rugs*

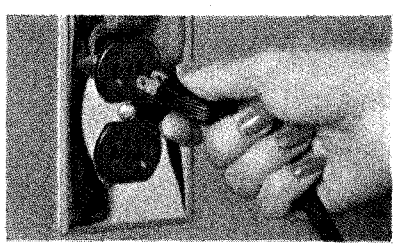
That one motion is all it takes to dry your clothes softer, fluffier than you ever thought possible!

You'll find you'll have less to iron... many pieces come out of the dryer so smooth and wrinkle-free you can wear them immediately—or put them away without ironing!

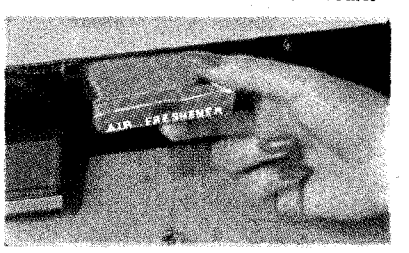


Sprinkle your clothes . . . automatically. When you're ready to iron, put clothes to be dampened in your General Electric Dryer and turn control to SPRINKLE. The right combination of moisture, air and tumbling will have them ready for ironing in minutes.

See it at your General Electric dealer's soon! Available in Canary Yellow, Turquoise Green, Petal Pink, Cadet Blue, Woodtone Brown and White. General Electric Company, Major Appliance Division, Louisville 1, Ky.



No special wiring necessary! The new General Electric Dryer with Automatic Control can be operated on standard 115-volt household appliance circuit or on 230-volt circuit.



Gentle fragrance from Air Freshener is released into air stream and fills clothes with that sunshine-fresh smell without sunshine-fade.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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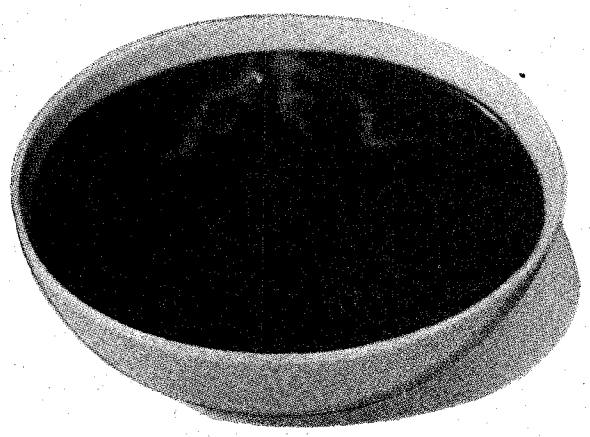
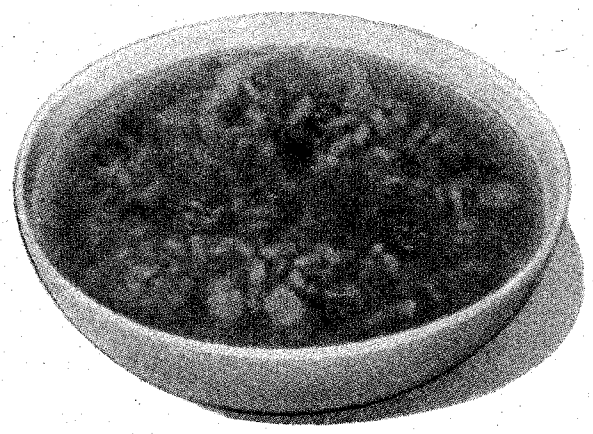
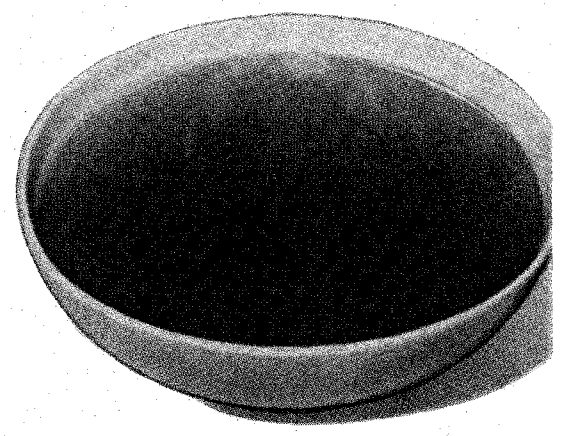


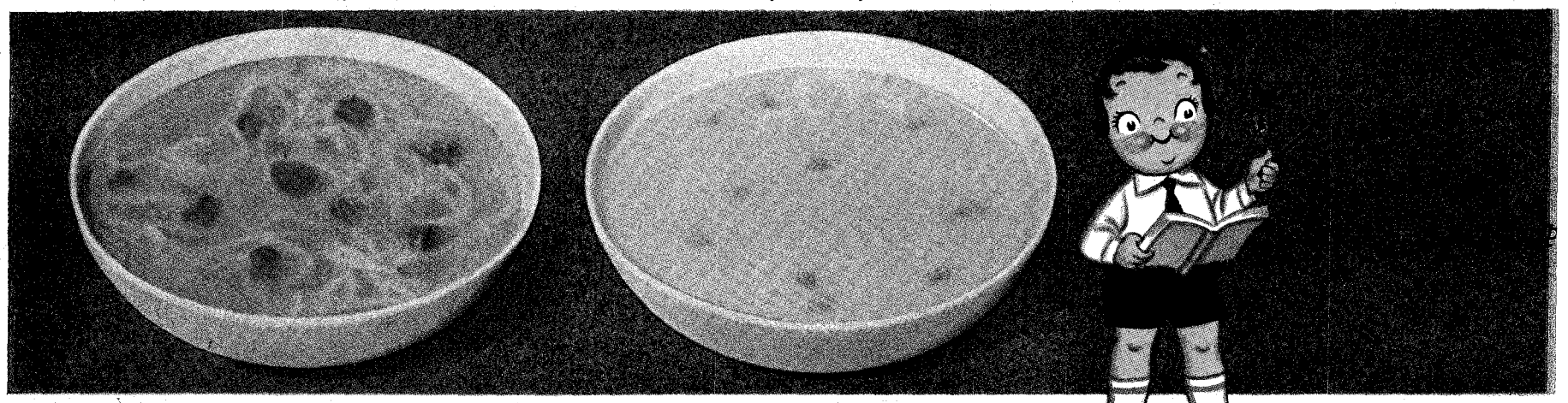
★★ **TOMATO**—Most popular soup to start a meal—a perfect purée of the famous Campbell Tomato, smoothly blended with fine dairy butter.



★ **CHICKEN GUMBO**—A nourishing chicken and ★★ vegetable soup! Tender chicken pieces mingled with tomatoes, okra, celery and fluffy rice.

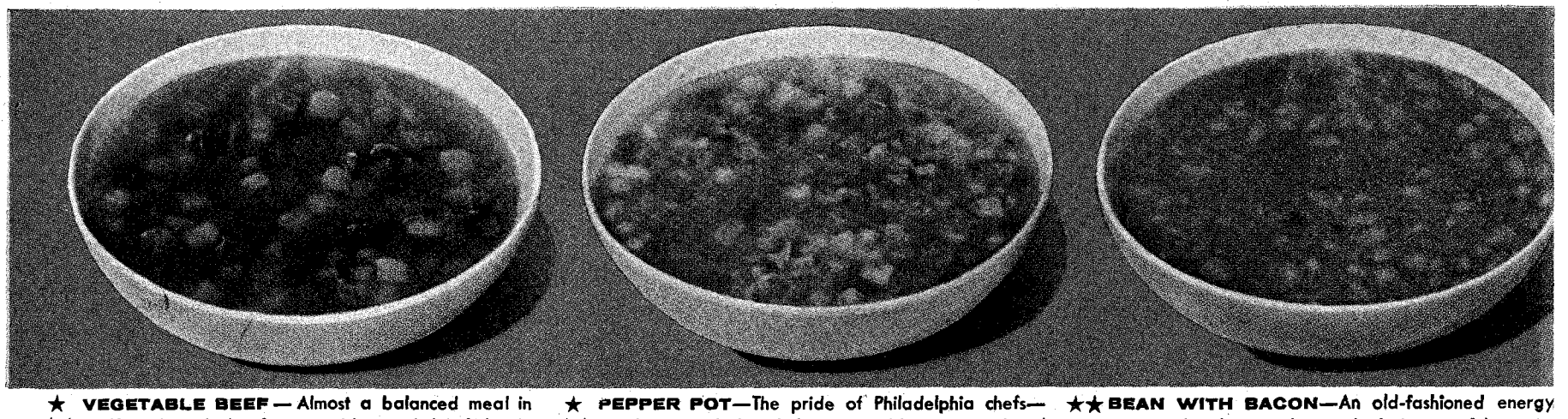


★★ **CONSOMMÉ**—Stimulating beef stock—flavored with tomatoes, celery, carrots. Have it hot for breakfast! Have it cold and jellied for lunch!



★★ **BEEF NOODLE**—Solidly satisfying—with fine lean beef and egg noodles in a real old-fashioned beef broth. Have it at lunch with a vegetable salad.

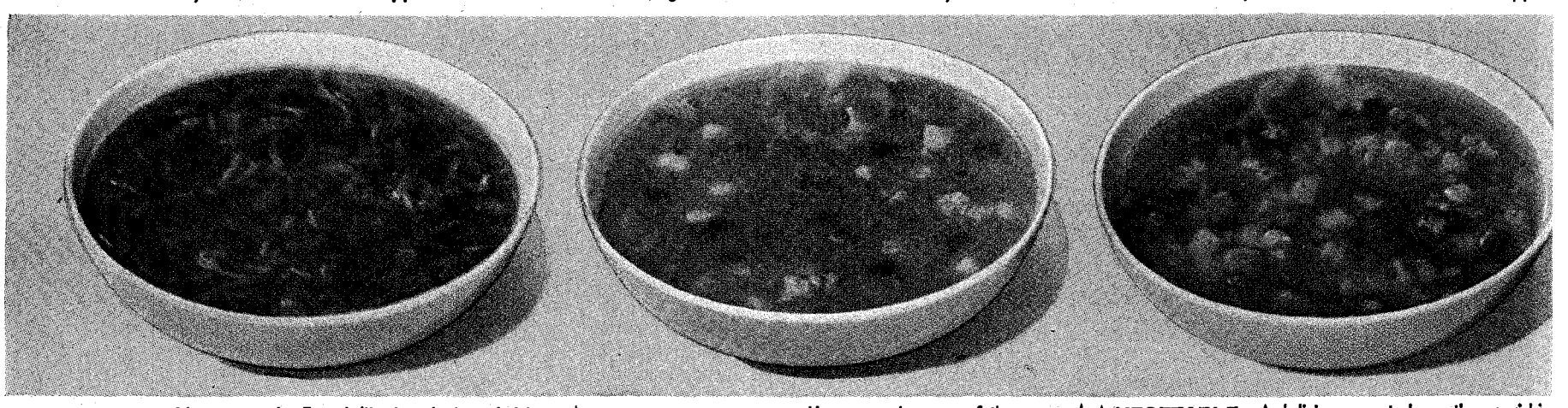
★ **CREAM OF CELERY**—The soup with the delicate ★★ flavor of crisp Pascal celery and sweet country cream. Makes a delightful pour-on or cooking sauce.



★ **VEGETABLE BEEF**—Almost a balanced meal in ★★ itself—rich with beef, vegetables and beef broth. Have a hearty bowlful for lunch or supper.

★ **PEPPER POT**—The pride of Philadelphia chefs— ★★ a spicy soup thick with fine vegetables, macaroni and nourishing meat. Substantial for a cold day.

★★ **BEAN WITH BACON**—An old-fashioned energy soup—prize beans, slow-cooked the careful way—laced with smoky bacon! A wonderful warmer upper!



★ **ONION**—It's soup as the French like it—dark and rich in flavor with sweet onions and tangy Cheddar cheese. Perks up the appetite—leaves a pleasant glow!

★ **CLAM CHOWDER**—Hearty and tastes of the sea ★★ —choice bay clams blended with tomatoes, carrots, potatoes in zesty clam broth. A popular Friday soup.

★★ **VEGETABLE**—A delicious way to have the nourishin vegetables you need. 15 proud vegetables in a robu beef stock, seasoned to bring out best flavors.

Follow the stars for food-value clues!

★ These soups supply vegetables of the kind we need every day—with their vitamins and minerals.

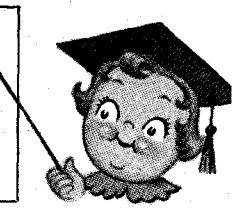
★ Meat, chicken and seafood soups help provide proteins, vitamins and minerals—for growth and upkeep.

★ *These soups are higher in protein.*

★ *Satisfying, low-calorie soups for weight watchers.*

★ *These soups are made with nourishing milk.*

When made with milk, all of these soups add needed calcium and protein. Warm liquids in all soups aid digestion.



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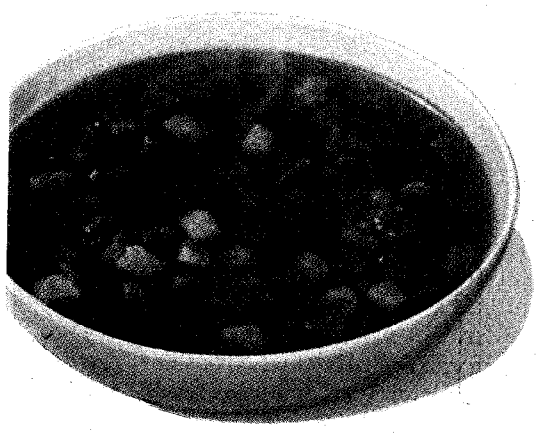
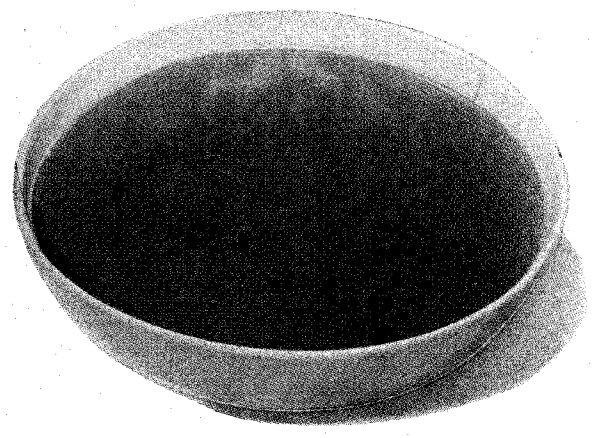
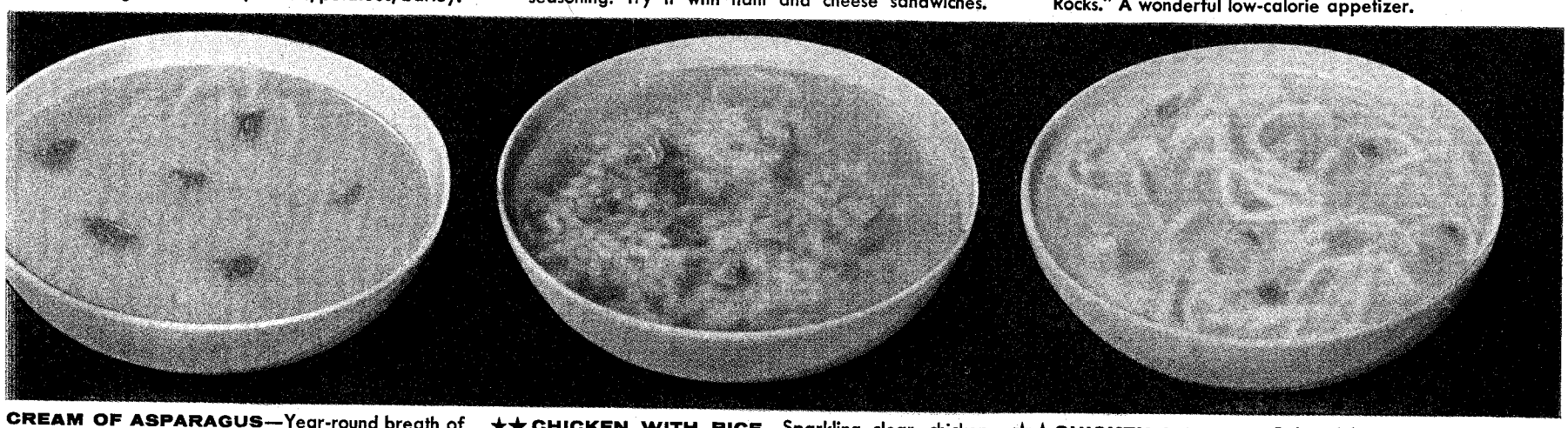


BEEF—The square-meal soup for *big* appetites—avory beef stock brimming with chunks of fine, lean eef, garden-good tomatoes, carrots, potatoes, barley.

★★ **GREEN PEA**—Heavenly-smooth—this creamy purée of sweet green peas . . . blended with butter and seasoning. Try it with ham and cheese sandwiches.



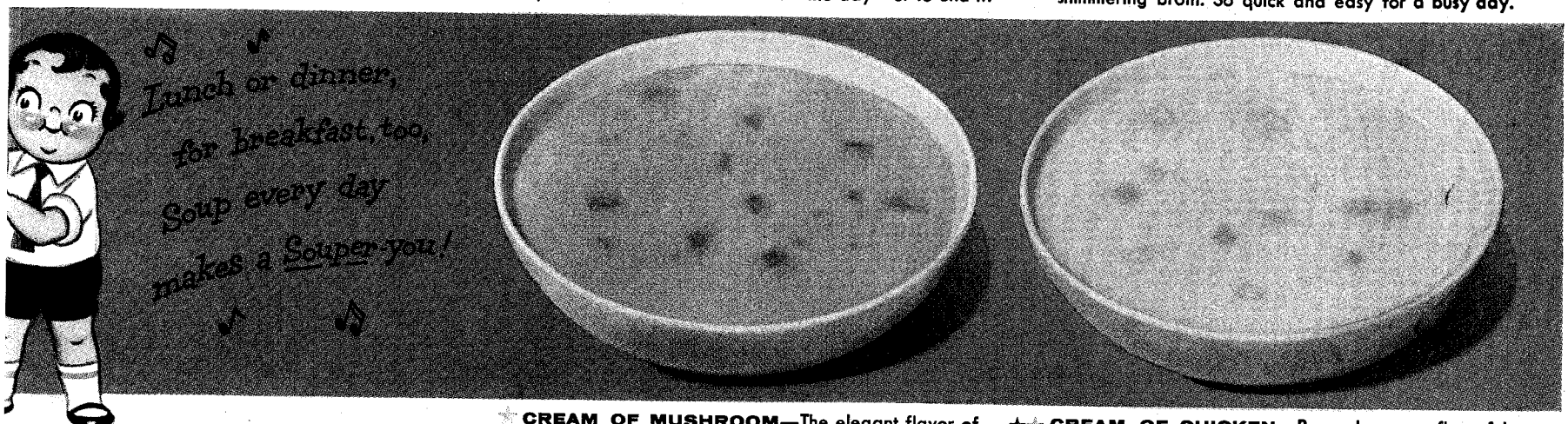
★★ **BOUILLON**—Clear and tangy soup . . . made from fine, lean beef. Poured over ice, it's "Soup on the Rocks." A wonderful low-calorie appetizer.



CREAM OF ASPARAGUS—Year-round breath of spring—a purée of tenderest asparagus—with milk and golden butter. Helps make any meal a banquet.

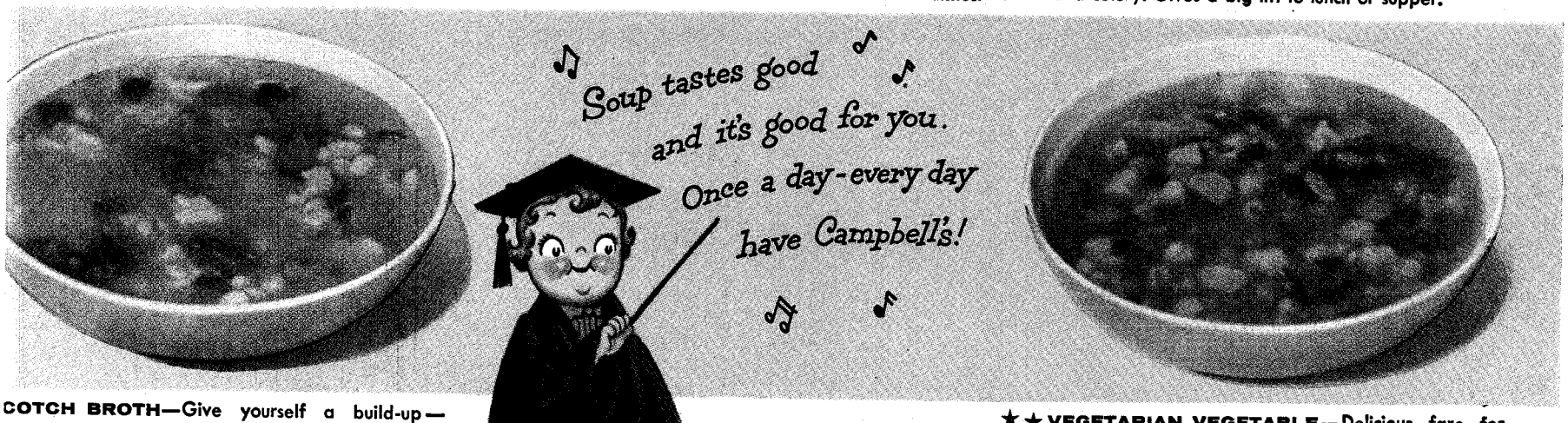
★★ **CHICKEN WITH RICE**—Sparkling-clear chicken broth shimmering with fluffy long-grain rice and tender pieces of chicken. Great to start the day—or to end it!

★★ **CHICKEN NOODLE**—Beloved by young and old—full of golden gifts: chicken, egg noodles and a shimmering broth. So quick and easy for a busy day.



CREAM OF MUSHROOM—The elegant flavor of finest mushrooms smoothed with cream. A luxury soup! Makes a perfect sauce for meat and chicken dishes.

★★ **CREAM OF CHICKEN**—Pure pleasure—flavorful chicken broth rich with cream, full of pieces of chicken and celery. Gives a big lift to lunch or supper.



COTCH BROTH—Give yourself a build-up—ith a "souper" soup: mutton, carrots, onions and arley! Sturdy and satisfying. A breakfast favorite.

★★ **VEGETARIAN VEGETABLE**—Delicious fare for meatless days! 15 nourishing vegetables in an artfully seasoned all-vegetable broth.

21 DIFFERENT, DELICIOUS WAYS TO START THE MEAL

)nce a day...every day...Campbell's Soup

SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS

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THE GOLDEN JOURNEY

By AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL

There is one thing which no woman can forgive her husband . . .

Mr. Paul," Hackett said huskily as he aroused Paul Devereux, "I can't waken Mr. Kirkland. I'm afraid—I'm afraid ——"

Paul hurried into his father-in-law's room. James Kirkland was dead. As state political boss, Kirkland had supported Paul for state senator, but when Paul learned that campaign money was being solicited from a racketeer named Camponelli, he quarreled bitterly with Kirkland.

Kirkland had been ordered by a doctor to avoid excitement. Now Anne Devereux blamed Paul for her father's death. Paul found little consolation in knowing that Mrs. Catherby, Anne's grandmother, held him blameless, or that old Harrison Hartwell, his employer, had agreed that a showdown with Kirkland was necessary.

Arno Malotte, Kirkland's right-hand man, was as shaken as anyone by his chief's death. But when he opened Kirkland's office safe, Arno's grief turned to triumph. In it he found a copy of Kirkland's agreement to back Paul's career in politics if Paul married Anne. Doctor Hertzog had told Kirkland that the shock of severe labor pains during pregnancy might release her legs from paralysis. But the baby had been born and Anne's condition remained unchanged.

Arno had secretly coveted Anne for a long time. He showed her the document he had found, professed his love, and, interpreting her stony stillness as acquiescence, put his arms fiercely around her. She fought him off, and when she realized she was free, she saw him backing away from her as from a ghost. It was only then that she realized she was walking.

CONCLUSION

Hackett found her as he came back anxiously to the library after Arno's strange departure. She was lying on the floor, unconscious, a paper near her hand. He lifted her to the sofa, rang for Miss Davis, and in a few seconds her eyes opened upon their frightened faces.

The nurse's face was grave indeed. "What happened, Anne? Can you tell us?"

"Just a sort of shock," Anne said faintly. "Can you get me up to bed? I'll rest a little and be all right."

"Shall I ring up Mr. Paul?" Hackett asked eagerly.

"No." Anne's voice was weak but commanding. "I'll see him when he comes home. Don't call him."

Once in bed, revived with a stimulant, and with Davy temporarily satisfied, Anne lay alone, her eyes closed. She lay thinking with anguished clearness of all that had happened. She had got up on her feet and walked. Only a few steps, but still she had walked. That accounted for the blanched stare of Arno's face. He had seen what seemed to him a miracle, and was terrified of it. She had walked.

The incredible, the prodigious, the inconceivable had happened. When she had deadened her heart to all hope, when her father had died despairing of it, the miracle had taken place. But it had been born not of physical travail, as the others had watched for; this had had its cause in an agony of shock still greater. She wondered whether to test the continuing validity of that which had occurred.

At last, trembling all over, she tried to move one foot. It responded. Slowly she drew it back until the knee flexed; then the other. Weak and shaken from the suspense and the realization, she rested again, still. It was true. The block, whatever it had been, was removed. She was free of her prison. She could walk, she could run, she could ——

But oh, the poison in the cup which otherwise would have been filled with overwhelming, unutterable joy! She drew herself up against the pillow and opened the paper which she had told Davy to give back to her when it had dropped from her hand. She read it again, the words searing eyes and heart together. Slowly, calculatingly, she forced herself to weigh the phrases, setting each apart from the other:

"If, after a period of three years, the plan decided upon between us has produced no change in physical conditions, you are free of all obligation to me to continue in that status if you desire to be released therefrom."

Starkly, unequivocally, the truth lay bare before her. The very clarity with which she saw it seemed to make it more damningly unassailable. With Doctor Hertzog's story in mind, Jimmy had decided she must marry, must bear a child. (Continued on Page 179)

"You mean you would like me to leave the house?" Paul asked. "To go away?"

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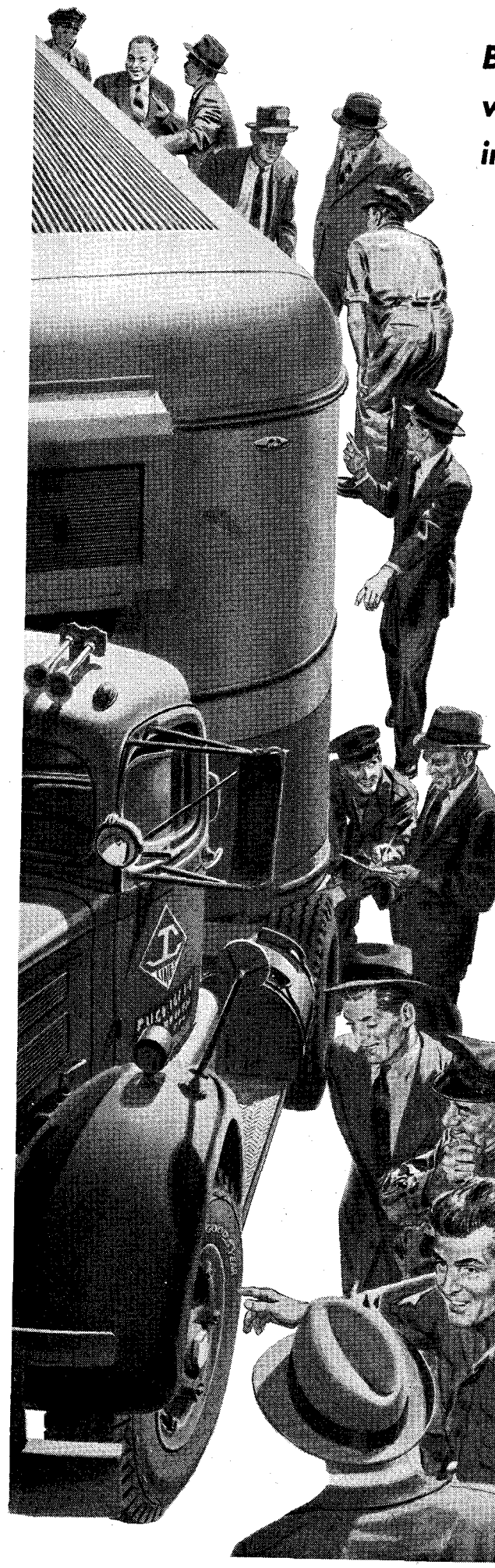
"It can't be done!" said the experts—



But now truckers are saving millions with the greatest truck tire advance in 20 years—3-T CORD!

"LOOK AT THE RECORD," said the experts. "*Nobody* has been able to make every cord in a truck tire carry an equal share of the load. So how can you control CORD FEVER?"

That was a good question. Unevenly tensed cords did relatively little harm under old-time trucking conditions—but with longer, faster, nonstop runs, uneven cords built up FEVER HEAT and truckers were robbed of valuable mileage!

And as the experts said, *nobody* knew how to make all cords tense equally.

But that was the secret Goodyear Engineers set out to crack—and months and millions and Goodyear's world-wide resources were spent on the problem. But still the answer might never have been found—if one of our engineers hadn't come up with the key:

"If we could TEMPER Rayon and Nylon as steel is tempered, then all cords should tense equally—and there'd be no reason for CORD FEVER!"

That was it. Efforts were doubled and redoubled—and at long last we discovered the exact combination of Tension, Temperature and Time that controlled *all* cords at their point of greatest strength and durability!

THIS WAS 3-T CORD—AND ONLY GOODYEAR HAS IT!

We built huge 3-T Processors. They worked round the clock, turning out hundreds of thousands of yards *each day*—and in 1954, 3-T Cord truck tires began to hit the highways.

What happened then made truck tire history, for here's what the truckers say—the realistic truckers whose measure of *any* tire is, *"Does it cut my costs?"*

WHAT *TRUCKERS* SAY ABOUT GOODYEAR 3-T CORD TIRES (AFTER ALMOST 2 YEARS OF *PERSONAL EXPERIENCE*)

Excess stretch, flex failure, ply separation—almost eliminated! Bruise breaks, heat blow-outs—practically things of the past! Up to 30% more mileage—many more recaps—because 3-T Cord bodies last longer! Fewer road delays—lower tire-cost-per-mile!

AND NO EXTRA COST!

Goodyear 3-T Cord truck tires cost no more than others made with *untempered* Rayon or Nylon Cord. You don't lay out *one extra dime* to start cutting costs RIGHT NOW!

Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio

3-T CORD is now used in all Goodyear truck, passenger car, airplane, motorcycle and industrial tires—both conventional and tubeless—to give you extra safety, extra wear, extra value.

Look for this sign; there's a Goodyear dealer near you.

GOODYEAR TIRES

Buy and Specify

GOODYEAR

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Hi-Miler—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

The Long-Lived Highway Truck Tire
TRACTION HI-MILER
built with 3-T NYLON OR RAYON CORD

HERE'S A REAL BUY!
3-T Rayon Cord
HI-MILER RIB
only $20.95 PLUS TAX
and your recappable tire for size 6.00-16—no more than truck owners pay for passenger car tires! Other sizes also attractively low-priced at most Goodyear dealers'. Prices subject to change.

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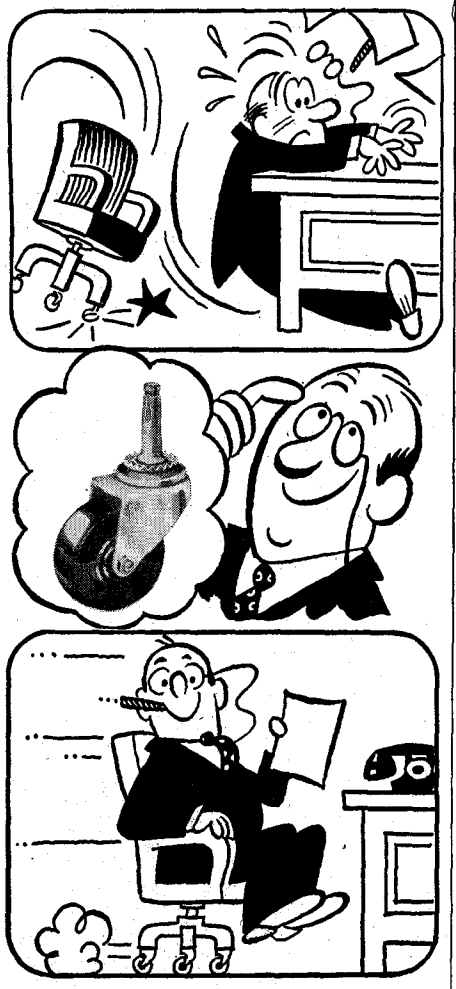


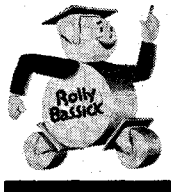
Casters letting you down?

Replace those worn casters with Bassick "Diamond-Arrows." They roll smoothly and quietly — won't balk and drag, or mark and ruin floors! *Double* ball-bearing action puts new life, new ease of action in any office chair or furniture.

Most leading office supply or office furniture dealers sell Bassick "Diamond-Arrow" casters for all office chairs and equipment — and hardware dealers have Bassick casters for home furniture.

Inclined toward comfort?

The pose you strike will be a *safe* one if you ask for and secure a chair with the Bassick "Flo-Tilt" control. Unique rubber torsion unit lends strength and perfect balance. "Flo-Tilt" swivels and tilts without a squeak, the action is soundproof. More and more chair manufacturers are using Bassick controls. Ask for "Flo-Tilt." THE BASSICK COMPANY, Bridgeport 2, Conn. *In Canada:* Belleville, Ont.



Bassick
A DIVISION OF STEWART SW WARNER

MAKING MORE KINDS OF CASTERS... MAKING CASTERS DO MORE

How to Choose a College

(Continued from Page 43)

Latin, Spanish, Italian and Greek, are more plentiful in the larger institutions. From the catalogues of just three of them—Indiana, Columbia and Princeton—I have been able to compile the following somewhat astonishing list: Arabic, Turkish, Armenian, Sanskrit, Chinese, Japanese, Persian, Russian, Portuguese, Polish, Hungarian, Yiddish, Lithuanian, Gaelic, Welsh, Vietnamese, Hindi, Urdu, Albanian, Czech, Serbo-Croatian, Rumanian and Korean.

Not everybody is best served by a four-year course. Some years ago I interviewed an ambitious high-school senior whose sights were set on an executive job with a big textile company. He was about to sign up for four years at a famous school of business administration, but I suggested he talk with the firm's personnel manager first. It turned out that the company's favorite "junior-executive farm" was a local textile institute with a two-year program. The young man enrolled there and saved two years of preparation for his career.

The United States Department of Labor lists some 20,000 ways to earn a living, and most of them can be learned at college. The University of Kentucky has a course even in such an unlikely subject as polo. North Carolina has a chair in plumbing and heating; Moody Bible Institute, Stephens College (girls) and twenty-six other colleges teach flying. Academic credit can be obtained, if you know where to go, in surf boarding, floral display, airline hostessing, watch construction, embalming, gem cutting, canoeing, baking and turf building. One can learn to be a policeman, detective, real-estate-and-insurance agent, contractor, ski instructor, play therapist or choreographer. Cornell has a famous course in restaurant management. Michigan State students in hotel management operate a seven-story hotel while in training. Name your field and one or more of our institutions of higher learning undoubtedly teach it.

Colleges are not always so highbrow as many have supposed. Recently I was consulted by a father who owned a small plumbing shop in which his son had developed a lively interest. The boy wanted training that would prepare him to bid on large contracts, but the family could not afford a four-year engineering course. A two-year curriculum in building construction was found for him at a rural New York State college. It included general construction, plumbing and sanitation, estimating, drafting, business organization, industrial-labor relations and contracts. The course met all the family's requirements and we packed a happy scholar off to school.

The range of choice is almost endless. A unique course in home economics for men, offered at Baldwin-Wallace College, in Ohio, instructs enrollees in nutrition, care of clothes, social usage, home management and financial planning. A course in Education for Marriage and Family Living at Hood College, in Maryland, has been placed under the direction of a Miss Henderson; home management is in charge of the obviously experienced Mrs. Pistachio. One can study cartooning at the University of Kansas or the University of Bridgeport (Connecticut), drugstore management at the University of Michigan, taxidermy at Iowa, dry cleaning at Oregon Technical Institute. Oenology—wine making—is taught at University of California, gunsmithing at Lassen Junior College, California.

Talk about the "best" schools, I have found, sometimes involves some fuzzy thinking. Take the case of Frank, who graduated close to the top of his class in a big Midwestern high school. His father, carried away by ideas about prestige, decreed Frank's enrollment in one of the historic Eastern schools. Back home after graduation, Frank found uphill going. Most of his high-school crowd had attended the state university; the state's industry was largely commanded by its graduates. Frank had become almost a stranger; it took him years to make the business contacts that might have been his from the beginning. "Best" has no real meaning except in the sense, "best for this individual."

Eighty per cent of students go to college in their own states, but sometimes there are good reasons for doing otherwise. A mother recently came to my office and announced that her son was going to be a dentist. His grades, however, did not qualify him to enter a certain school of dentistry. What could be done? I asked the lad if he liked dentistry and received a prompt "no"; he really wanted to be a rancher. I proposed a curriculum in ranch management at a Western university. The young man beamed, but the mother glowered. We closed the interview by agreeing on an aptitude test. It turned out that the boy lacked the visualizing knack essential to becoming a competent dentist. But his energy and love of the soil should find successful expression, the testers thought, in ranching. Now in an agricultural college 2000 miles out of range of his mother's voice, the boy is making good.

Lots of times, people who know college methods, aims, hopes and circumstances can manage things that would be impossible for the less informed. For example, few realize that many colleges are eager to have representatives from different parts of the country among the student body. This can work to the advantage of students having trouble gaining admission to competitive curricula. Very often, scholastic as well as financial allowances are made for the student who comes from a distance.

There's a lot to be gained simply in knowing the situations at individual schools. Tom was a personable premed who had been so active in fraternity politics that his grades had suffered. When the medical schools began turning him down he was so despondent he was ready to chuck the educational struggle and enlist in the Army. All the schools where he had applied, I found, had a ratio of rejections to acceptances of over 40 to 1. I suggested he apply at those schools where the rejection rates were only 4 or 5 to 1, and were farther from home. He was accepted at one of them and went after his lifelong goal with renewed zest.

Sometimes we can work out a detour when direct roads to an academic objective are blocked. Herman was a conscientious but average student who wanted to be a veterinarian. He could hardly have picked a tougher goal. Admissions at accredited veterinary schools are probably tougher than in medical schools; there are only seventeen veterinary schools for forty-eight states as against eighty-one medical colleges. By the direct approach, Herman didn't have a chance. But he could go to an agricultural school and have a good chance of transferring as an advanced student, after a couple of years, to get the coveted veterinary degree. Failing this, he could still prepare for some type of work with animals. Meanwhile he's happy, studying what interests him, and his goal is possible of achievement.

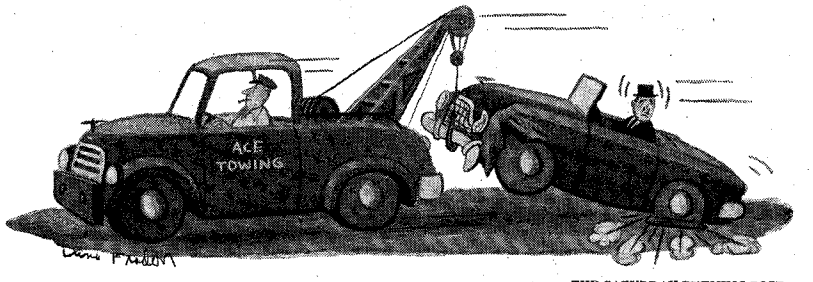
Lack of money is a frequent stumbling block in college planning. One of my cases was Harry, who came to my office in real despair. His father had suffered a business disaster just after Harry's graduation from high school. Fortunately, I was able to reassure Harry. Today, no qualified student need forgo advanced study simply because he's broke.

The increasingly popular "co-op," or earn-and-learn, colleges have done a lot to banish the finance bugaboo. Pioneered by the University of Cincinnati in 1906, the earn-learn plan is now in effect in thirty-five institutions. Colleges like Antioch and Fenn, in Ohio, make direct deals with employers for year-round job coverage by rotating crews of students. The University of Pittsburgh has arranged with ten local manufacturers so that each student earns $16,000 in six and a half years while getting a B.S. degree. Between 150 and 160 students are participating in this plan. The University of Detroit, Drexel Institute, Illinois Institute of Technology, Marquette, the University of Denver, Southern Methodist, Georgia Tech, the University of Minnesota and Cornell are among the places offering work-and-study programs in some departments.

Opportunities to earn part of one's learning are as plentiful for girls as for boys. Some Wilmington College (Ohio) coeds go to classes three days a week and work the alternate days in a local store, office, hospital or factory. Girls use baby-sitting earnings to pay their living expenses while attending the various tuition-free State University of New York Institutes. There are small coed schools like Berry College in Georgia, Rio Grande in Ohio, Park College near Kansas City, and Asbury and Berea in Kentucky where all students work afternoons, many in the office, farm, shop or kitchen. Students at Washington (D.C.) Missionary College attend classes in the morning and work afternoons in the college's commercial print shop. At Piedmont, a tiny coed school (165 students) in Georgia, students do all the college cooking, library, clerical and maintenance work. At coed Union, in Kentucky, campus "workships" yield $100 a year for seven hours of work a week, up to $200 for fifteen hours.

Also, if one is hard up, one may choose a college that doesn't cost so much in the first place. The average basic expense for state residents at state universities is $1100 a year. At the University of Idaho, $850 will suffice. Here are fifteen colleges one can attend for $1000 a year or less, including about $300 for personal expenses and spending money: Arkansas State ($830), Georgetown (Kentucky; $900), Kent State (Ohio; $975), Maryville (Tennessee; $800), Newberry (South Carolina; $1000), North Dakota Aggies ($800), Northland (Wisconsin; $995), Louisiana State ($925), University of South Dakota ($950), Alabama College ($700), University of Kentucky ($995), University

(Continued on Page 56)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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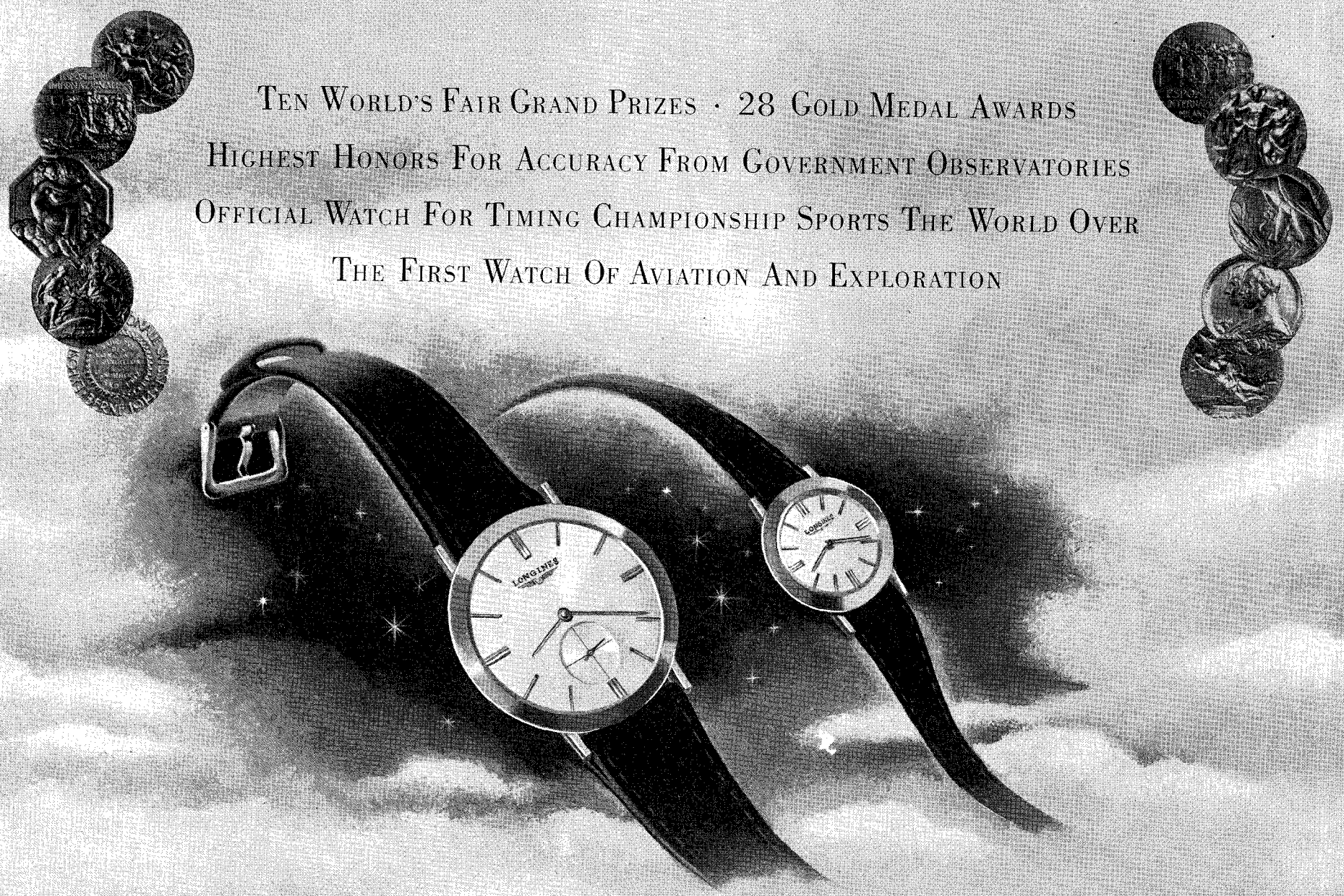
The Standard of Excellence on Five Continents

Longines

THE WORLD'S *Most Honored* WATCH

TEN WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES · 28 GOLD MEDAL AWARDS
HIGHEST HONORS FOR ACCURACY FROM GOVERNMENT OBSERVATORIES
OFFICIAL WATCH FOR TIMING CHAMPIONSHIP SPORTS THE WORLD OVER
THE FIRST WATCH OF AVIATION AND EXPLORATION



The pleasure and satisfaction which come from owning a Longines watch are priceless. In a Longines watch you will find a superb harmony of excellence and elegance, of luxury and utility, justifying your confidence that *this* is *The World's Most Honored Watch*—the only watch in history to win ten World's Fair Grand Prizes and 28 Gold Medal Awards, highest Observatory Honors for superior accuracy, a position of eminence in sports, aviation and other fields of precise timing. There's a Longines watch for every need, for every taste, for every timing purpose. And, throughout the world, no other name on a Christmas gift watch means so much. Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler will be *honored* to help you select your *Longines, The World's Most Honored Gift.*

Watches illustrated—Longines matching watches of incomparable elegance in 14K gold cases, with applied dial markers of 18K gold. The gentleman's Longines is the President McKinley II, $150; for his lady, the diminutive Louisa, $125. Other Longines watches for ladies and gentlemen from $71.50.

Available in Canada at slightly higher prices.

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company

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NEW PALMOLIVE AFTER-SHAVE LOTION

Soothes your face from shave to shave

Only new PALMOLIVE After-Shave Lotion has a special emollient in an exclusive formula to give it marvelous DOUBLE ACTION! (1) It cools in seconds, refreshes faster than ever! Instantly helps heal tiny nicks, cuts. (2) It soothes longer; its deep soothing action lasts over 24 hours. So it actually soothes your face from shave to shave.

5-OZ. SIZE 59¢ deluxe size $1.00 PLUS TAX

(Continued from Page 54) of Mississippi ($800), University of Alabama ($950), Texas State College for Women ($885), University of North Dakota ($900).

Bright but penny-pinched students may also look into the scholarship situation. There are 150,000 available annually, worth about $30,000,000. Corporations are providing an increasing number of college scholarships. During the past year, new awards have been made by such firms as Alcoa, GE, Heinz, Procter & Gamble, Standard Oil Foundation, Corn Products Refining, Armstrong Cork, Atlas Powder, RCA, CBS and NBC. The 1955 Ford scholarship program benefits employees' children attending eighty-five colleges in twenty-seven states. Pennsylvania Railroad, Firestone, Bethlehem Steel, Union Carbide and Western Union are among the many companies having long-standing scholarship programs for children of employees. If pop would inquire at the front office he might be pleasantly surprised at what he turns up.

Labor and fraternal organizations are also generous with scholarships. The Boston Newsboys Protective Union was a pioneer scholarship donor. The Elks parcel out 200 scholarships a year, and Rotary has an extensive international program. Cities, states, colleges, service clubs and alumni clubs add to the list. Army, Air Force and Navy R.O.T.C. not only stabilize a student's draft situation and train him as a reserve officer, but also provide substantial financial aid for participants. Thirty-four states offer educational aid to various categories of veterans, their children and orphans.

Bequest scholarships are sometimes capricious, but nonetheless useful to those who can qualify. Harvard still has its famous stipend, established by William Stanislaus Murphy, of the Class of '89, for men named Murphy. There are also grants for people named Anderson, Borden, Downer, Hudson, Reed and Pennoyer. Some follow the donors' national or religious preference. Simmons College, in Boston, has a scholarship for a girl who won't drink; M.I.T. has one for a boy who won't drink or smoke. Harvard offers a scholarship for an Iowa boy who lives in territory served by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad. Innumerable "vest-pocket" scholarships are made available to be handed out, sometimes with strings, by favored principals and coaches.

The tests of the College Entrance Examination Board—an intercollege authority of 167 member institutions—are important in qualifying students for scholarships and gaining them admittance to a college. They are given all over the world on six specified days each year. Information on local places and dates can be obtained through high schools or by writing the board at P. O. Box 592, Princeton, New Jersey, or P. O. Box 9896, Los Feliz Station, Los Angeles, California. The board was set up so students could take a single test to cover a variety of purposes. It sends students' scores to agencies authorized to receive them.

The final resorts of the poor scholar are the student loan funds, which now total about $47,000,000. Only a part of this sum is ever borrowed—students say they don't want "a debt hanging over their heads" after graduation. In my opinion, the needy student should accept a moderate amount of loan help when he needs it. Paying off a loan of reasonable size in small installments with delayed interest or no interest at all, say those who have done it, is no great burden. Information on loan funds, as well as on scholarships and part-time jobs, can be obtained from the college registrar or catalogue. The Princeton catalogue devotes nearly fifty pages to student grants; Cornell gets out a separate booklet on the subject. I am now preparing with Theodore S. Jones, of Boston's Institute of Contemporary Arts, a comprehensive scholarship guide. It will be published in the spring of 1956.

Speaking of guidance, it seems to me that college counseling in our high schools is generally far from satisfactory; students and parents are well advised to do some supplementary investigating on their own. Usually the guidance function falls to a teacher or principal already overloaded with other work. To maintain the necessary catalogue files, know their contents and keep up correspondence with colleges is at least a full-time job—it keeps me humping even with three assistants. With over 2000 colleges, universities, junior colleges, teachers' colleges, technical institutions—8500 if vocational and business schools are included—to choose from, the demand for guidance steadily grows, and I think the high schools will expand their counseling facilities in the next few years.

Why the rush to go to college? My clients give a variety of answers. Most want more education, of course. Some mention short-haul attractions such as the glitter of a fraternity, sorority or school, the entertainments of campus life, an interval to decide what to do. Some go to college because their parents want them to; still others go in the casual hope of finding somebody interesting to marry. A desire to acquire social polish and cultural background is a common motivation. Economic security, or the hope of it, is a popular reason.

Most of the reasons students give for going to college have, I believe, a certain validity. Even going just because papa said to, sometimes pans out. I know of one young man who went to college for this reason, floundered for a couple of years, then got interested in student publications and went on to become a famous cartoonist. Social poise is surely worth acquiring, and matrimony is unquestionably an honorable objective.

Students generally tend to overemphasize the economic advantages of going to college, overlooking the fact that most college graduates work for quite modest salaries and have their share of times of unemployment. It is true, however, that the average college graduate does earn more in his lifetime than others. Whatever their reasons, more and more American families are deciding that college is standard educational equipment.

I like my work. Proper counseling is the best gateway to college, and college, for the newly maturing generation, can be the door to that realm of larger opportunity and understanding that mankind has only begun to explore. With one glaring exception, they do an impressive job of getting people ready for constructive roles in an increasingly complex society. I'm waiting for somebody to offer a course in becoming a college president. There are always fifty or sixty colleges looking for presidents, and almost no qualified takers. THE END

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Forbidden by medical ethics to advertise for business, Doctor Tibia built up his practice by entertaining prospective patients at the lush Club Swanky, where steak dinners cost ten dollars apiece. His wife went along to help him entertain. In figuring his Federal income tax, Doctor Tibia deducted all expenditures at the Club Swanky as expenses necessary to his practice or business. As a result, he found himself before the United States Tax Court.

"What you spent feeding your wife and yourself is purely personal expense," the Commissioner of Internal Revenue contended. "As approximately half of your Club Swanky spending was for you two, you can deduct only the other half as a legitimate business expense."

"My wife and I wouldn't have set foot in an expensive place like the Swanky except to entertain patients," Doctor Tibia retorted. "Every cent I spent there was for business, not personal reasons, and I'm entitled to deduct the entire amount."

If you were the judge, would you consider wife-feeding at night clubs a deductible expense?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

For once, the court ruled that both parties to the case were wrong. It said Doctor Tibia could deduct for his wife and himself only the amount *above* what they would normally have spent for food at home.

Based upon a 1953 decision of the United States Tax Court.

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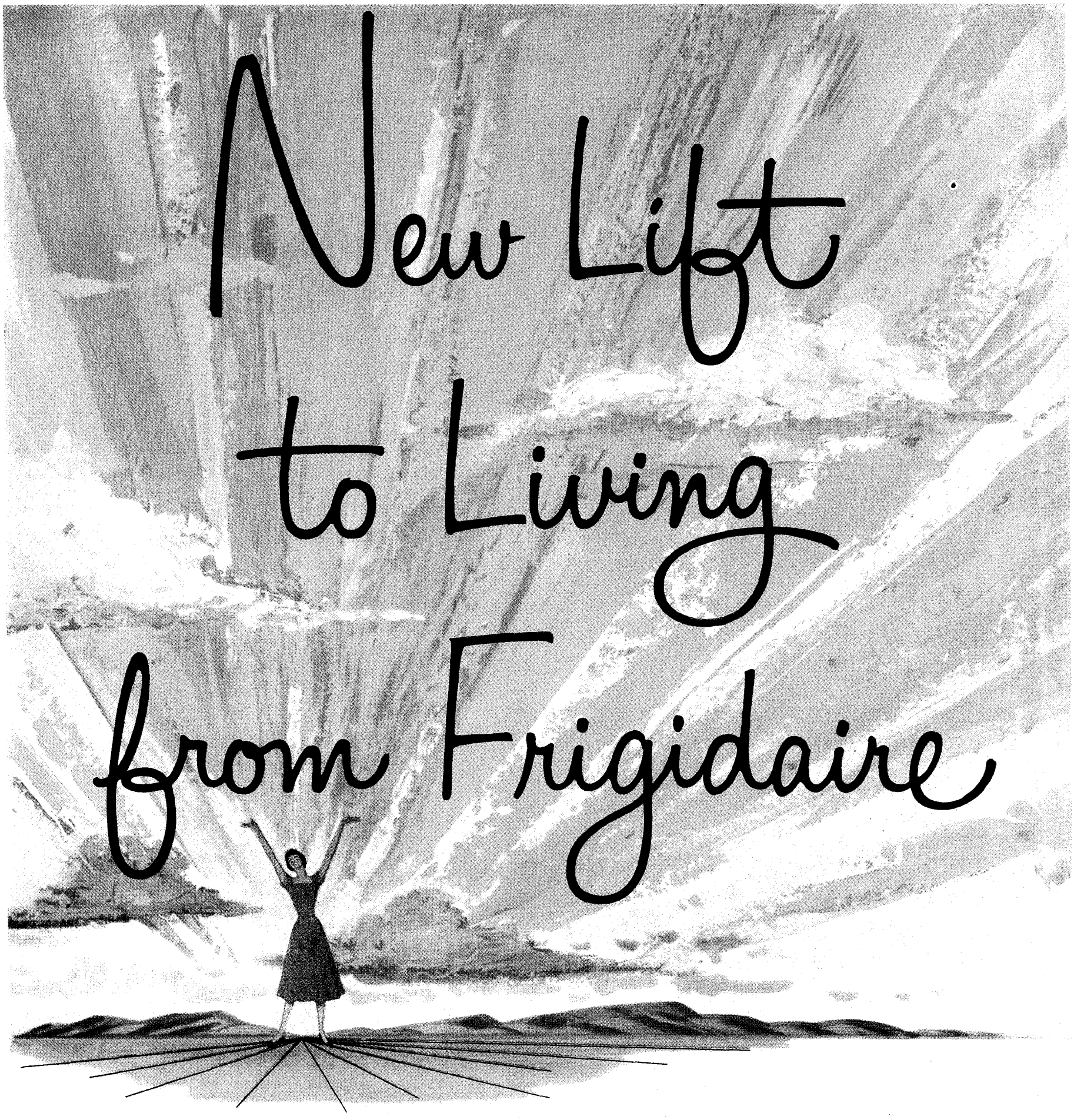

In 1956, life is fashioned of brighter colors, more carefree hours.

For into your home come new companions to make living lighthearted. A Range that erases dull hours of watching and waiting. A Refrigerator that anticipates your needs *and* your moods. A Laundry Pair that frees you for leisure and learning. All of them styled with such sparkling new beauty your kitchen-laundry becomes the room you love to live in.

All of them from Frigidaire and General Motors, traditionally first with products that give a Lift to Living.

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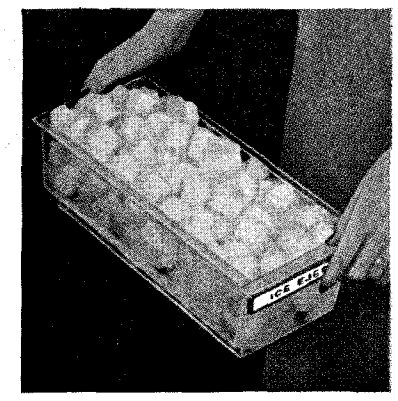
New Lift to Living from Frigidaire

Brilliant!

This convertible beauty changes its color to please you— serves ice in a new "dry-hands" fashion!

Quicker than you can say quick, the new Ice-Ejector zips out cubes. Slide the tray into the slot—cubes drop into the storage bin. And you have no frosty, damp-hand feeling!



Cubes stay separate and solid, in this roomy storage bin. It holds 135 cubes with no sticking together, no trace of melting. So handy for Dad—and the whole family!

Suddenly, your whole kitchen is new! That beautiful, big Frigidaire Cold-Pantry, all pink and sparkling, makes the room glow. And you glow, too—proud as punch.

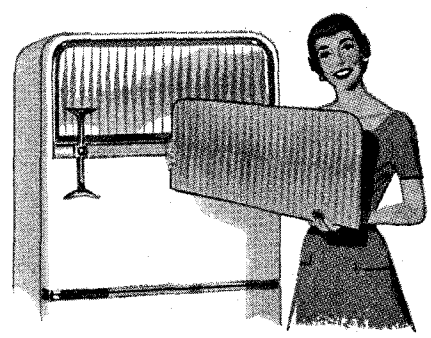
You love to see the Food Freezer below swing open (with a *touch* of your toe), just to gloat at the double freezer space. You like to say, casually—"Imagine, 168 pounds of food so frozen there's not even one mushy raspberry!"

You like to feel the Flowing Cold constantly circulating through the 9.5 cu. ft. refrigerator at the top. Who but Frigidaire could find a way to make foods more appetizing than the day you brought them home?

The most exciting thing of all is the way you're served. The full-width shelves roll out *all* the way, drawers glide out swiftly, Picture Window Hydrator tilts down right into your hands. And the storage plan is so wise, you wouldn't dream of doing your once-a-week shopping without checking, first, with each shelf and compartment!

Here is your full-time servant . . . the radiant new member of your home. Serving you swiftly, saving you hours for pleasure—giving you a new Lift for Living!

Cold-Pantry 143-56, in Mayfair Pink. Available also in Sheffield Gray, Sherwood Green, Stratford Yellow or Snowy White. →



New panels redecorate your refrigerator in a flash

What a joy to change the looks of your refrigerator. You've a choice of colorful Decorator Panels that snap on and off. (Metal, for quick cleaning!) You'll create two-tone effects. Gone is the "set" look in your kitchen at last!

Frigidaire for '56

IMPERIAL COLD PANTRY

Built and backed by General Motors

GM GENERAL MOTORS

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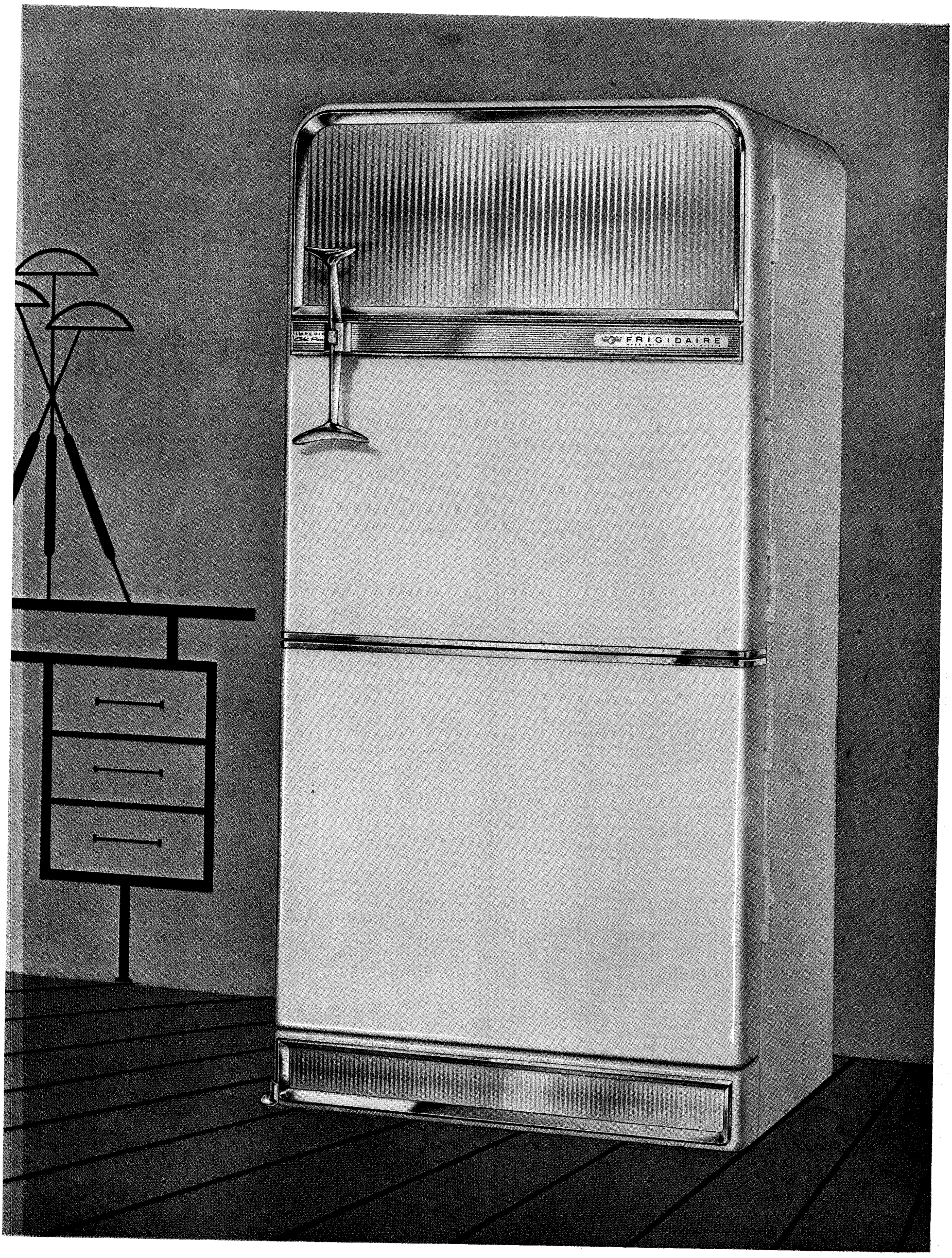

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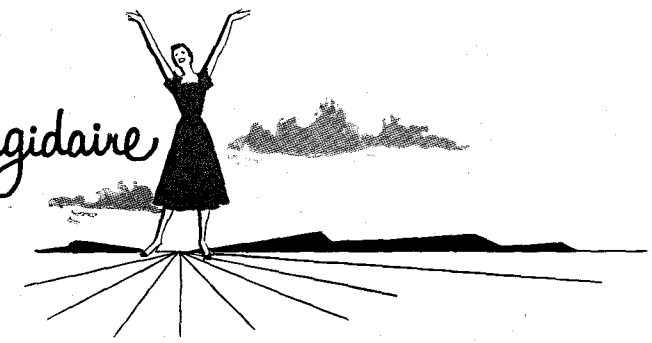
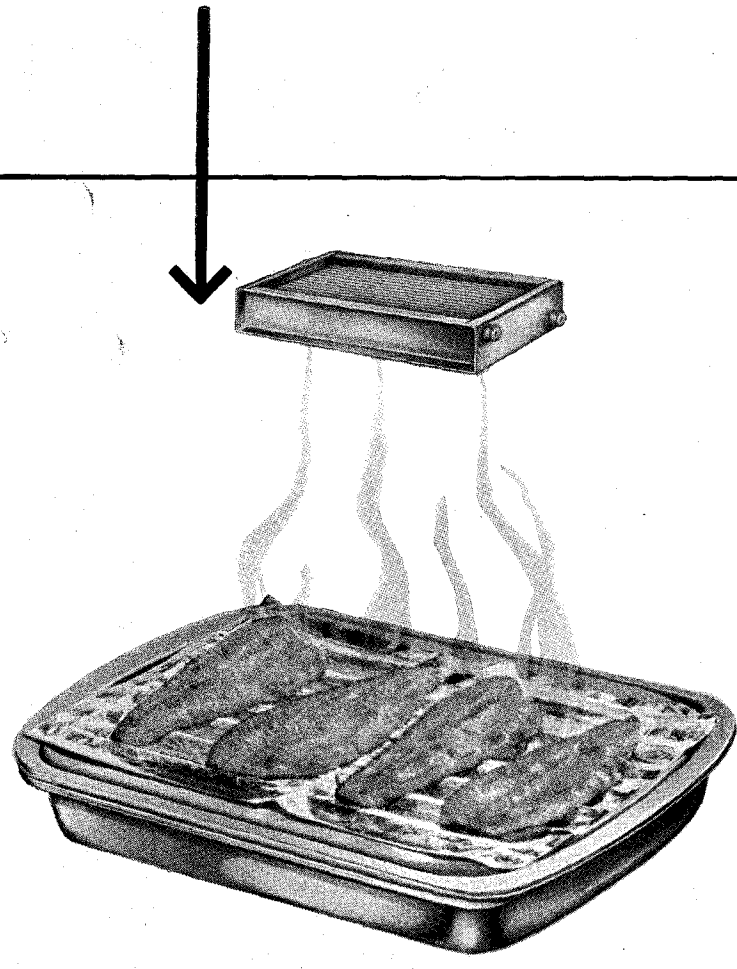
New Lift to Living from Frigidaire



Clean Magic!

You can roast or broil without smoke or fumes—they vanish in this range!



The smoke and fumes of all oven cooking vanish like magic in the only range equipped with the Miracle Filter.

What fun to show off this beauty with brains! What lovely color! (You have *four* decorator colors and white to choose from!) And what beautiful behavior—the oven cooks without smoke or fumes—because of Frigidaire's exclusive Miracle Filter—but let the Frigidaire salesman explain about that.

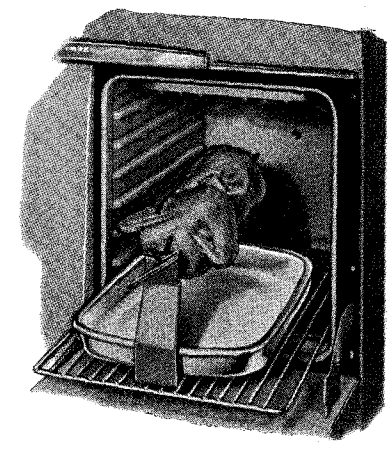
And this range makes you a magician—its Thinking Top does so many unbelievable things! You'll rush your friends out to see it the minute they come into the house.

Imagine cooking oatmeal without stirring! You can do it because the Heat-Minder Unit watches the pan for you—never lets it get too hot. You'll find it practically impossible to burn anything. And you can always tell what heat you're using—on any unit—by a glance at the new Easy-View Controls.

Match the time it takes to make coffee on *your* new range with that of your neighbors. And when you win, be generous—admit *you* used the Frigidaire Speed-Heat Unit. Speeds up for a lightning start—then stays at whatever heat you pre-selected—without your lifting a finger!

Dazzle your friends by cooking dinner while you're all at the game or the movies—your Frigidaire oven turns itself off when dinner is done!

Give parties that set the whole town talking about your barbecued chicken—juicy and tender as only your automatic Rotisserie can roast it. You'll be glad you ordered this extra with your beautiful range! Makes you feel now you have everything!



Joy comes into your kitchen when you get a Frigidaire Electric Range! You're proud of its bright beauty—proud of its brains. And even prouder of what it makes *you* able to do for your family and your friends. There's a new Lift to Living when you own a new Frigidaire Electric Range!

Two-oven Frigidaire Imperial RI-70-56 in Sherwood Green. Also available in Mayfair Pink, Sheffield Gray, Stratford Yellow, and Snowy White. →

Frigidaire for '56

ELECTRIC RANGES

Built and backed by General Motors

GM GENERAL MOTORS

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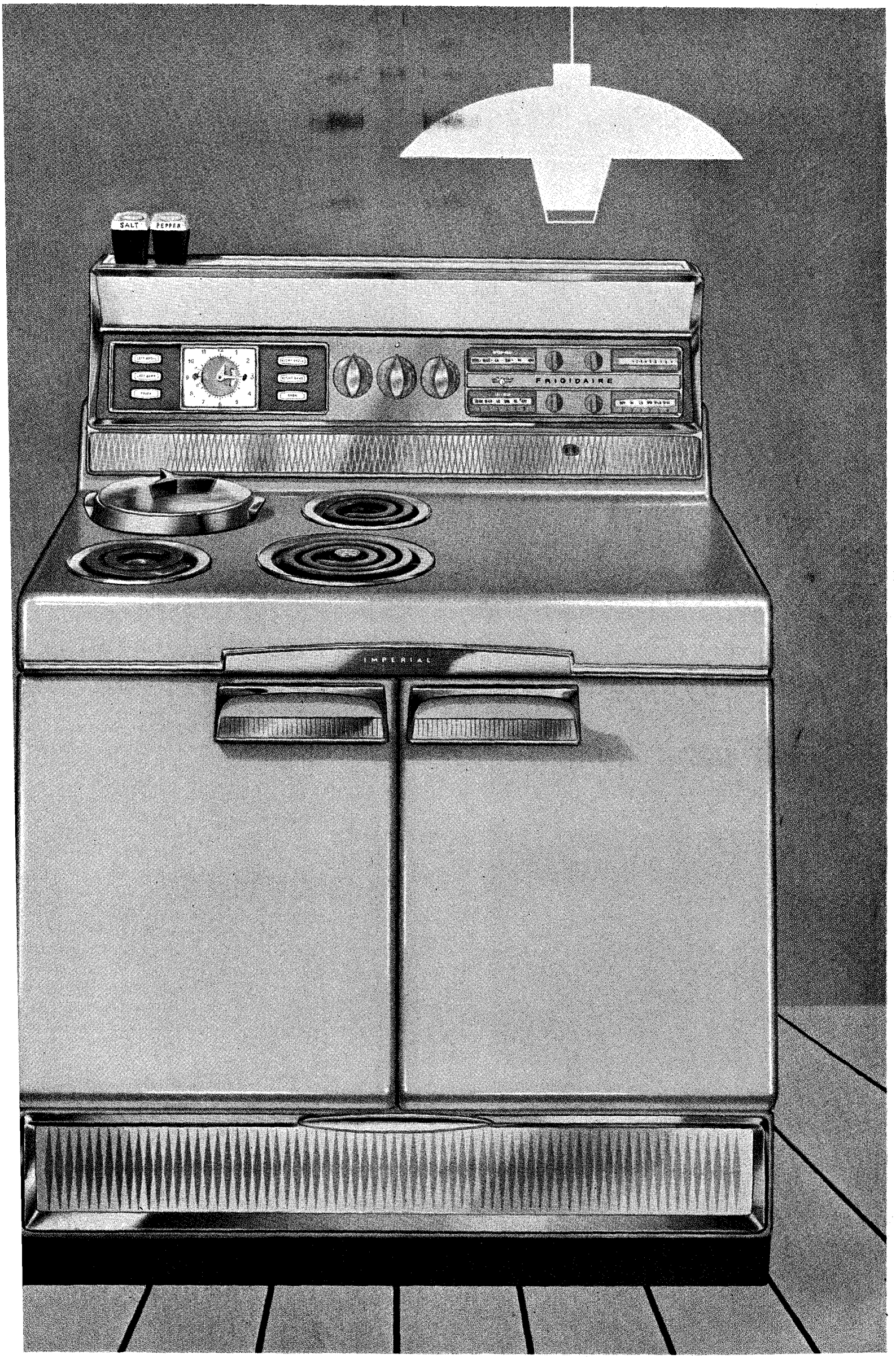

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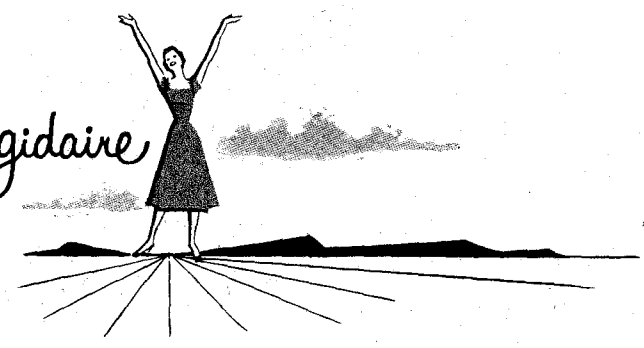
New Lift to Living from Frigidaire



Perfectionist!

Gives you full load automatic washing with the piece-by-piece care of hand laundering!

Give that man a great big kiss! Look what he bought you—the new Frigidaire Automatic Washer and Electric Dryer, too! There they stand so bright and sunny yellow that the whole laundry seems lighthearted. *Fun* to be in.

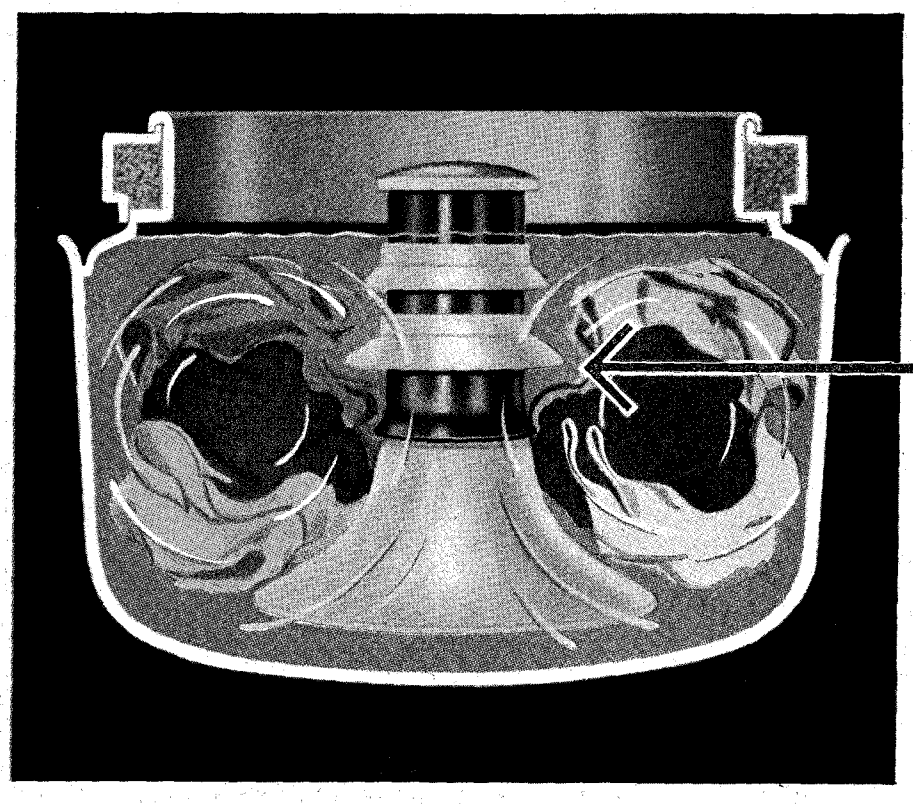
You like to dial the washer switch, then watch for a minute as the Pulsator-Agitator starts the water all swirling and the clothes circling down and under and round again—constantly moving under water during washing and rinsing. You can actually see that Live Water flush out the dirt! But so gently, thank goodness.

Maybe it's mean to brag to the girls—but your clothes come out so clean. With less soap and water, too! That smart new dial (only Frigidaire's) never lets in a drop more water than a light or full load needs.

And who has to empty filter pans with this jewel? Not you! The water is cleaned automatically. And when it rinses it *lifts* dirt and lint up, out, and away from the clothes. Not down through them to hide in sneaky little creases. Then your clothes spin out lighter, drier in a Frigidaire. Everyone knows that!

Every time that big, beautiful washer starts you can just hear it hum, "*run along now, honey—I'll take care of everything.*" And you're free as a breeze to play with the baby, or gossip with the girls, or maybe do something that's just for *you.* A Lift for Living? Bless you, Frigidaire —*this* is it!

Porcelain Pair, in Stratford Yellow. Also available in Mayfair Pink, Sheffield Gray, Sherwood Green, or Snowy White. →



The new Control Ring, they call it. And how it controls bunching and hidden smudges! You watch it free the clothes one from another, so they wash separately, piece by piece. And you're reminded of the finest hand laundry. But this is without rubbing and wear. Then the Control Ring leaves clothes so free to lift out. This is the most wonderful of all —and only in your Frigidaire Imperial Washer.

Frigidaire for '56

AUTOMATIC WASHERS AND ELECTRIC DRYERS

Built and backed by General Motors

GM GENERAL MOTORS

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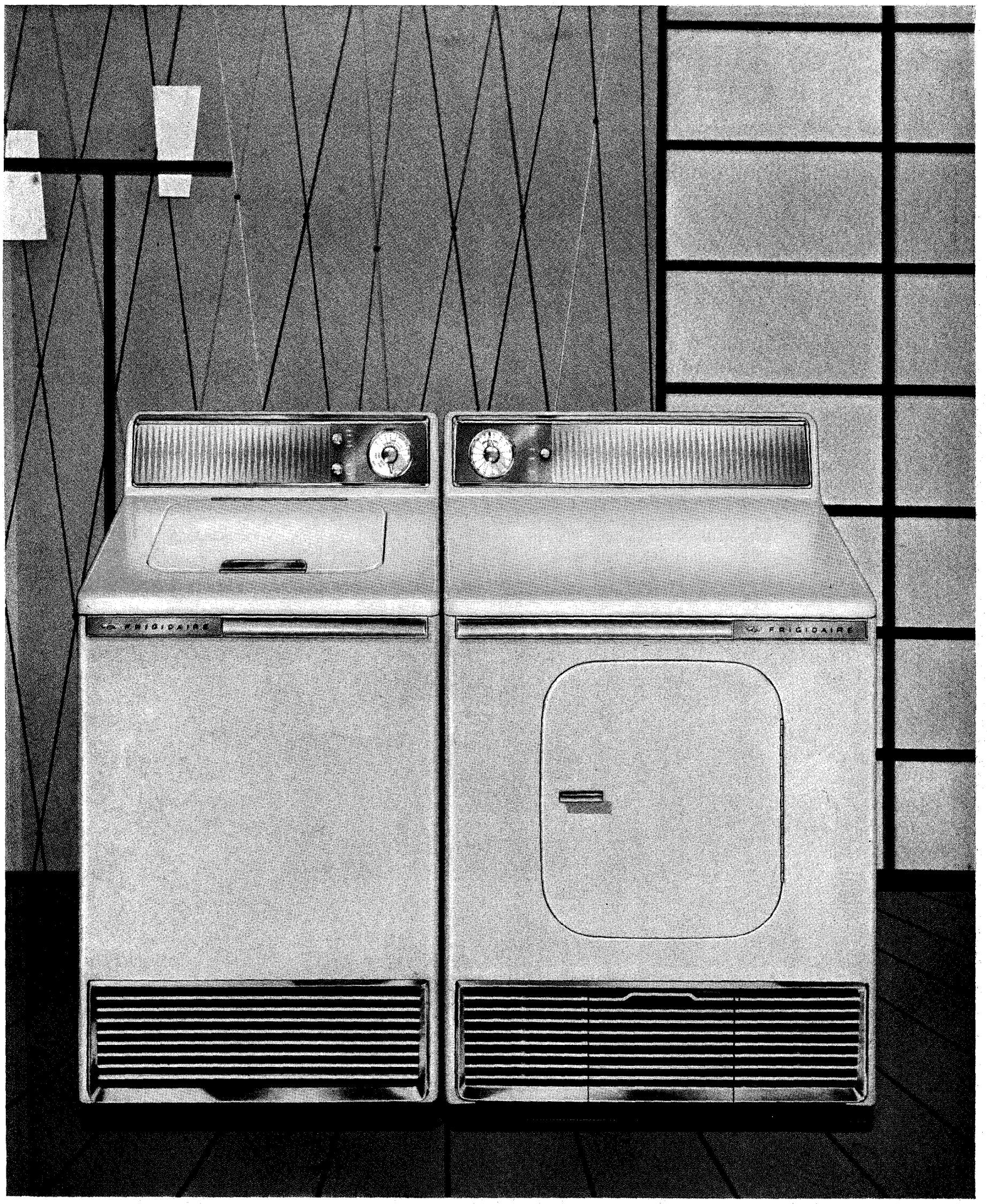

FREE! $100,000 IN PRIZES! Come to your Frigidaire Dealers' Gigantic "Free-for-all." You can win a complete "New Lift To Living Kitchen," or a new Cadillac convertible or any of 150 other great prizes. You can win simply by telling us which new Frigidaire Appliance you like best and why. Prize contest begins November 16, Wednesday—ask your dealer for details!

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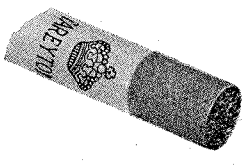
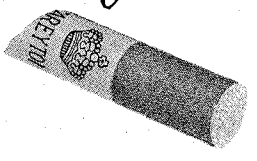
The TAREYTON Twosome

the perfect choice for better smoking



HERBERT TAREYTON

For better smoking, ask for Herbert Tareyton. You'll enjoy the mild, rich-tasting blend of famous quality tobaccos and you'll like the genuine cork tip that always stays firm and fresh . . . that adds so much to your smoking pleasure.



FILTER TIP TAREYTON

All the pleasure comes thru . . . the taste is great! Filter Tip Tareyton smokes milder, smokes smoother, draws easier. And Tareyton's filter is pearl-gray because it contains Activated Charcoal for real filtration. It's the best in filtered smoking!

Only FILTER TIP TAREYTON gives you Activated Charcoal filtration

PRODUCTS OF *The American Tobacco Company* AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES

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The Lady Loved Sports Cars

(Continued from Page 26)

"There'll just be the two of us," Joey said. "We aren't taking her mother and father along."

"Look, kid," Art said. "She didn't say she'd marry you, did she?"

"Well, no, but ——"

"Already she's picking out your cars for you, and you aren't even engaged. Think twice. Ninety per cent of the women marry a guy to reform him. They twine their arms around a guy's neck and tell him how wonderful he is, and all the time they're figuring how different he'll be six months after they get their hooks on him. She doesn't like your car. And I'll bet she doesn't like your haircut, those unpressed flannels you wear, the fact that you like your steak rare, and sugar in your coffee."

"You're nuts," Joey said. "Anne isn't like that."

"O.K. then, get rid of that hot car and face facts. Before long you'll have a couple of squalling kids, a folding bassinet, a folding play pen, folding crib, a dog, six or seven bags, a box with cans of baby food, bottles, bottle warmers, one of those baby swings to hook to the top of your car, and you'll only be going about forty miles to visit some relatives 'cause you won't have enough dough to go anywhere else. And you'll be driving a station wagon because nothing else will hold all that gear."

Joey stared at Art, horrified. "You're kidding!"

Art sighed. "How about it, Pete?"

The cop said, "You forgot one thing."

"What's that?" Joey said.

"Your mother-in-law."

"You guys are a big help. Why don't you hire out to haunt a house?" He turned on the stool and looked out the window at his car. "Look at that car," he said. "It's fun to drive, it accelerates from zero to sixty in nine seconds, it's suspended for fast roadwork, it'll do a hundred and ten clocked and the anchors pull you down like hitting a brick wall. But ——"

"Quit fighting it, Joey," Art said. "You're whipped and you know it."

"Yeah," Joey said. "You're right." He got up and dropped a dime on the counter. "Room, she wants," he grumbled. "I'll get a pickup truck and a house trailer. I'll trade for a panel delivery. Or maybe she'd like an Army-surplus six-by-six." He went outside.

It had stopped raining and the moon was trying to elbow some clouds aside. He drove home and fitted his car into the garage, went into the house and turned on the lights. He put another log on the fire in the fireplace, sat and looked into the flames, feeling as if he were about to lose a friend.

He supposed that Anne was right. The car was not practical. But a man did not buy a sports car for practical reasons. A man bought one because he was in love with it. A man bought one because he was crazy about the rakish lines, the thrill of going fast, the exhilarating feeling he had when he drifted around a corner under perfect control. But a man could not stay a kid forever—or could he? The phone rang. Joey picked up the receiver.

"You the guy advertised the midget car?"

"It isn't a midget car," Joey said. "It's a sports car."

"Sport-schmort," the man said. "It's one of those little jobs, isn't it?"

"I suppose so," Joey said wearily.

"Whatcha want for it?"

"Twenty-four hundred dollars."

"What!" the man screamed.

"Cash," Joey said.

The man mumbled something and hung up. Joey went back to his fireside chair, put his head in his hands and stared at the flames again. The phone rang again. Joey answered it.

"You the man advertised the Scott-Wilton?"

"Twenty-four hundred," Joey said.

"Thanks." The man hung up.

Joey turned on the radio, picked up the want-ad section of the paper and looked it over. Here was a convertible for twenty-seven hundred: Automatic transmission, white sidewalls, two-tone paint. Here was another: Mechanic's special—nine hundred. Joey shuddered. Here was one: 1927 Model T; runs good; twenty-five dollars.

Maybe Anne wouldn't mind if he kept the Scott-Wilton and bought a big 1946 model for about four hundred. On the other hand, the car seemed to be a symbol to Anne, Joey told himself. A symbol of bachelorhood, of carefree gaiety with few responsibilities. He'd made a tactical error in the first place when he said that matrimony was the reason for selling, but of course it had seemed like a good idea at the time. Thing for him to do was unload the car, make his peace with Anne, get married and settle down, forgetting such things as sports cars, airplanes, and other things which go somewhere in a hurry. The next phone call he got, he'd dicker with the guy, get what he could out of him and forget it.

The doorbell rang. Joey went to the door and opened it. The girl was a young thing, with black hair which looked as if it had been styled by the prop wash of a DC-7. Joey stared at her. The girl smiled at him.

"Something wrong?" she said.

"Excuse me," Joey said. "Come in."

She came into the house and slipped out of her coat. She was wearing a tweed skirt and a cashmere sweater. The raincoat had done nothing at all for her, but without it she was sensational.

"Reason for selling—matrimony, eh?" she said.

"Eh?"

"The advertisement in the paper. You know, people call these sports cars altar bait these days. My aunt—that's Aunt Lynn—married a millionaire and lives in a house so big you need radar to find the refrigerator."

"Is that so?" Joey said. "And what does your Aunt Lynn have to do with my Scott-Wilton, may I ask?"

"I'm getting to that."

"Excuse me," Joey said.

"You see, getting married is no trick at all."

"It isn't?"

"No; the trick is getting a man who'll have something left over after paying for the license."

"I see."

"So that gave me this sports-car idea. Aunt Lynn advised me not to marry for money, of course."

"Very commendable," Joey said.

"But there's no harm in running around with rich men until you fall in love with one of them."

"Slice it thick or thin ——" Joey began.

"All the men driving these foreign jobs are long, lean, dark and loaded. But it's a specialized field. If you don't have one, they look at you as if you just shot your Aunt Emma. And if you drive one, you can even look like Aunt Emma and no one cares. From there to the vine-covered mansion is just a short step."

"You mean that women plan this sort of thing? You figure the percentages, the availability of certain men, the bank balances? For heaven's sake, Miss ——"

"Hanrahan—Molly Hanrahan."

"I'm Joey Dickinson," he said.

"Well, Joey, it's this way. You marry the people you meet. If you were living among the Eskimos, what would you do?"

"If you mean that I'd marry an Eskimo, you're off your rocker."

"You certainly would. Ditto for Italians, for Germans, for Norwegians. So what's wrong with meeting some wealthy Americans?"

"I don't know," Joey said, "but something." He was becoming vastly confused.

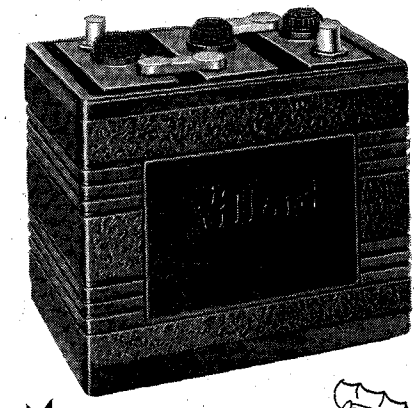
"You're disenchanted because I'm honest," she said. "The rest of the gals do the same thing I'm doing, but they won't admit it. A good salesman doesn't hide his product, you know. He admits that he's selling, and claims that his merchandise is the best in the field."

"Are you telling me that you consider yourself a piece of merchandise?"

"No, I don't feel listless. If I felt that good, I wouldn't be here."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

NOW AT DEALERS



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METALEX — Newly patented Willard grid alloy — greatly lengthens battery life in any service. Result: Willard Batteries now GUARANTEED UP TO A FULL FOUR YEARS!

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Dealers are listed in telephone directories EVERYWHERE. Look in the Yellow Pages under "Batteries".

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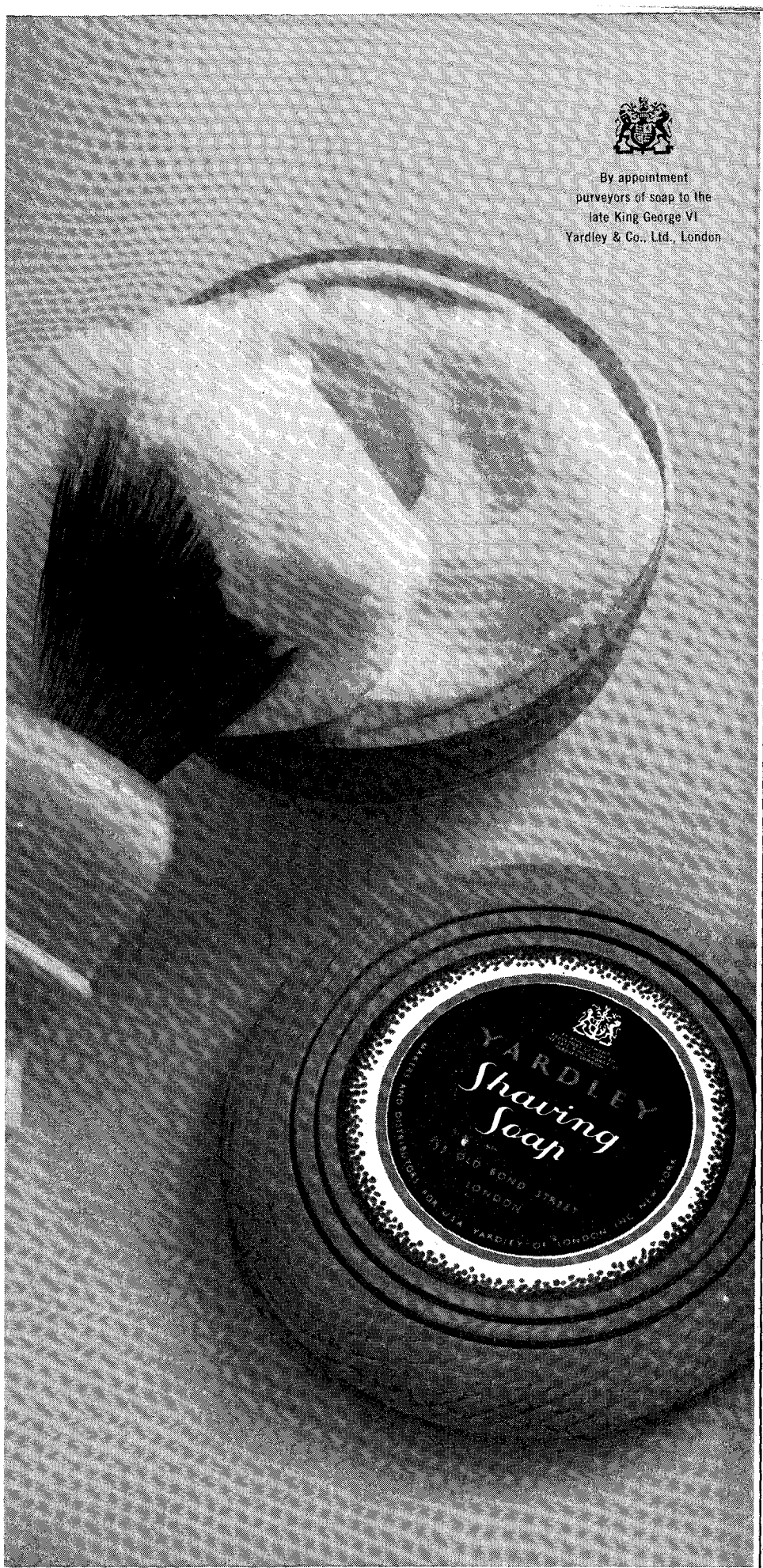

Yardley Brings You
Months and Months of Shaving Luxury

he Yardley Shaving Bowl is a daily favorite of well-groomed men in London. nd it is so long lasting that one bowl gives up to six months of luxurious aves! Yardley's famous wooden bowl absorbs excess water and leaves ie soap moisture-free and firm. The imported soap wilts the most recalcitrant eard, soothes the face and softens the skin. Available at all fine shops, $1.25.

from Yardley of London, Inc.

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

"Don't be so literal. Of course I don't. But I'm going to tell them what I have in the sack."

"Huh?"

"Oh, you don't know that story? Seems this boy went to town with a sack of eggs to sell. When he came home he hadn't sold any. He told his dad that nobody had asked him what he had in the sack."

"Yeah," Joey said. The thing to do was get this dame out of the house. "The price on the Scott-Wilton ——"

"For instance, if I had my sights set on you, I'd tell you right off that I'm twenty-three, lost my appendix when I was seventeen, had my teeth checked last week, had two years of college and a year abroad, I'm a terrific cook, and can make my own clothes. Of course I have a few assets which I'd dribble out after we're married, just so you wouldn't get bored."

"Miss Hanrahan," Joey said, desperately. "I'm asking twenty-four hundred for the car."

"What about a demonstration?"

"Certainly. Any time."

"How about tomorrow around one? Provided it isn't raining."

"Fine."

"O.K. Why not meet me at Art's Place?" She also gave him her phone number. "Just in case. You never know. This girl friend of yours might change her mind."

She left and Joey took a deep breath, thought over their conversation, came to no sensible conclusion, turned off the lights and went to bed.

In the morning he awakened to the sun streaming in the windows. He rose and looked out over the ocean. "This is a day, Dickinson," he told his reflection as he shaved. "This is a day to drift down the coast, your girl by your side, sandwiches and coffee in the hamper, and your tires singing a song of controlled speed." He cut himself and swore. "Except, Dickinson, that your girl doesn't like sports cars."

Suddenly he had a vision of himself driving down the coast in a station wagon with the complete marital impedimenta of which Art had spoken. He shuddered, remembered that he was going to demonstrate the Scott-Wilton for Molly Hanrahan and brightened slightly. At least he'd have one more run in the car, provided that the girl wanted to buy it. Somewhat cheered, he finished shaving, dressed and drove to Art's Place for breakfast.

"Know a girl name of Hanrahan?" Art asked. "She was looking for you yesterday."

"She was at the house," Joey said. "Talking about buying my car."

"Before she went to Europe," Art said, "she had the boys around here in flat spins."

"She's nuts," Joey said. "Says she wants the car to trap some man."

Art stared at him. "Trap some man! She doesn't need a car. She needs a jack handle, that's all."

"What for?"

"What for!" Art screamed. "To beat 'em off with, that's what for."

"She isn't that good," Joey said negligently.

Art looked at him sadly and then shook his head as Joey finished his breakfast and departed.

Joey drove over to his plant. With a mechanical genius by the name of Pete Hogan, Joey owned a small factory engaged in the manufacture of a superior type of canning machine. Joey and Pete leased the machines, serviced them, and collected yearly rentals large enough to dampen any previous enthusiasm they might have had for a bit of small bank robbing.

He went into his office and got to work. He went over some invoices, wrote some letters, had a conference with their production superintendent and left the plant at noon.

At one o'clock he walked into Art's Place. She was seated at the counter, wearing black toreador pants, red ballerina slippers, and a red cashmere sweater. "Hi," she said, "got the speedometer turned back, sawdust in the rear end, and six hundred W in the transmission?"

"No," Joey said stiffly. "The car is in perfect condition."

"So is she," Art mumbled.

"Coffee," Joey said. He looked at the Hanrahan girl. A fresh kid, this. She seemed to find him amusing. She lifted an eyebrow.

"He's worried about his responsibilities," Art said. "A station wagon full of cribs, swings, bottles ——"

"Let's not be hasty," Molly said. "The man isn't even married yet."

"But he's reaching the point of no return," Art said. "It shows on him like a crop of warts—I mean wanting to get married."

"I didn't know a man ever really wanted to get married," Molly said.

... ...

Ladies at Lunch

By LUKE NEELY

The meal is long
And loud and cheerful;
For every mouthful
There's an earful.

... ...

"As they get older," Art said, "they show symptoms. They get rid of their hot cars, they start losing their hair, they ——"

"I'm not losing my hair!" Joey yelled. "And will you people stop discussing my future as if I'm a prize steer?"

"Speaking of your future ——" Art said.

Anne walked in. She looked at the three of them and then sat down. "I heard you were back in town, Molly." She sounded as if the news that a typhoid carrier was walking the streets would be more acceptable.

"Miss Hanrahan is thinking of buying the Scott-Wilton, Anne," Joey said.

"Oh, really?" Anne said.

"I'm just going to give her a demonstration."

"Too bad there isn't room for you," Molly said.

"I really couldn't care less," Anne said. "The car is just a toy for immature exhibitionists anyway."

"That does it!" Molly muttered.

"We shall fight on the beaches," Art began, "we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall ——"

"What in heaven's name are you talking about?" Anne said.

"Winston Churchill," Molly said. "Victory at all costs, victory in spite of all terror, victory however long and hard the road may be. Well, Mr. Dickinson, are we ready?"

"Synchronize your watches!" Art said.

"Let's go," Joey said. They went outside and got into his car. He fired up the engine and they started out of town. "We'll go down the coast. There are some nice, tight turns. I'll show you how this thing corners."

"Is there a sports-car club around here?" Molly said.

Joey nodded. "But it's run by a jerk, Eric Waugh. I don't think you'd be interested."

"Oh, I don't know. He's a man, isn't he? What's his Dun and Bradstreet rating, do you happen to know?"

"The guy has half the money in town, but he's a (Continued on Page 71)

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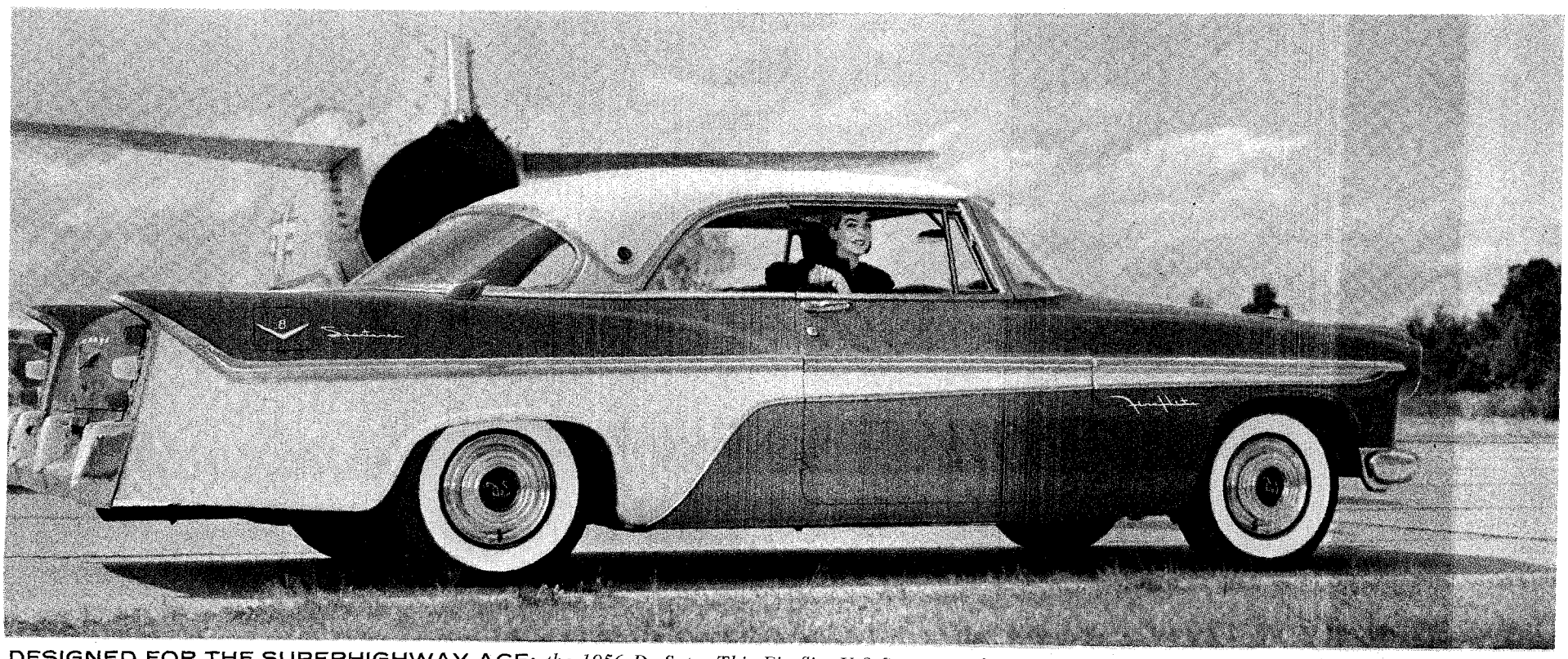

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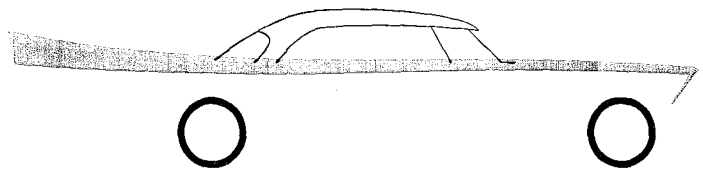

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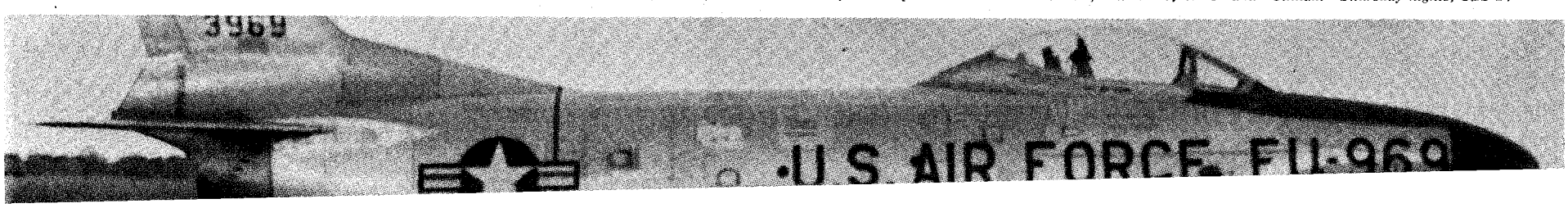

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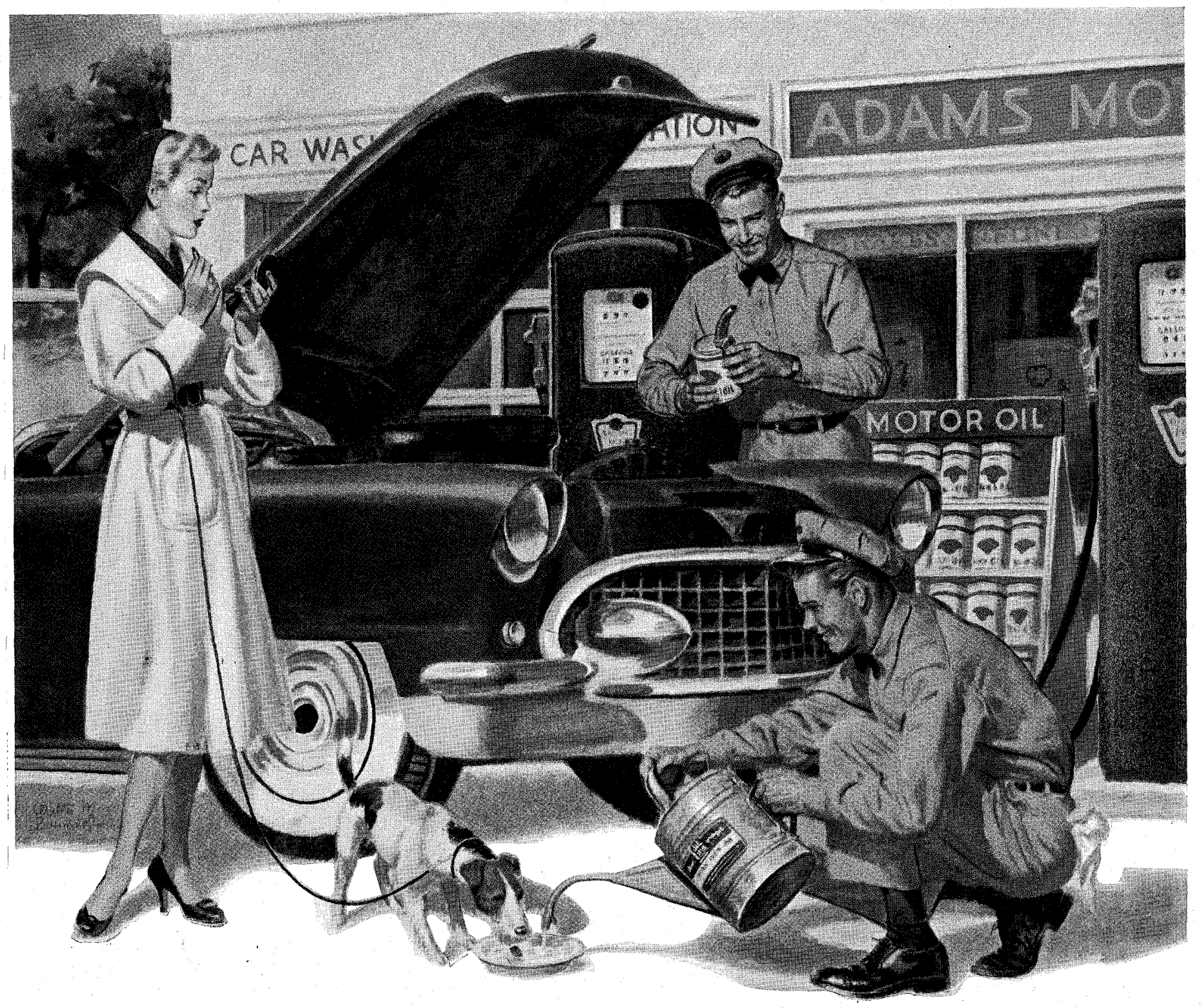

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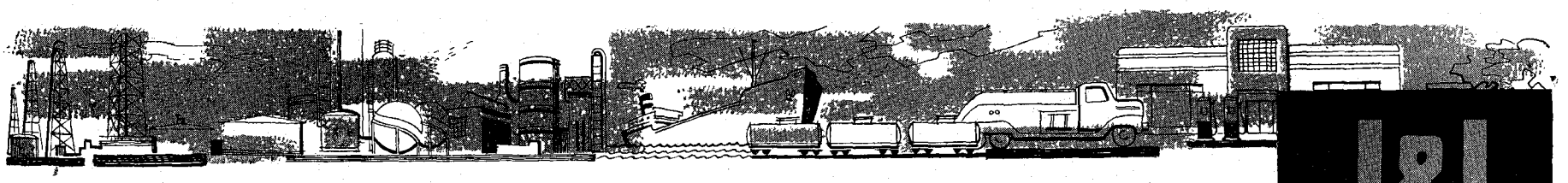

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(Continued from Page 66) two-legged wolf and wouldn't marry you if you threw in the Scott-Wilton and a license to tax gasoline."

"H'm'm'm," Molly said. "That's what I mean about this car. Without it, I'd never meet the man. To quote father again, he'd never know what I have in the sack, but ——"

"Stay away from that character," Joey said. "He's poison." He savagely went into a turn a bit faster than he intended. He toed the brake briefly, slam-shifted and gunned the engine. The little car scooted around the corner like a mechanical rabbit.

"Yeow!" Molly said.

"Sorry," Joey said. "I just wanted to show you what this thing will do."

"But I just want it for altar bait, not road racing."

Joey stopped the car, got out and went around to the other side. "You drive," he said.

He showed her the gears and watched nervously as she got the car under way. The girl could drive, he noted, and he relaxed. They fled past Cannon Beach, Arch Cape, wound around Neahkanie Mountain. They stopped for coffee at a spot overlooking the ocean. Below them was a long stretch of sandy beach.

"You wouldn't have a pair of swimming trunks with you, would you?" Molly said.

"Sure," Joey said, "but ——" He looked at her.

"I always go prepared," she said. "I have mine on underneath."

"Well, what are we waiting for?"

They walked down a trail, Joey went behind a rock and changed into his shorts. He came around the rock and walked toward her. His knees began to feel weak and he became concerned about his blood pressure. She was standing on her toes, reaching for the sky with her hands. She was wearing two bits of cloth and she was sleek and gently tanned.

She came down off her toes and turned toward him. She smiled. "I was reaching for the sky."

"Yeah," Joey said. Up close she was enough to give a man nervous tremors.

"Anything wrong?" she said.

"No, nothing."

"I got this swimming suit in Italy," she said. She turned around, her arms outstretched. "This is known as the conservative model over there. What do you think of it?"

What Joey thought of it was that it was a dirty trick to play on a man—springing a thing like that on him without advance notice—but he didn't say so. "It's fine," he said. "It's very—it's quite a suit."

She peered at him and dropped her arms. "That isn't exactly what they usually say."

"They don't?"

She shook her head. "People usually run more to 'Wow!' or 'Yippiee!' It's supposed to get a more spontaneous reaction than you have just exhibited; but then maybe you haven't been to Italy."

Joey shook his head. "No, I was in the South Pacific and then in Korea. They didn't ——" He waved his hand in her direction.

Her eyes widened. "They didn't? Well, let's get wet." She ran for the surf and plunged into a wave.

Joey followed her and they let themselves be knocked around by the surf and then came out and ran up and down until the circulation started to return. They stretched out on the sand and looked at the sky until they were dry and then Joey went behind the rock and changed into his clothes. When he returned, Molly was in her toreador pants and sweater. She carried her bathing suit rolled up in her hand.

They walked up to the road, got into Joey's car. He was loath to go home. The sun was still high enough and he knew of a place down the coast where they could get dinner at a spot which had candlelight on the tables. As dim as a burned-out headlight was the realization that he should not be thinking of dinner by candlelight with this husband-hunting little creature, and then he turned his head and looked at her. Her eyelashes were still wet, were stuck together and seemed long and thick enough to sweep a hearth. She smiled at him and her eyes crinkled. An alarm bell jangled inside Joey. "Turn around, Dickinson," he told himself. "Turn around and take her home."

But he said, "I know a spot down the coast where we can have dinner."

"Now," she said, "you're showing some signs of life."

The little restaurant was perched on a cliff above the ocean. They sat beside a picture window where Molly looked out over the water, and Joey looked at Molly.

When their dinner came, Joey toyed with an order of fried clams while Molly went through a New York cut steak with no trouble at all. Afterward they had coffee and watched the sun make its long slide down the horizon. They walked out to Joey's car. A piece of moon was peeking over the trees. She looked up at him.

"That was a wonderful dinner, Joey," she said. "Thanks."

She was very close to him. Joey looked into her eyes and had the sensation of drowning. She stood on her tiptoes and touched his cheek with her hand.

Suddenly his arms went around her. She lifted her face and he kissed her. Her arms went around his neck. Lights seemed to flash, bells seemed to ring. After a while he released her.

"Holy Toledo!" he yelped. "What am I doing?"

"Don't you know?" she said.

Joey was having trouble with his breathing. "I know what I'm doing, but I don't know why. I'm sorry. I got carried away, Molly. Believe me, I had no intention of kissing you."

"I know you didn't. Would you like to do it again?"

The thought of kissing her again nearly broke him apart. She was smiling at him enigmatically.

"Certainly not," he said stiffly.

She looked at the moon. "Hanrahan," she said, "you're slipping."

They drove back to Oceancrest. Joey pulled up near Art's Place.

"It was a wonderful demonstration, Joey. Thanks so much."

"You're welcome."

"Particularly of your technique."

"Please don't mention it," Joey said. "It was an impulse which I regret."

Her eyes narrowed. She looked at him for a moment or two and then leaned toward him. She turned his face with her hands and kissed him again. As automatic as shifting gears, his arms went around her. His heart thumped like a bass drum. After a somewhat long interval he released her.

"I wish you'd stop doing that!"

"Why?"

"Because it's—because I have no intention of getting involved with you."

She seemed amused. "Why not?"

"Because you are admittedly a female fortune hunter, that's why not; because I am practically an engaged man; and because I don't care what you have in the sack, to quote your father."

"Uh-huh," she said. "But you're going to have a hard time convincing yourself of that, Joey." She straightened. "About the car. Mind if I take it over the weekend? I want my dad to see it. I'll promise not to crumple any fenders. I'll let you know on Monday whether it's a deal."

"Anything," Joey said. "Anything at all."

"You can take my car. It's parked right over there." She pointed and handed him her keys. Joey got out of his car, watched her slide over behind the wheel, start the engine.

"I understand there's a sports-car rally tomorrow," she said. "I'll see whether this thing is the altar bait it's cracked up to be."

"Fine," he said. "Do that."

He watched her drive away and then walked over to Art's Place. He opened the door. Anne was sitting at the counter, a cup of coffee in front of her. Art stared at Joey and looked pained. He made furtive motions toward his mouth.

Anne looked at Joey. "Some demonstration."

"Yes," Joey said. "I showed her how the car cornered. I think she's going to buy it."

"I should think she would," Anne said, "after what must have been a most inspiring lesson."

"For crying out loud," Joey said. "That's what you wanted, isn't it?"

"I really couldn't care less," Anne said. She walked out and slammed the door.

Joey started to follow her.

"Hold it, kid," Art said. "Better let her cool off."

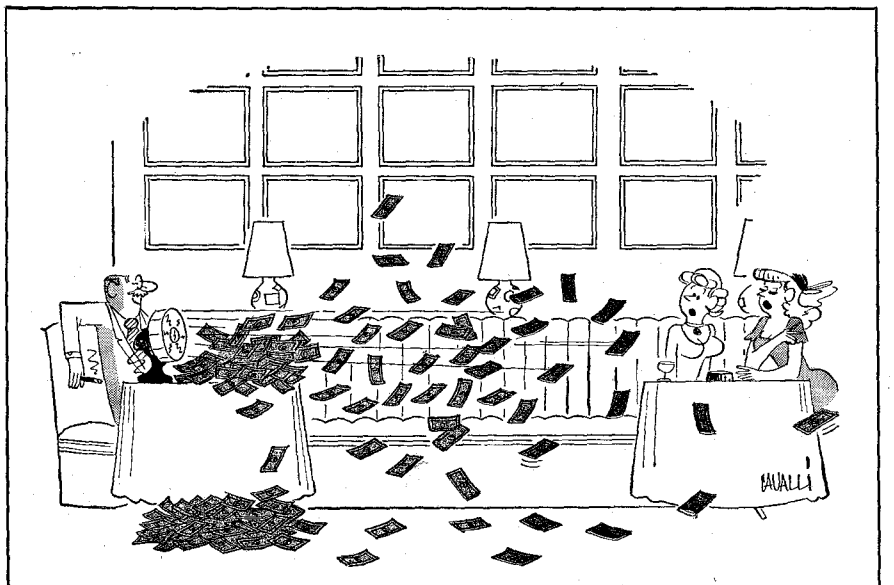
"What's she so hot about?" Joey said.

Art sighed. "Look in the mirror."

Joey whirled around and looked at himself. His mouth was as red as if he'd stopped a left hook. He yanked a handkerchief out of his pocket and scrubbed his mouth. "Holy Moses! How'll I ever explain that?"

"Well," Art said judiciously, "you can tell her you're starting to wear it; you can tell her you were overpowered and couldn't defend yourself."

"Les-see," Joey said. "I could say I was just sitting in the car, and suddenly ——"



"His approach is crude, but effective."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Art poured two cups of coffee and put one in front of Joey. "Here. Forget about the explanations. Anne wouldn't believe you if you got a certificate from a Supreme Court justice." He sipped his coffee. "You got kind of a glazed look in your eyes, kid. I bet Molly planted more than lipstick."

"Ha!" Joey said. "She doesn't bother me. I'm wise to that girl. She's just a husband hunter."

"What girl isn't?"

"At least most of them show a little restraint. They don't go around announcing that they're going to show people what they have in the sack."

"Huh?"

Joey told Art about the boy and the eggs. "So you see, just by stating that she's in business, so to speak, she thinks someone is going to buy. Well not me, buster; not me."

He dropped a dime on the counter and walked out and got into Molly's car. Faintly, her perfume still permeated the interior, which reminded him how her lips had felt when he kissed her. The remembrance alone put butterflies to work in his stomach. He drove home, put her car in the garage, built a fire in the fireplace. He sat and brooded for some time, came to the conclusion that women were merely a source of trouble and went to bed, where he dreamed that he was driving a van full of yelling children, Anne's mother and father and her aunt and uncle. He was blasted to the side of the road by a horn and Molly and Eric Waugh roared past them in a twenty-thousand-dollar imported car. When he awakened, he was so relieved to find that it was only a dream that he didn't try, the entire day, to get in touch with Anne and explain.

Monday noon he drove over to Art's for lunch. He was just starting on a hamburger and a glass of milk when Molly walked in. She looked as radiant as an airways beacon, was wearing a linen skirt and a sweater. A small tam perched saucily on top of her head.

"Hi, Joey," she said. "Hi, Art. Coffee."

Art gave her coffee. Joey bit into his hamburger.

"Well, the boys were certainly right," she said.

"About what?" Joey said.

"About that car being altar bait. I tell you, those sports-car rallies are all people said they were, but you're wrong about Eric Waugh being a wolf, Joey. Why, the man's as nice as apple cider."

"Is that so?" Joey said. "And he can turn into vinegar just as fast too."

"I'm returning your car, Joey."

"You aren't going to buy it?"

She shrugged. "Eric said there was no need to buy yours. He said that I could use that Italian job of his any time I wanted it. Besides, he said that the Scott-Wilton is underpowered."

"Oh, is that so?" Joey said. "Why, I'll take that guy on for any distance, any road, any time. He drives like my grandmother."

"He's better looking, though," Molly said. "Well, I'm off. Here he is. We're going down the coast. He wants to demonstrate his car."

"Be sure to take your sack along," Joey growled.

He saw Eric Waugh pull up in his eight-thousand-dollar Italian job. The man was wearing white coveralls and a white, long-visored cap and sun glasses. A regular glamour boy.

"Oh, there's no need for that," Molly said. She handed Joey the keys to his car. "You understand why I'm not going to want your Scott-Wilton. I only needed it ——"

"For altar bait," Joey said. He handed her the keys to her own car.

"By the way," Molly said, "I saw Anne today. I had (Continued on Page 73)

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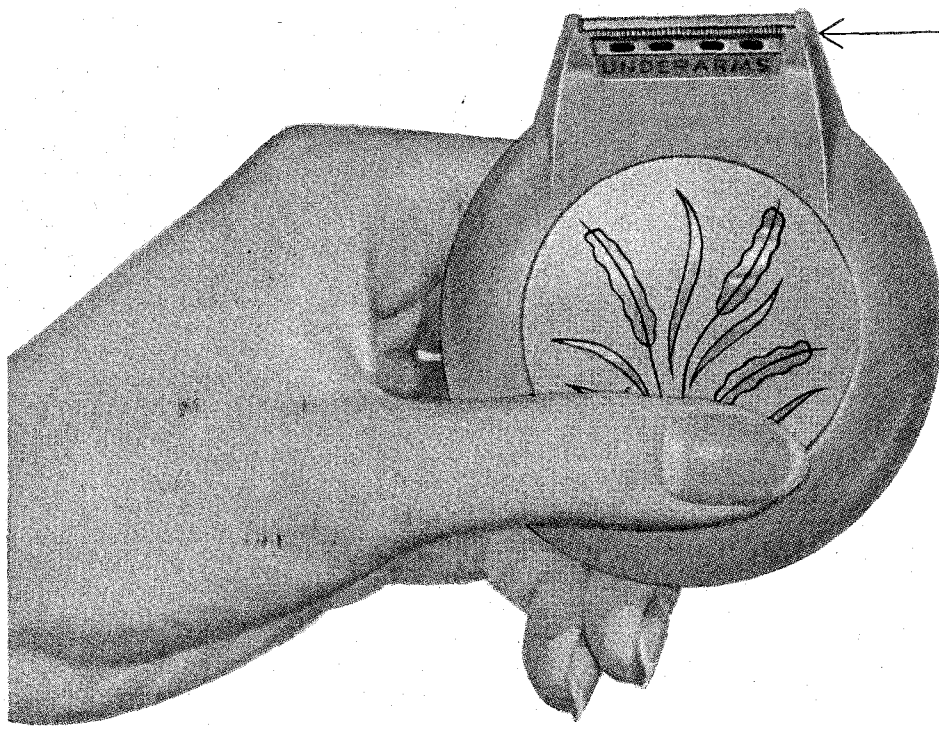
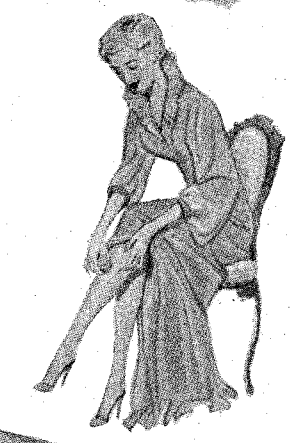


This side for shaving under arms



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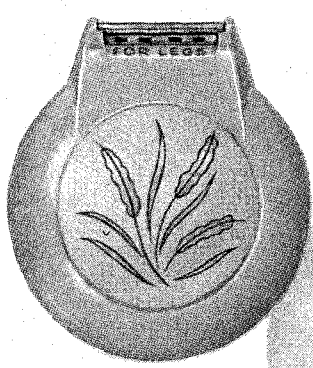
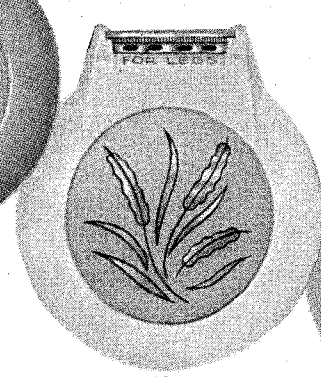
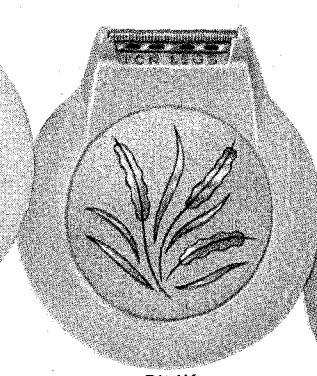


TURQUOISE



IVORY



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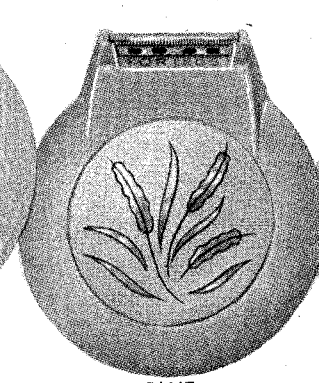

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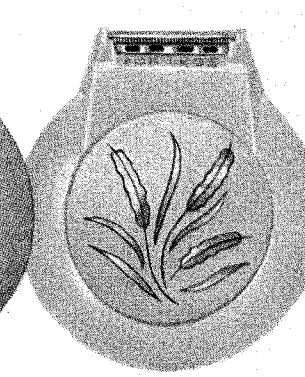

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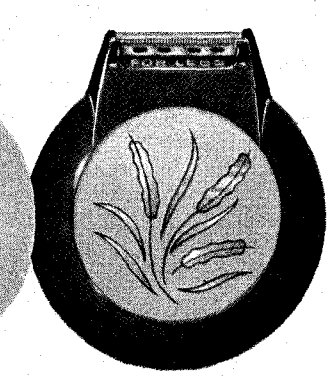

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(Continued from Page 71) to walk backwards up the street. I was afraid to turn my back 'cause I didn't know whether I could reach the knife to pull it out." She peered at Joey. "You did remember to wipe off the lipstick, didn't you, Joey?"

"In a word," Art said, "no."

"Careless of you," Molly said. She went out the door, climbed into Eric's car and they took off.

During the next few days Joey called Anne twice, but she hung up on him both times. In addition, the thought of Molly either driving Eric's car or riding with him bothered Joey more than he cared to admit. Finally, on Thursday he called Molly and asked her to have dinner with him.

"Dinner with you?" she said. "Why, Joey, I am a female fortune hunter and you are practically an engaged man."

"Stop putting my words in my mouth!" Joey yelped.

"Why, I'd love to, Joey ——"

"Swell. Around seven?"

"Except that I'm having dinner with Eric."

"Oh. What about Friday?"

"We're driving up to Oswego. There's a paper chase there, and ——"

"Saturday?" he said desperately.

... ...

Take Time for Love

By Richard F. Armknecht

Love is the enemy of haste;
Love says "savor," love says
"taste."
Sudden love may come to be
Sanctioned by serenity;
But all love must count the
days—
Loiter in familiar ways.
Love is foolish? Say instead
Love is wisdom's fountain-
head!
Love is patient, love is lowly,
Who loves best has learned
love slowly.

... ...

"It's sweet of you to ask, Joey, but ——"

"Never mind!" he shouted. "Just forget the whole thing."

He hung up and stared into the fireplace. "O.K., Dickinson," he told himself. "Face it. The girl is getting under your skin, and you can't even get a date with her." Well, he had only himself to blame. He told her he had no intention of getting involved with her, loaned her his car so she could meet Eric Waugh; and where did that leave him?

On Friday he told Pete that he had to go to Portland and, with little green fires burning inside him, drove to Oswego for the paper chase. Even though he knew Molly would be with Eric, the girl still pulled him like an electronic magnet.

He spotted Eric's car. Seated in it was a spectacular blonde whom Joey didn't know. He pulled up alongside the car, got out of his own, and walked over. Eric sauntered over.

"Hi, Joey," he said. "Didn't know you were coming."

"Just decided at the last minute. Uh—where's Molly?"

"Molly?" Eric frowned.

"Molly Hanrahan. Don't tell me you don't know her."

"Hanrahan—Hanrahan." Eric snapped his fingers. "Oh, the black-haired little girl from Oceancrest."

"Yeah," Joey said grimly.

"You loaned her your Scott-Wilton. Sure. She came out to the rally Sunday. Asked about my car. Said she was thinking about buying one and asked whether I'd mind giving her a demonstration. Cute little thing. A bit of a puritan, however. I was going to drive with one hand coming back and I thought she'd wreck the car."

"You mean you met her just those two times?"

"Look, Joey," Eric said. "I know when I'm whipped. She talked about you all the way down the coast and back. Very discouraging."

"I see," Joey said.

He went back to his car and nearly broke his own record getting back to Oceancrest. He looked up Molly's address in the phone book. It was Surf Pines. He whipped over to Surf Pines and drove up in front of her house.

He parked his car and stared. It was a low, rambling, board-and-batten home with a three-car garage. He walked up the driveway and peered inside the garage. There sat a black, sleek Italian sports car which made Joey drool. Under that hood was a twelve-cylinder, double-overhead-cam job which would spin those rear wheels in every gear, and drive the car at more than one hundred and forty miles an hour. The coachwork was beautiful, and mainly handmade by patient craftsmen. Joey scratched his head and then Molly came into the garage.

Joey turned. "Where did this thing come from?" he said.

"Italy."

"I know it came from Italy," Joey said. "Who owns it?"

"I do."

"You do!" he yelped. He looked at Molly and he looked at the car. "Then for heaven's sake, why ——" He remembered her stories about Eric Waugh. "I went to the paper chase at Oswego. Eric barely remembered you. Molly, I just don't ——"

"Oh, honestly!" Molly said. She went into the house and slammed the door.

Joey hurried to the door and tried to open it. It was locked. He rang the bell and then hammered on the door. She opened the door and said, "Beat it!"

"Molly," Joey said, "you're driving me nuts. Ever since I kissed you, or you kissed me—I can't remember how it happened—I've been trying to remember what you said about hunting a guy with a bank roll, but it doesn't figure." He waved his arm toward the garage. "There's a ten-thousand-dollar ——"

She closed the door in his face. Joey yelled, "Molly!"

"Yes?" she said, through the door.

"I don't care what you said. I'm in love with you."

The door opened. "You are?"

"Uh-huh."

Her arms were around his neck and he was being kissed. After a time, Molly's mother rapped on the window. Joey looked at her and frowned.

"Molly, I still ——"

"Gee, men are dumb," Molly said. "I saw you riding around with that frozen-faced Anne, then saw your ad in the paper about your car. I talked the situation over with Art. He told me about the sack of eggs; not my father. But he also gave me another rule of salesmanship."

"Yeah?"

"That's why I gave you the business about Eric. Show them what's in the sack and then tell 'em it's unavailable. Art said it would be sure-fire with you, because you weren't really in love with Anne anyway."

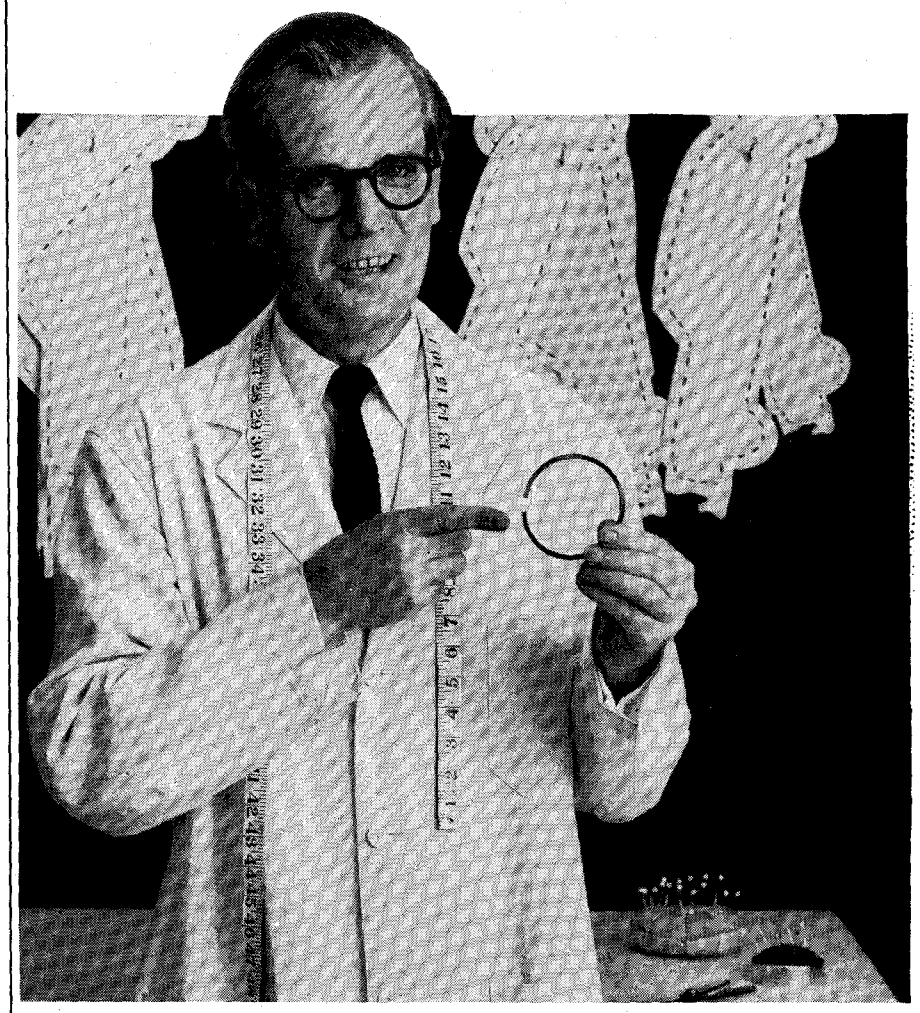
"Someday," Joey said, "that guy's big mouth is going to get someone in trouble."

"Uh-huh," Molly said, "but in the meantime ——"

"Who cares?" Joey said. THE END

Get the piston rings that are

TAILOR-MADE



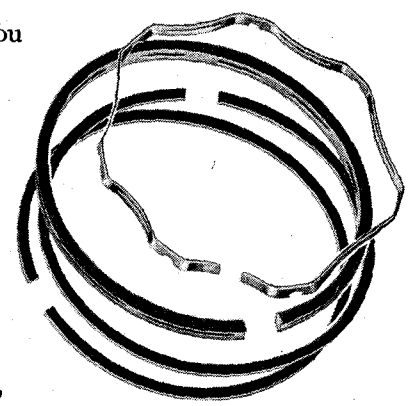
Genuine Ford piston rings are specifically designed to work "right" in Fords—to provide a double seal against power loss and oil seepage

Genuine Ford Piston Rings are specially built for your Ford to give you greater "go"... more gas savings

When a new set of piston rings will add to your Ford's performance, make sure you get *Genuine Ford* Piston Rings!

By specifying Genuine Ford Parts you accomplish two things: (1) You get parts that have been made to the exact specifications set by the same men who first built your Ford; and (2) you get parts that passed special *Ford* endurance tests before being approved for manufacture.

Piston rings, spark plugs, oil filters, mufflers . . . always ask for Genuine Ford Parts—*made right to fit right to last longer!* They're tailor-made for your Ford.



Keep your Ford all Ford

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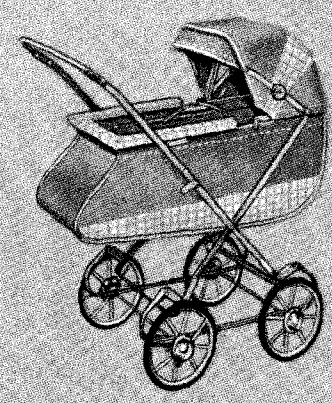
BRING THE Firestone TO SEE AMERICA'S

IDEAL'S BETSY-WETSY AND MAGIC LIPS DOLLS

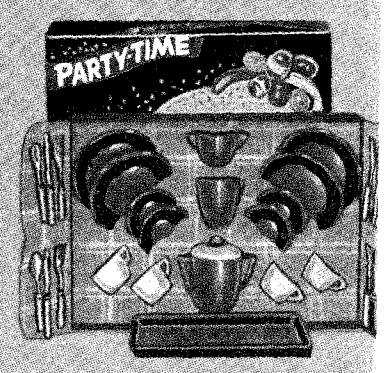
Betsy-Wetsy cries real tears, has sniffles, drinks and wets! The beautiful Magic Lips doll is 23 inches tall and has lifelike lips that move like a real baby's when she says "Ma-Ma".

Betsy-Wetsy Dolls ...5.98up Magic Lips Doll ...14.95



DOLL CARRIAGE BY PLAYTIME PRODUCTS — Has all the features of real ones — collapsible steel frame, shackle gear, upholstered full-padded rail, plated handle. Beautiful forest green and yellow. Finest quality, built to last.

12.95*

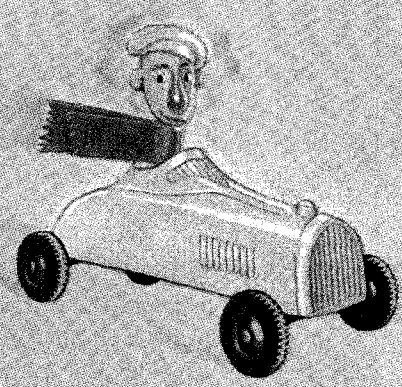


PARTY-TIME TEA SET BY BANNER PLASTICS — Gay and glamorous 28-piece set with complete service for four small guests. Made of shining red and sparkling white plastic with real silver-plated knives, forks and spoons. A beauty!

3.98

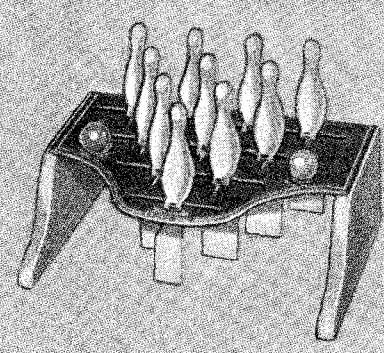
MR. AND MRS. POTATO HEAD BY HASSENFELD — Introducing also son Spud and daughter Yam. Over 100 pieces — noses, wigs, etc. — for transforming ordinary fruits and vegetables into hilarious characters. Amuses youngsters for hours!

1.98



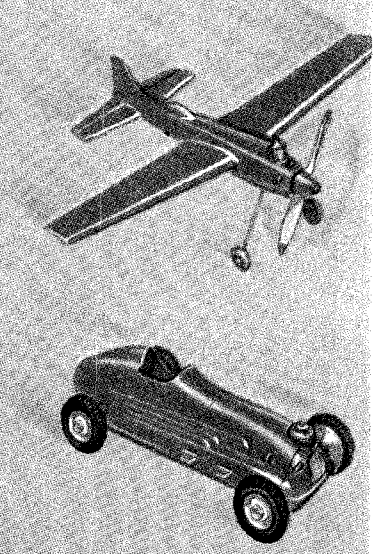
"ROLLING JOE" BY TIGRETT ENTERPRISES — A rollicking gentleman of distinction who's always going someplace but never gets there. He goes one way, then another but his memory motor always brings him back where he started!

1.98



BOWLING GAME BY RICH INDUSTRIES — Real sport for young amateurs and professionals, too. Scores like real bowling. The "Magic Pin Setter" sets up pins automatically. Back stop, score sheets and instructions are included.

3.00



AEROMITE AIRPLANE AND AUTOMITE RACE CAR BY WEN-MAC — Plane includes air-ground control unit. Car speeds over 35 mph! Both are rugged high-impact plastic, have real 1-cylinder engines and are all assembled, ready to go!

Plane 9.95 Car 10.95

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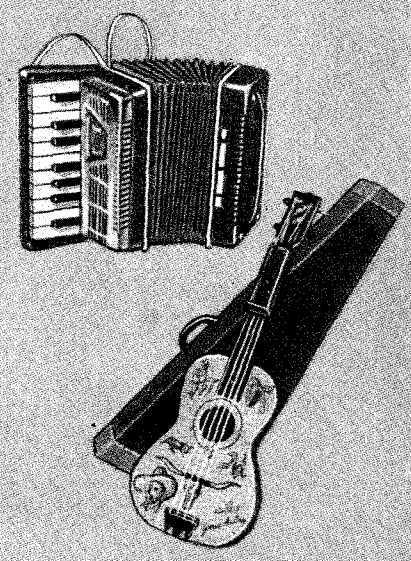
BEST-LOVED TOYS

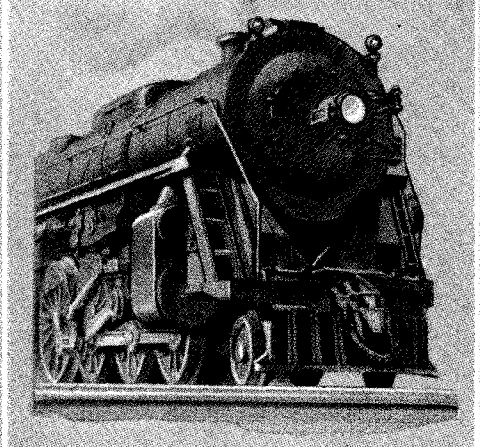
MUSICAL HURDY-GURDY BY MATTEL — Largest and loudest music box in the world of toys. All-metal, brilliantly decorated. Vinyl shoulder strap and 24-inch organ grinders' stick. Wonderful gift for a child of any age.

2.98



PIANO ACCORDION AND GENE AUTRY GUITAR BY EMENEE — Beautiful gold-finished accordion extends to nearly two feet. Full-size guitar includes automatic player. Both have professional tone. Luggage-type carrying cases included.

Accordion **7.98** Guitar **9.98**



LIONEL TRAINS WITH MAGNETRACTION — World's finest! Lionel's 1955 line is the most exciting ever! More new locomotives, freight cars and operating accessories than ever before offered in any one year! See them all now.

BUY ON BUDGET

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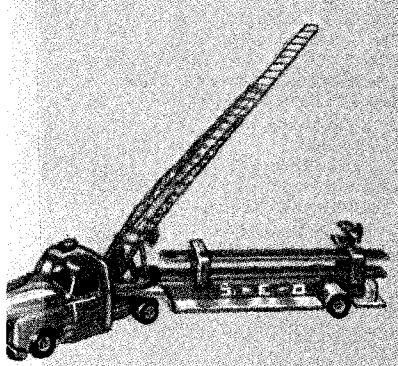
Beautiful 24-Page Book of FAVORITE CHRISTMAS CAROLS

Contains both words and music of best-loved Christmas carols. Supply is limited so come in soon and ask for a FREE copy at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

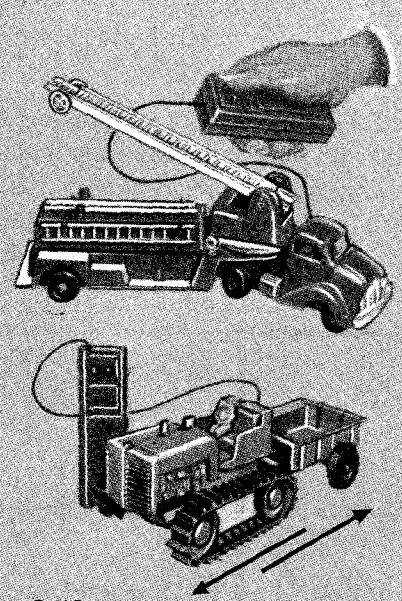


HOOK AND LADDER TRUCK BY STRUCTO — Faithfully scale-modeled. Crank-operated ladder extends to 34 inches and swivels completely around. Hood raises, reveals "Fireball" motor. Movable tiller seat. Removable rubber tires.

9.95

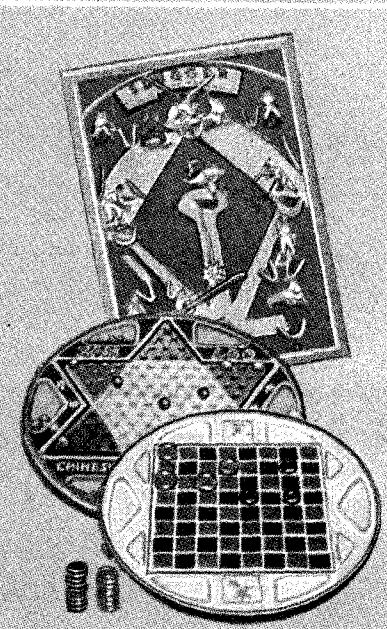
"VICTORY AT SEA" NAVY SHIP KIT BY REVELL—Magnificently detailed, easy to construct. Designed to scale from official Navy blueprints. Includes aircraft carrier, destroyer and patrol torpedo boat, cement and paint. Provides hours of fun!

4.98



G.M.P. "ANDY GARD" FIRE ENGINE AND TRACTOR-TRAILER—Both powered by electric remote control. The 16-inch engine "jack-knifes", has 18-inch swiveling ladder. The 12-inch tractor-trailer climbs, has forward-reverse drive.

Each **5.00**



SLUGGER BASEBALL GAME AND COMBINATION CHECKERS BY NORTHWESTERN PRODUCTS Glass-covered baseball game has automatic feed and reload. Checkers is regular checkers on one side, Chinese checkers on other.

Baseball **3.98** Checkers **2.29**

Canada at slightly higher prices

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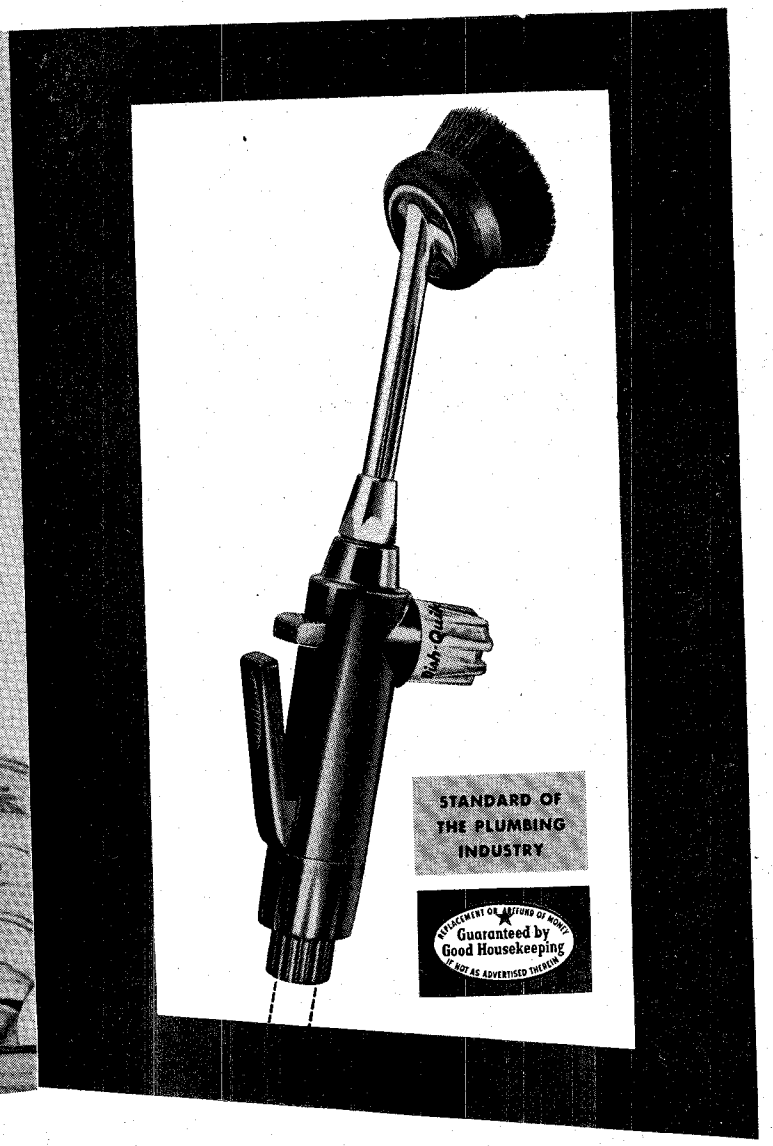


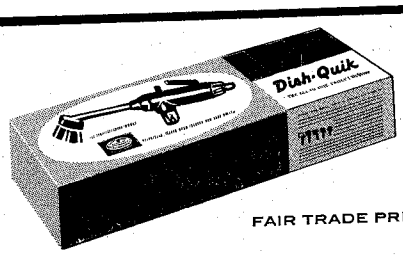
The ALL-IN-ONE faucet dishwasher

Dish-Quik® gets dishes done double-quick!

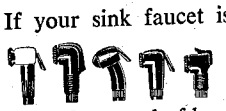
No wonder Dish-Quik gets dishes done double-quick! It's your dishrag, dishpan, soap and rinse *all-in-one* and *always ready* for just a pan or two, or all the dinner dishes. Billowy suds, all-nylon brush and hottest rinse . . . automatically controlled with a flick of your thumb. And your hands stay soft and lovely because Dish-Quik keeps them out of hot, soapy water. It's ideal, too, with a fully-automatic dishwasher for pre-washing and for those countless odds and ends.

Dish-Quik is a *standard* attachment for use on 98% of all spray-equipped sink faucet fittings, *new* or *old*. It is available two ways: 1) *Separately*, to replace the old spray on millions of sink faucets now equipped with automatic clear-water sprays. 2) *Already attached*, as standard original equipment on your choice of America's *leading* brands of new sink faucets. Ask for Dish-Quik wherever plumbing goods are sold. See below to determine which way you can install Dish-Quik in your home:

1

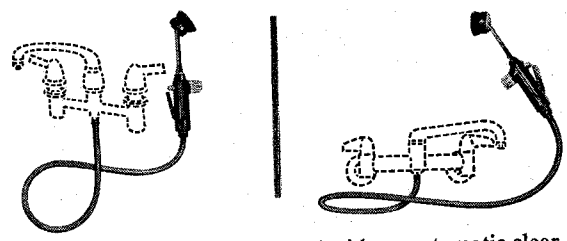


FAIR TRADE PRICE **$9.95**



If your sink faucet is equipped with any one of these automatic clear-water sprays, you can easily replace the spray with Dish-Quik. Simply unscrew the old spray from end of hose and attach Dish-Quik. Makes your present spray faucet exactly like the new dishwashing faucets! Over 98% of all clear-water sprays now in use are of the automatic type (illustrated above) and can be replaced with Dish-Quik in a few seconds.

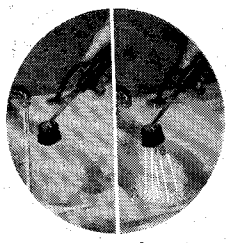
2



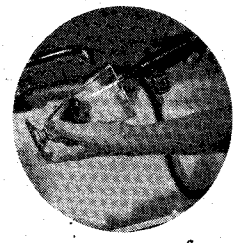
If your sink faucet is not equipped with an automatic clear-water spray—or if you are remodeling or building a new home—you can install Dish-Quik by selecting a favorite brand and model of the many new sink fittings sold *complete* with Dish-Quik as standard, original equipment. Make your choice of leading brands of sink fittings, available in every price range—from economy to luxury. See the many models available for every kind of new installation or to replace any old-style, non-spray sink fixture.

If your dealer doesn't yet stock Dish-Quik separately, to replace clear-water sprays, we will mail Dish-Quik to you. Send dealer's name and address plus your own with $9.95 check or M.O. Add 3% tax in Calif.

The Dish-Quik Co. | [A division of Modern Faucet Mfg. Co.] 1700 East 58th Place, Los Angeles 1.

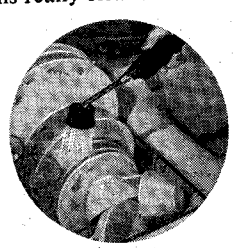


Dish-Quik spray is automatic, turns on and off with a flick of the thumb.



Tap the red button for suds. Cup holds two-day supply of liquid detergent.

Always "sweet," all-nylon brush gets dishes, pots or pans really clean.



Spray-rinse with hottest water. Makes dishes air-dry, sparkling bright.

Dish-Quik is a standard attachment for use on any spray-type sink faucet fixture made by these leading manufacturers:

THE AMERICAN BRASS MFG. CO.
AMERICAN-STANDARD
BARNES MANUFACTURING CO.
THE BLOCH BRASS COMPANY
BURLINGTON BRASS WORKS
BRIGGS MANUFACTURING CO.
CENTRAL BRASS MFG. CO
CRANE CO.
CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO., INC.
DELTA-DETROIT CORPORATION
DICK BROTHERS, INC.
ELJER CO.
THE EMPIRE BRASS COMPANY
EMPIRE BRASS MFG. CO., LIMITED
FEDERAL-HUBER COMPANY
GALT BRASS COMPANY LIMITED
GERBER PLUMBING FIXTURES CORP.
GLAUBER OF TEXAS
GYRO BRASS MFG. CORP.
HARCRAFT BRASS
THE INDIANA BRASS CO., INC.
KOHLER CO.
A. Y. MCDONALD MFG. CO.
MICHIGAN BRASS COMPANY
MILWAUKEE FAUCETS, INC.
MUELLER, LIMITED
PRICE-PFISTER BRASS MFG. CO
QUEEN CITY VALVES, INC.
RAVENNA METAL PRODUCTS CORP.
REPCAL BRASS MFG. CO.
THE ROYAL BRASS MFG. CO.
SAVOY BRASS MFG. CO., INC.
THE SCHAIBLE COMPANY
SPEAKMAN COMPANY
THE STERLING BRASS COMPANY
STERLING FAUCET COMPANY
UNION BRASS & METAL MFG. CO.
UNIVERSAL-RUNDLE CORP.
WALLACEBURG BRASS LIMITED
WOLVERINE BRASS WORKS
STEPHEN A. YOUNG CORPORATION

Manufacturers often sell Dish-Quik under the brand name of their own faucets. To be sure it's equipped with Dish-Quik, look for the clear detergent cup.

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They're Taming the Heavenly Dragon

(Continued from Page 35)

For children at the construction camp there is a special American school. As usual with the very young, they become bilingual and interpret for their parents. But interpreting did little good on the day the Americans were visited by a delegation of farmers from the valley, well below the dam. Their water had been cut off, rice fields gone dry, and fish in their ponds were beginning to die.

This was nothing the big dam had done. Instead, the American children, emulating their fathers, had cut down trees, and with cement and gravel had built their own dam on a slope in Crab Valley. Two feet wide and a foot high, it was just enough to divert water away from the farms below. Fathers settled for forty dollars—fifteen for cut-down trees, twenty-five for the fish.

Sakuma Dam is a $76,000,000 undertaking that will produce 1,300,000,000 kilowatt-hours of power annually. Since this is a twenty-four-hour project, most of the American men have little time for recreation. Wives have more time, but not enough to get bored. For example, they entertain Japanese wives who come by busloads from neighboring villages to examine the Western-style houses.

Every drawer and closet in the American homes gets inspected, along with nylons, handkerchiefs and shoes. Groups marvel at electric refrigerators. The high light is when the maid demonstrates the vacuum cleaner on a prepared pile of dust. But American wives, invited to tea ceremonies, never see beyond Japanese drawing rooms. Japanese consider their homes too humble for inspection. The answer to requests to look at village kitchens is always, "Yes, yes, maybe next time." But next time never comes.

Instead, there is always some new request. Mrs. Rofelty says, "In the evenings, if you hear a knock on the door, you know it is somebody who will say, 'Please teach me English.'"

Some sensitive Americans fear the village girls they employ as maids may become discontented with their own way of living. However, a fairly typical girl, Chieko Yamaguchi, twenty-four, told me this: "I am not envious of these Americans for having all these nice things, because they come from a rich country. Working for them has taught me I can try to find a better way of life within our country's limited resources."

Americans have worked hard to make the co-operative construction effort a success. Japanese methods in concrete work are up-to-date, but excavation operations are forty years behind the times. Americans brought in heavy earth-moving machinery and taught Japanese how to use them. Japanese were impressed by the giant scale of operation—a power shovel which handles three-ton rocks in each bite; thirty-ton Jumbo drillers which blast out 300 truckloads of rock at a time.

Choroku Shigihara, project manager of the Japanese construction company, has said, "We have learned valuable lessons. In Japan we run machines until they break down; then we put them in repair shops. The Americans have taught us how regular maintenance gets the most out of the machines. Also, a high accident rate had been accepted in our heavy construction, for Japanese laborers have little conception of safety. But we've saved a great many lives by the safety-education program we've enforced through American guidance."

The dam will be finished next spring. One by one, American families go homeward. When the first of them left, only close friends went to see them off at the station. Later, to their amazement, the Americans found they were highly outnumbered. All their Japanese co-workers had left work and come with their families to wish the departing ones a happy trip as they waved Japanese and American flags.

In July, Pat Chadwell was returning to California with his family. All the Americans and many, many Japanese were at the station, despite a pouring rain.

Tommy Carder, fourteen, who is enjoying his stay in Sakuma, expressed his sentiments, "I'll be sad the day I have to go home."

So will the village of Sakuma, where no one ever again is likely to run down the street, shouting, "Red hair! Red hair!"

THE END

The Perfect Squelch

Young Tom Dunbert, a fast man with an alibi, hadn't been to church for several months. So, when he bumped into his clergyman on a downtown street, he immediately launched into a lengthy explanation of how he always listened to the Sunday services on the radio.

"Yes, sir, parson," he said finally, "I go to church wherever I am. At home I have two radios. I have one in my car, of course, and I even have a portable. So I practically never miss a service."

The clergyman nodded, then asked with deceptive mildness, "And do you always turn off the radio when they pass the collection plate?"

Pauline M. Russler

When you send flowers out of town
be sure your florist speeds your order
by Telephone

Then you'll know your order
is on its way
before you leave his shop

And if it happens that the flowers you want are not in stock in the distant city, you can make *your own* substitution while the florist is on the telephone. Or take advantage of his special bargains. In all cases, you'll find it reassuring to know that the flowers *you* send will arrive *on time*—as *you* ordered.

Look for the emblem with the words "We Speed Flowers by Telephone" on your florist's window

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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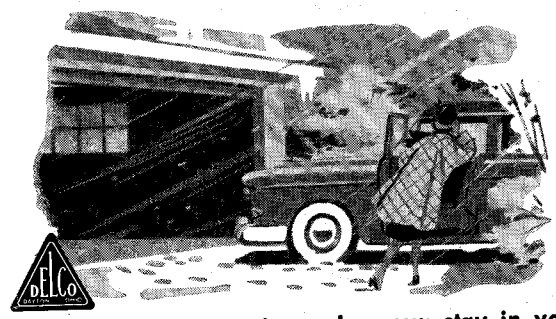
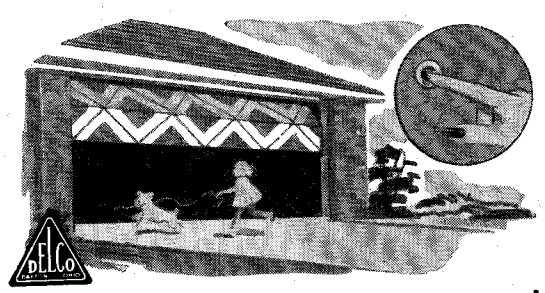
As you enter your driveway, touch the Delco-matic button in your car; lights go on, garage door opens.

NOW—open and close your garage door by radio from your car with the wonderful new Delco-matic GARAGE DOOR OPERATOR



Don't wade through rain, mud, snow; stay in your car, touch the Delco-matic button, drive right in.

Delco-matic is safe; door stops automatically for obstacles as slight as outstretched hand.



Delco-matic is double-safe. Instant reverse sends door back up in emergency, at touch on button.

What a wonderful moment it is when you first touch that Delco-matic button on the dash of your car—see your garage lights turn on—see your garage door glide up automatically and you drive right in! Inside your home, touch another button, lights turn off and the door closes.

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Who Really Runs Chicago?

(Continued from Page 39)

my candidate; he's the guy gives me my job. And if I'm a good captain you'll do it, because you know me. I've done favors for you; I'm on the job every day of the year." The captain is most effective among poor people who get in jail, can't get a job, can't pay the rent. One expert says his effectiveness ends when his constituents move into apartment buildings with elevators.

How does the Captain convert favors into votes on election days? One ward politician said, "Well, you hire workers to get the vote out. You pay your workers five, seven, ten dollars apiece for the day." His ward organization spends $100 per precinct on election day—$10,000 in the ward. "As people come in to vote, the watcher checks them off. Two hours before the polling place closes, you know who has not voted in your precinct. So you send out workers to get the people out. 'Come out here and vote. The polling place is closing. When you wanted your light bill paid, I did it for you.' That's the effectiveness of an organization. And a man who hasn't got an organization is just in a hell of a fix."

Most precinct captains work for the city or county. The machine controls about 8000 public jobs, nearly enough to man every precinct in the city with a captain and one assistant. Most jobs, for laborers and clerks, pay $280 to $300 a month. A few, for attorneys, pay up to $15,000 a year.

The machine's headquarters is a suite in the Morrison Hotel. What do its leaders do there? Outsiders would be surprised at how much time they spend talking, not about patronage, but about candidates and issues. One of them has said, "The strength of a political party comes with its candidates and program, not from patronage." No amount of patronage could win an election for a party whose platform repelled everyone but its own jobholders.

The machine is big. It contains lean young committeemen like John Marcin, and it also contains Paddy Bauler, a portly, aging clown who, at ward rallies in his saloon, dons a top hat and waves a stein of beer and sings Chicago. The machine embraces black men and white, Irish and Jews, Poles and Lithuanians, good citizens and crooks. Composed of such diverse elements, it is always in danger of flying apart. Jacob M. Arvey, the elder statesman of the machine, has said, "What the newspapers don't understand is that by attacking us they're making us into a machine. They're welding us together."

There is in America an axis that connects gamblers, politicians, café society and people in show business, and it runs through such places as Las Vegas, Miami Beach, Hot Springs, and Fritzel's restaurant in Chicago. All these people are a good deal alike—sporty, convivial, glib, with a tolerant view of life, and they enjoy one another's company.

A man who enjoys but deplores them says, "Why am I against the guys at the Morrison? Because they're on the public payroll for five hundred dollars a month and they're living on a fifty-thousand-dollar income. They go to Fritzel's, they go to Florida in the winter, they go to the fifty-dollar window at Arlington. Something's got to be wrong." Some machine men get rich off politics without breaking any laws. Today the wealthy politician is likely to be a lawyer or an insurance man whose private business has prospered not only because he is an able man but also because of his political connections. The groundwork for the machine was laid by Anton Cermak, who was elected mayor in 1931 and soon was shot at Roosevelt's side. The machine was built by Mayor Ed Kelly and his county chairman, Pat Nash.

"In those days," says one machine man, "there was a handbook on every street corner, and a man could work in the bailiff's office in the morning and in a handbook in the afternoon. The people in the Twenty-fourth Ward used to think that sheet writin' was civil service."

Times changed. Jacob Arvey, an astute lawyer, became county chairman in 1946. Outcry was then loud against Ed Kelly, the aging boss. Arvey persuaded Kelly to step aside, and nominated for mayor Martin H. Kennelly, an honest businessman. Arvey also put forward Adlai E. Stevenson for governor, and Paul H. Douglas for senator. But Arvey soon retired as chairman. Mayor Kennelly held himself above politics, refusing leadership. The machine was stopped on dead center. Unrestrained, cheap politicians ran riot.

Democrats who wanted to improve the machine from within began casting about for a new leader. In 1953 they backed Richard J. Daley, a ward committeeman, and he was elected county chairman. Daley, a plain man and a career politician, had plodded steadily upward from precinct captain—secretary to an alderman, deputy county controller, state legislator, state director of revenue, Cook County clerk. Daley regards the machine with the fierce protectiveness of a mother bear. In 1954 he put together a county ticket of high quality and won with it. It seemed that the machine had taken a long step forward. Now the machine had to decide whom to nominate for mayor.

Mayor Kennelly announced his candidacy for a third term. Daley appointed twelve of his fellow committeemen as a slate-making committee. They did not want Kennelly. He was not their sort. In other elections he had not campaigned for the Democratic ticket. By broadening civil service, he had deprived the ward committeemen of thousands of patronage jobs. He had stopped wide-open, big-time gambling, thought to have been protected by the ward committeemen.

In many respects Kennelly had made a good record, but he had disappointed many people besides the machine leaders. His critics said he thought first of the great State Street merchants and neglected the neighborhoods. Labor leaders thought he did not understand them. He had alienated Negroes.

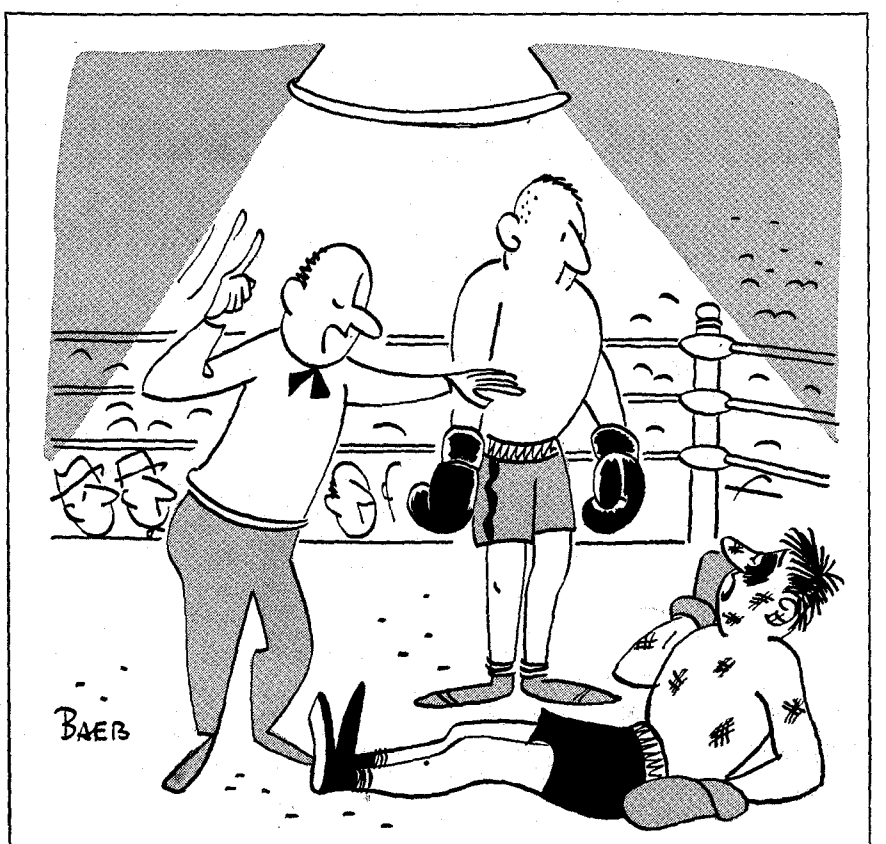
Professional politicians want above everything else a winner. Perhaps the most telling argument against Kennelly was that he received 57 per cent of the votes in 1947, but only 54 per cent four years later. The slate makers at the Morrison Hotel convinced themselves Kennelly could not win. They received him coldly. Then they voted to support Dick Daley, their chairman, for mayor.

Kennelly said he would fight for the nomination in the primary. Only two committeemen joined him. His strategists rented a large office in the Loop and filled it with publicity men, a speakers' bureau, stenographers, volunteer workers and all the paraphernalia of campaigning. They told city employees to support Kennelly or be fired.

Kennelly's people strove to set up an organization in every ward. Some of their ward leaders were businessmen or clubwomen attracted to what Kennelly called his "crusade." Others were minor politicians. Kennelly himself, a tall, white-haired man, after eight years of reigning quietly, suddenly came to life. The "new fighting Kennelly" surprised everyone.

He pitched into "the bosses" who had "dumped" him. "Twelve men," he said, "sat in a room at the Morrison. Said, 'You're out.'" And why? Because, he said, he had cleaned up the town. He appealed to the "better element"—homeowners on the city's edges. He attacked Congressman William Dawson, a Negro and Democratic 2nd Ward committeeman, as a symbol of the machine, and the newspapers hinted that Dawson was connected with the policy racket. Kennelly workers spread the idea in white neighborhoods that a Negro dominated the machine. Kennelly was running hard, attending luncheons, dinners, festivals and nightly meetings in the wards. He appeared on television every Sunday afternoon, speaking proudly of his accomplishments and the city's greatness, assuming the role of "Mr. Chicago."

"Television is our precinct captain," said one of his strategists. Television was being used more than ever before in Chicago. The newspapers were with Kennelly. He was their kind of candidate—honest, for good



"I wouldn't take this from everybody."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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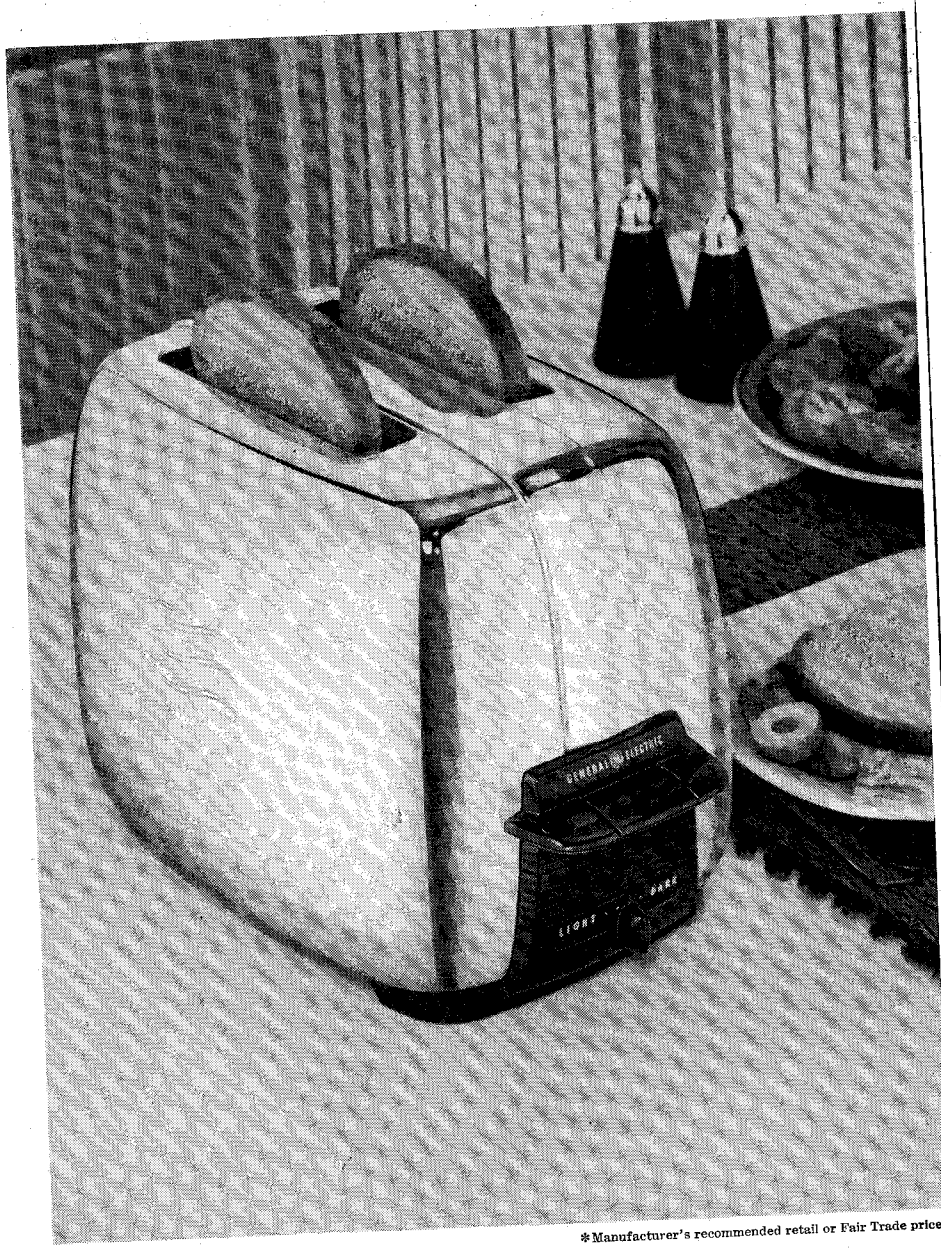

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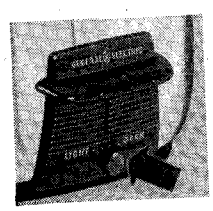

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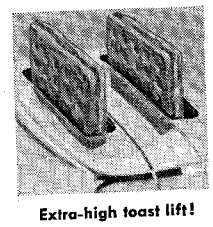

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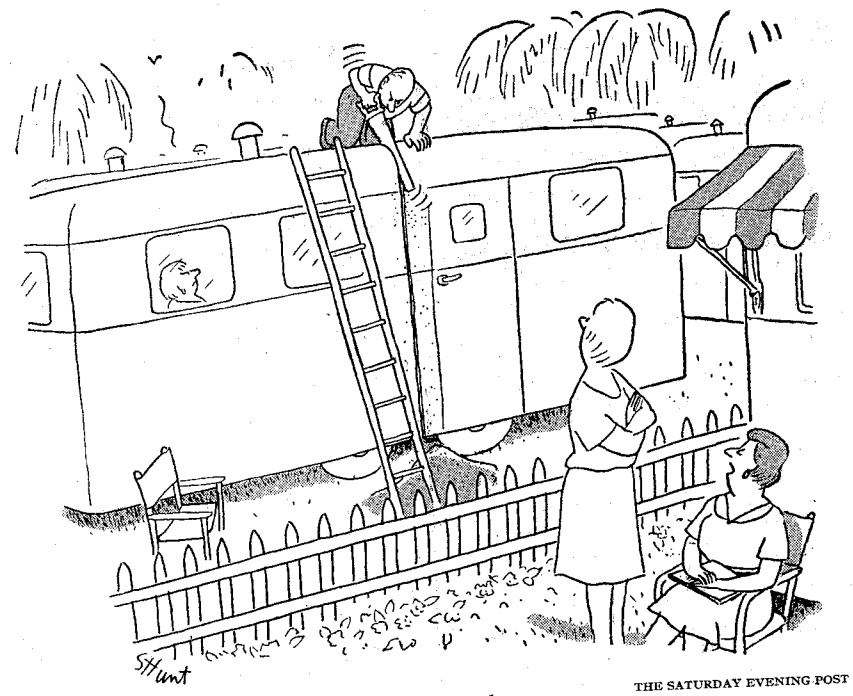

"Humph, I'm not surprised. I knew that marriage wouldn't last."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

government, well liked by businessmen. Every newspaper endorsed him. Their attacks on Daley were merciless. In the newspapers and on television, Kennelly's campaign was going fine. But in the wards his organization was weak, his meetings small.

What of the machine, and its candidate, Dick Daley? Being a machine man, Daley inspired zeal in precinct captains. Yet good-government people could not object to him; he never had been touched by scandal. Labor liked him. He had twenty-eight years in politics and government behind him, and he was expert in both fields. Finally, he was an Irish Catholic and he was running in the largest Catholic archdiocese in the country.

A television interviewer asked Daley when he planned to start his mayoralty campaign. He looked surprised and said, "You never stop campaigning if you're doing it right." Daley is a professional, and looks the part. He is five feet eight, but seems even shorter because of his chunky torso. He is almost overpoweringly Irish. He has a ruddy complexion, wide-set blue eyes, a high, broad forehead. He wears dark hard-finished suits, polished black shoes, a white pocket handkerchief. He is affable, smart and fast-thinking.

For a man who has spent so many years in the company of rough-and-tumble politicians, he sometimes seems incredibly guileless. When some of his earthy pals invented a smutty campaign slogan, Daley was indignant. He has a wide-eyed way of talking in public about the sanctity of the American home; cynical politicians are surprised to learn that he believes the homilies he utters.

The goods of Daley's political trade are his humble boyhood, his wide personal acquaintance, his loyalty to his friends. His father was a sheet-metal worker. Daley worked his way through law school. Campaigning, he lost no opportunity to state that he had seven children and lived at 3536 South Lowe Avenue near the Stockyards where he was born. Kennelly, also born in this neighborhood, had long since moved away. Daley's humble beginnings sometimes got in his way. Friends implored him to quit wearing loud, loose-knotted ties. He used the English language cruelly. During the campaign, reporters collected Daleyisms. Once he began an address, "Ladies and gentlemen of the League of Women Voters."

Daley ran his own campaign. No press release could go out without his approval. He has denied it, but it appeared that his basic strategy against Kennelly was to lie low. Nonetheless, Daley was hard at work early in the campaign. A friend said, "He is doing a lot of work with the organization in the wards—checkin' on 'em and re-checkin' on 'em."

The Morrison Hotel headquarters was busy. Arvey, smiling, has said, "It's a crime to tell the truth about what the Morrison does in a campaign—the legend is much more interesting. Actually, the Morrison is just like any sales organization trying to sell its product. There's the matter of literature—deciding on it, distributing it, getting it into the hands of forty-one hundred precinct captains. You try to find out where you're weak. Daley was a little weak among Jewish voters, so you set to work running cocktail parties and mass meetings in Jewish sections.

"I had a cocktail party for him for three hundred Jewish men and women. I'd tell them, 'I don't know if you're a Democrat or a Republican, but I want you to meet Dick Daley, so when he's your mayor you'll understand what kind of a man he is.' Then the Morrison straightens out matters of conflicting interests. You may have rival men in a certain ward; you iron out the differences. You take weak men out. You rent billboards and buy television time and set up a speakers' bureau. You see that the polls are manned."

All over town, Democrats were quietly closing ranks. The machine invited back to the fold a Negro leader who had broken with Congressman Dawson. It asked a liberal congressman who had never been close to its bosom to help Daley. Its brightest stars, Stevenson and Douglas, came out for Daley. Some of Stevenson's friends feared he would hurt himself with independents by doing so. But Stevenson liked Daley, esteemed him as a party leader and public official, and thought he would make a good mayor.

The machine showed its might on February fourteenth, at the opening of the last week of the campaign. It filled the downtown Opera House with party workers, 4000 strong. At 8:20 Arvey stepped to the microphone, a small, bald, businesslike man; in his metallic voice he spoke of the party—"I am a Democrat and proud of it." A roar of sound rose to fill the auditorium, and Daley, surrounded by friends and bodyguards, came down the center aisle. Men near the aisle cried out to him in the dim light, "Dick, Dick!" stretching out their hands, and the band in the pit played Happy Days are Here Again. Happy days!

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The precinct captains, after eight years of Kennelly, felt that way. They liked Daley.

He began by praising the audience—"the real backbone and the real minutemen and women of the Democratic Party." He said, "The charge is made that we are a machine. Well, here it is. In this crowd are members of the so-called machine. Look around you. There are men and women of every nationality, every color, every religion and every creed. Every occupation is represented here. . . . Look around you again. They are from the neighborhoods of Chicago. Every street, every section. But more than that, these men and women have families. The well-being of our children is sacred to each and every one of us. Look around you again. The men and women in this crowd are the representatives of the real Chicago. They don't belong to State Street. They don't belong to LaSalle Street. They represent the real heartbeat of the melting pot of Chicago."

His delivery was labored; he held himself stiffly. His speech was full of Irish locutions and religious references. "We hear a lot of talk about politics. My opponent says, 'I took politics out of the schools; I took politics out of this and I took politics out of that.' I say to you: There's nothing wrong with politics. There's nothing wrong with good politics. Good politics is good government. . . . Ladies and gentlemen of the Democratic Party of the city of Chicago, let them be the State Street candidate. Let others be the LaSalle Street candidate. I'm proud and happy to be your candidate—the candidate of the Democratic Party," and he launched a flight of rhetoric that smothered thought until, with real passion in his voice, he emerged with, "I'm a kid from the Stockyards and I say to all of you I'll stand with you," and someone in the crowd yelled, "Give 'em hell, Daley!" and Daley replied, "Thanks very much, pal."

Looking back later, Matt Danaher, his aide, said, "The timing was just right. We hit a peak the night of the Opera House and kept right on moving up."

Daley was everywhere. He visited every one of the fifty wards. Living on the run, he often changed his itinerary several times in the middle of an evening. On the Thursday before the election, standing in a crowd on a cobbled street in the Stockyards, he said, smiling easily, "The other side's getting desperate. Now they're hitting one issue; then another one. So nothing sticks. We keep pounding on good politics is good government and tell what we've done, and I think it's working out."

Someone said, "Come on, Dick," and he moved through the crowd and climbed up onto the sound truck in the cold winter sunshine. From the loud-speaker came the rasping voice of a Negro official of the United Packinghouse Workers, "We are out to get Kennelly!" Trucks rumbled

People are Like That

Do you suppose that there is any connection between a criminal's marital status and the kind of crime he commits?

Apparently there is. A Harvard University study of convicts disclosed that the largest proportion of those imprisoned for robbery, burglary and theft were single. The majority of those jailed for second-degree murder, arson or offenses against the public welfare, such as carrying concealed weapons or peddling dope, were married men. Most of those found guilty of first-degree murder were widowers, or were divorced or separated. **Nancy Levin**

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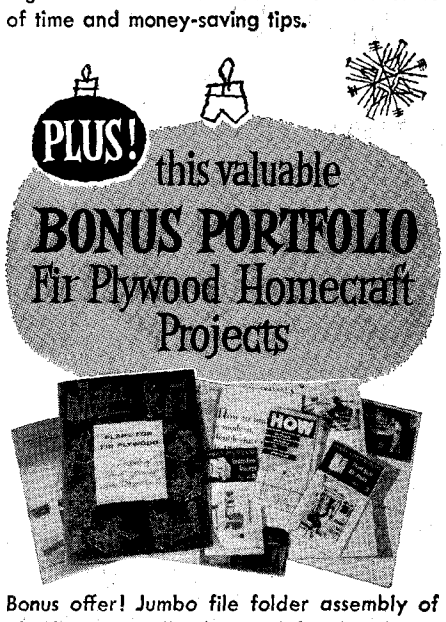

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down an alley, an elevated train clattered overhead. The union man read a resolution accusing Kennelly of using police to break the 1948 strike. His voice crackled: ". . . so that Kennelly can be retired to his swank apartment," and a roar from the street approved. "Now"—and he turned around—"come on up here, Daley," and Daley stepped to the microphone and spoke, recalling his boyhood working in the Yards, pledging that as mayor he would never use the police "as a strikebreaking agency." Most of the faces turned up to him were black; he pitched hard at the long-standing racial trouble at the Trumbull Park Homes housing project, promising to "end any demonstration of violence anywhere in Chicago."

Daley began his evening's labors at a corned-beef-and-cabbage dinner at the Plumbers' Auditorium on the West Side. In a big bare hall about 1000 men dined at long tables—plumbers, judges, aldermen, legislators, party workers. The head of the plumbers' union local, Steve Bailey, a large, plain-spoken man, presented Daley with an enormous Stillson wrench—"After you're mayor, if the city council won't go along with you, you can shut the water off." He introduced Daley with such great emotion that at times he seemed scarcely able to continue. He recalled having known Daley since boyhood.

"He had hardships the same as anybody back of the Yards," he said. "I don't know a finer man. I don't know a better-qualified man. What burns me up at times, Dick Daley hasn't been presented right. He's outstanding in every respect. And no one can put the finger on 'im. I've seen his cards"—his campaign cards—"and the picture of his children"—which indeed the cards bore. "Dickie Daley is square, honest, upright and fair, and no one will ever take that away from me, and he's a father." His voice seemed about to break, so without further ado he introduced Daley, who rose, as did everyone in the hall. An Indian stepped forward to put a headdress on Daley, but Daley, who was already holding the Stillson wrench, spied a photographer and took the headdress off.

All sat, and he spoke. "No one could be introduced by anyone like Stevie Bailey without being tremendously moved. We both came from the same neighborhood and we have seen men in all walks of life come out of our neighborhood and walk the ladder of success. Why? Because basically we were taught some very sound fundamental principles and lessons at the feet and knees of our fine parents, the lessons learned from the good nuns and priests. They taught us the first thing—that you never walk through life alone, that you must, as you go through life, make friends—friends who help one another." This recurring theme was understood as a criticism of Kennelly, who had held himself apart from the organization.

Daley said, "Today, when we hear so much hue and cry about leadership, I remind you men of labor, and particularly of the plumbers' union, I remind you that you have a man who possesses all the things that make him a leader," and he extolled this person's virtues, picking up speed, ending, "and I refer to my pal, Stevie Bailey," and the crowd applauded. He went on and on, identifying himself with Bailey and the labor movement. Toward the end he alluded to the need for more police and better schools and transportation. He closed with another apostrophe to "my pal, Stevie." The band played Chicago, the crowd rose and applauded, and as soon as he could, Daley pushed through the throng, shaking hands as he went, and was driven rapidly off to a ward meeting.

In 16th Ward headquarters, a little room next door to a tavern in an Irish neighborhood near the Stockyards, 150 people were listening to Tom Keane, a powerful alderman, tear into Kennelly. Scornfully, Keane described how Kennelly once had taken him and this ward's alderman, Paul Sheridan, to call on wealthy State Street merchants.

"The assistant to the president of Marshall Field's said, 'We're against one-way streets in the Loop, but if we have to have them, we want them to run the way we want.' He said they'd have to run so the chauffeur-driven cars could keep circling Marshall Field's, waiting for the dowagers to do their shopping—and clogging up Wabash and State street. Well, Paul and I left, and Paul says, 'What the hell you think of them Arabs?' And the streets now run the way Marshall Field's did not want 'em to run." Keane thrust out his jaw, and somebody in the crowd yelled, "At-a-boy!"

Keane reached a climax, "They say we want to go back to the good old days of vice and gambling, narcotics. Have you ever looked at the picture of Dick Daley's family? That enchantingly adorable mother. And Dick. And those seven children kneeling by the side of their bed at night in family prayer, thanking God for another day alive on this earth. Then can you hear one of those little tots asking her mother, 'Is it true what they say about daddy?' No man under God with a family like Dick Daley could ever conceive the evil thoughts of these men. They are the most despicable human beings. I wonder if these men can with a clear conscience kneel beside their beds and pray forgiveness."

At this point Daley hurried in, and Keane concluded quickly. Daley's speech was quiet, calm and almost entirely personal. He called each of the ward functionaries by his first name. Even in his little jokes he proved he knew the neighborhood: "There was a fellow who was hard of hearing and he had been doing a good deal of drinking, so he went over to see Doctor Hughes, over at 37th and Wallace, and the doc told him, 'Pat, I'm telling you this: if you keep up your drinking, you'll lose your hearing.' Well, the fellow came back in a month, and he says, 'Well, doc, I'll tell you, I been enjoying what I been drinking so much more than what I been hearing that I thought I'd just keep on drinking.'"

The audience laughed. They liked him.

He said, "No matter what they say, they can't take away from us what we have—the friendly great tradition of the Democratic Party in Chicago. That's you people. The newspapers can do all the screaming they want, the editorializing, but as long as we have the men and women of the 16th Ward that I see assembled here on this Thursday night at the end of a grand campaign, we in the Democratic Party and I as a candidate feel very confident that when our message is told and the result is recorded, the judgment of the people will be in our favor."

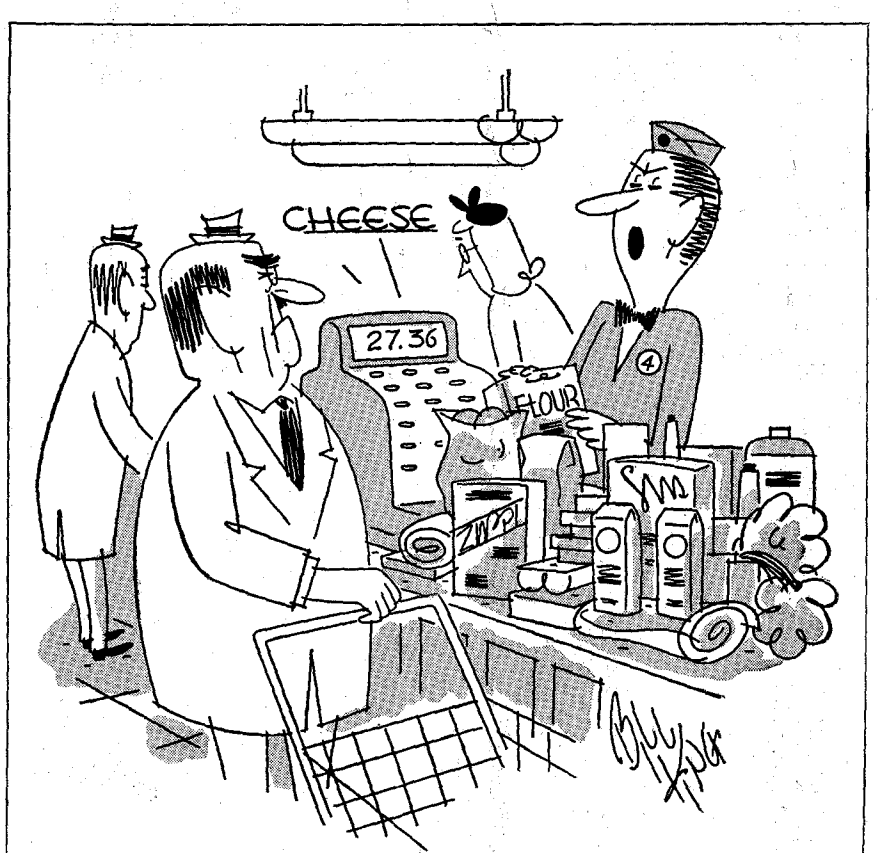
Later, in a bar across the street, a precinct captain wearing a yellow sport shirt gave his verdict with the detachment of a surgeon facing a minor operation. "I run a precinct here, and Kennelly's going to get killed."

It turned out he was right. On primary-election day, Daley received 369,362 votes and Kennelly 266,946—a plurality of 102,416. It was clear how Daley had won. He had carried only twenty-seven wards, but in some his plurality was overwhelming—13,000 to 1600 in one ward. Fifteen wards, including Dawson's five wards and ten West Side and river wards, gave Daley a plurality of 118,000. His power was concentrated in the heart of the city; it diminished out toward the city's edge, where the better residential areas were mostly Kennelly's. In some Kennelly wards, fewer than half the registered voters went to the polls.

The campaign had not been a very good one. No real issues had emerged. Kennelly had exposed no specific wrongdoing of the machine, nor had Daley criticized specific Kennelly failures. The newspapers, not the candidates, had struck the only forceful blows.

Bob Merriam had won the Republican nomination easily. Now he had to face Daley. On the morning after the primary, Merriam was off and running: He charged on the floor of the Council that he had evidence of fraud in the voting. That same day the News endorsed Merriam as the "city's only hope." The following day the Sun-Times endorsed him too.

This is the first of two articles by Mr. Martin. The second article will appear next week.



"No, that doesn't include the cart!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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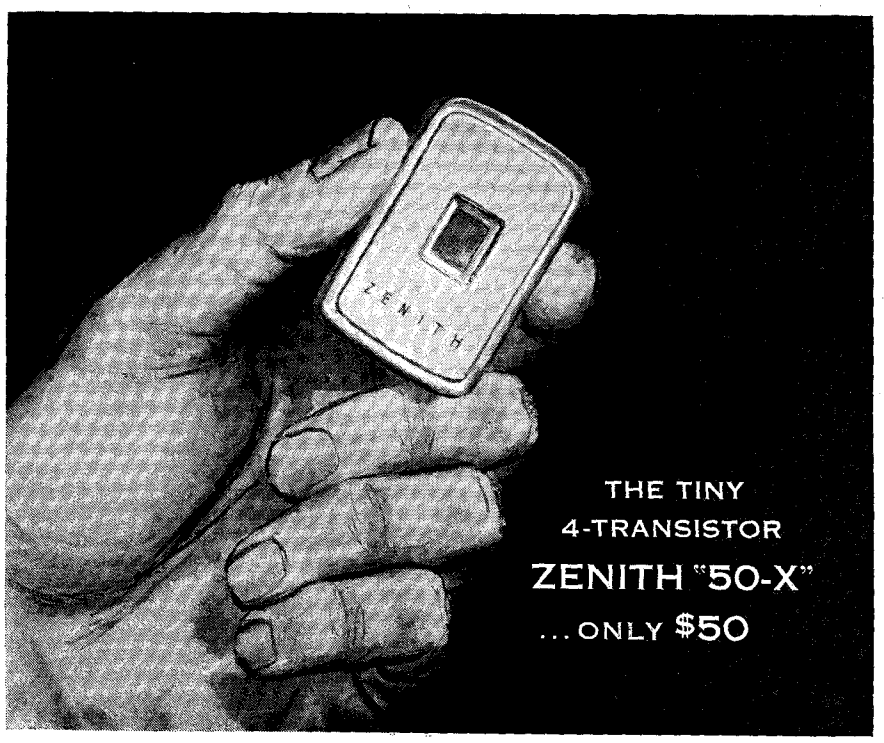

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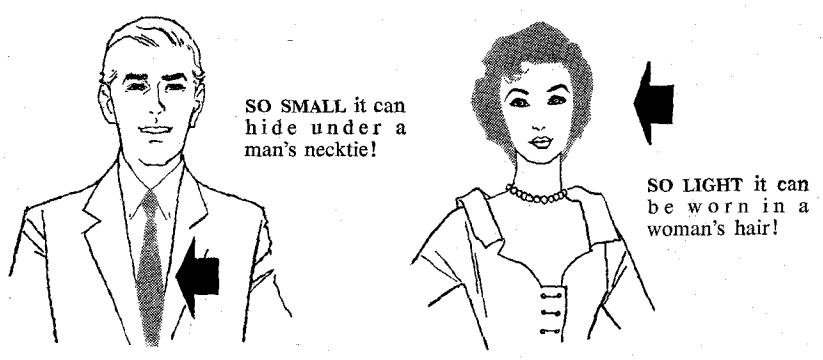

Ever since the miraculous discovery of tiny but expensive transistors, Zenith and its dealers have shared a dream with America's hard-of-hearing.

It seemed an *impossible* dream. A vision of superlative hearing aid clarity, efficiency, convenience, operating economy—and all at a price so very, very low that these benefits could be enjoyed by every hard-of-hearing person, in every walk of life.

Today, this "impossible" dream has become a reality! Imagine a highly efficient, full-powered 4-transistor hearing aid so small it can be worn in a woman's hair, as a brooch, or under a man's necktie. Yet selling *not* for $250 or $300, as do many other makes, but for only $50 complete. All this, thanks to Zenith's 36 years of electronic experience and "know-how," plus the willingness of Zenith dealers to accept *less profit per sale,* in order to bring the security, happiness and opportunities of better hearing within easy reach of all.

For here is a precision-built Zenith Hearing Aid of thrilling fidelity and realism. It is powered not by two, or three—but by *four* wonder transistors. It is engineered to give performance unexcelled by many aids selling at more than four times its price.

Operating costs, too, are amazingly low. Just one tiny dry-cell battery, available everywhere, operates the "50-X" for about 10¢ a week instead of $1.00 or $2.00 a week for vacuum-tube instruments. These savings alone can pay the entire cost of the "50-X" in less than a year!

But that's not all! The Zenith "50-X" is sold with a 10-Day Money-Back Guarantee. If you are not completely satisfied . . . if you do not find that it equals or excels the performance of competitive makes selling for $200 or more, simply return it for full refund. And remember, the $50 price includes everything: High-performance earphone, cord, stock earmold, One-Year Warranty and Five-Year Service Plan. Time payments, if you wish.

ACT TODAY! Refuse to continue suffering mental and emotional anguish that can make you a burden to family and friends . . . old before your time. Recognize your need. A hearing aid today is a symbol of progress and intelligence, of victory over false pride . . . a mark of consideration for others.

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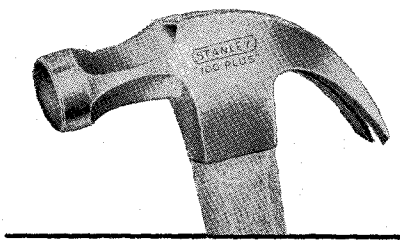
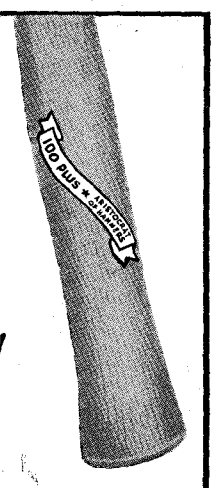


a smacking good hammer



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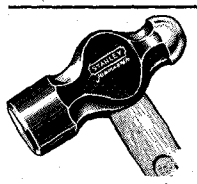

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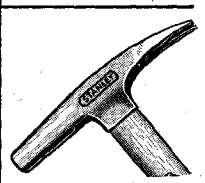

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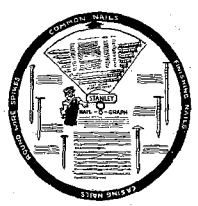

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Seven Steps to Murder

(Continued from Page 40)

bright remarks about the four identical electric toasters or the three electric mixers, as alike as police on dress parade. He wasn't sure who had given them to Mary and Joe. Mae knew, of course, but Devlin kept forgetting.

"Hello, pop."

"Mary, darlin'," he said.

She kissed him because she hadn't been home to supper. She had been hastening at last-minute chores, and this accounted for the beads of perspiration on her nose. Her hair was damp and her eyes were shining. She was happy enough to be in serious pain, he realized. She was a big girl, like her mother, with the bloom on her now, if ever it would be. Of course, all of Devlin's daughters were big. They were like a generation of handsome mares—as he had once remarked, to his own regret—from Janice, the youngest, who was twelve, to the bride herself, who was twenty-four. Devlin looked from one tall daughter to another with devouring pride, from Janice, to Anne, to Martha, to Kate, then to Mary, holding right now to Joe Deegan's arm.

"We'll fill up the church like a circus ring," Devlin said. "I think we'd better break step when we march inside or the floor is apt to collapse. . . . It's your last chance, Joe. It's run or be doomed."

The bridegroom smiled, but he didn't say anything. Devlin liked the boy and approved of him. He had nothing whatever against young Deegan, unless it was that as a first-grade detective, at this dewy age, he was already earning the equivalent of a uniformed captain's pay. He was a tidy, well-dressed man, about thirty years old, as tall as his bride if he took a deep breath and his shoes had just been heeled. He had a new lightweight suit that was handsome on his frame, yet for a detective, first grade, he wore a dazed and helpless look. Around the station house, at times, animated by some special case, Joe Deegan could talk until your ear was bent like a dried apricot. It was just that love didn't rest very lightly on Joe at the moment. It consumed him, as it should the truly pledged. You saw him standing here, wordless, with that lollipop smile, and you couldn't conceive this was the man who had bounced Rico Alvarez all over the lobby of the Hotel Paradise a couple of hours ago.

"The poor guy is numb all over," Eddie Pfeiffer said, looking at Joe. "I guess I know when I'm well off."

Devlin walked down the street with Pfeiffer, in advance of the others. A hushed respect seemed to attend their mass appearance. Only a few of the solvent loiterers, candy-bright in their summer clothes, who customarily stood under the marquee of the Hotel Paradise, were present now. These few were tight-lipped, watchful, no doubt thinking of Rico Alvarez.

"How was it this afternoon?" Devlin said. "What kind of a job did Joe really do on Rico?"

"I wasn't there," Eddie Pfeiffer said, "but I understand it was classic. I got my own account of it from the dame at the cigar stand inside the lobby."

"You mean Joe rubbed it in, don't you?"

"That's what they tell me, George. Right in front of Rico's own crowd and his most important clients—a big bookmaker from the Bronx, Georgie Kelly from Brooklyn, Vito Scarpiano from Queens—all important clients and friends of his—in having a few free drinks with Rico to celebrate his getting out of jail. It seems Rico was in the lobby, buying a handful of cigars, when he saw Joe walk by, going to your house."

"What pulled the string on it, Eddie? What did Rico say that set Joe off like a crazy man?"

"Rico knew about the wedding, that's all. He was feeling real smart and full of himself, and he passed a few remarks."

"What remarks?"

"Well, he did say something about the bride's old man, for one thing, George—after all, you're the guy that clapped him away for three years. Then he said —— Well, you won't like it."

"I've been a cop for thirty years, Eddie. I've heard everything, and this I'm entitled to know."

"It wasn't a nice thing, George. I'm warning you. It was something about Mary and future generations of cops—that's when Joe flew off the rule book. Are you satisfied?"

Eddie Pfeiffer stopped talking then, and Devlin withheld his answer because the Broadway traffic was heavy against them and they had to stand on the curb long enough for the others to catch up. The light changed and they moved again. Devlin spoke his own heart's sentiments through his tightened teeth.

"Well, of course," Eddie said. "What else?"

"Joe didn't book the bum on disorderly conduct."

"Naturally not, George. It was a personal thing. Himself and Rico. He doesn't even want Mary to know it happened."

"He should have taken him in," Devlin said. "If he had to paste Rico around like that—and I'm agreeing with you he was entitled to—well, then he should have put him under lock and key."

"Why?"

"Because I know Rico Alvarez a whole lot better than you fellows do—and I know how his type can be when they're fresh out of jail. I didn't have to take any special course with the FBI to learn that much. He needs about thirty days to cool off."

"All right," Eddie said. "Forget it."

They were together now, the whole big group, and the parish church was in front of them, on the west side of Broadway. It was an old Gothic structure, sand-blasted to shimmering cleanliness, with a fine spire of its own, yet dwarfed, if not belittled, by the commercial buildings that had risen on each side.

Father Zymanski was waiting in the vestibule. "Evening, captain," the priest said. "Is this a pinch? Or official business?"

"Just a girl I know, father," Devlin said. "She might need a few extra prayers. She wants to marry a cop."

They went inside and the organist was present for the last rehearsal; at no extra charge, it was explained, but as a favor to Father Zymanski: to give the whole big group of them the feel of how it would be tomorrow; to help, most of all, their pacing up the aisle; to make it seem real and convincing now, so they'd remember it. It went very well.

Devlin marched in slow procession with his oldest daughter holding his arm. *I get so awful sentimental,* he was thinking. *I get so stupid when there's beautiful music mixed up with the people I happen to love.* He couldn't help it. His eyes were moist. The traditional bars from Lohengrin kept coming out of the old pipes in the loft of the church. The candlelight on the high front altar flickered and flared and swam in his sight. He bit his lips. *Now, steady, Devlin, all the way; you've got four daughters left; you'll walk a mile like this before you're through.*

He glanced once at Mary, who pressed his hand. The girl wasn't nervous at all. She walked as though it were all ordained—the work and the worry, the children she'd have, the careful budgets shattered by a hundred unpredicted things, the mending of clothes

(Continued on Page 88)

Let's Play Quarterback

For the football fan, second-guessing is half of the fun. But would you have guessed right in this crisis in an actual game two years ago?

With less than forty seconds left to play, Army leads a favored Duke team, 14–13. The Cadets halt a desperate Duke drive on their one-inch line (above) and punt out to their forty-one. There the Duke safety, quarterback Worth Lutz, takes the punt. Instantly he finds himself facing a wall of tacklers. If you were in his shoes, would you charge ahead and pray? Or what?

Richard Cohen

(*See page 88 for answer*)

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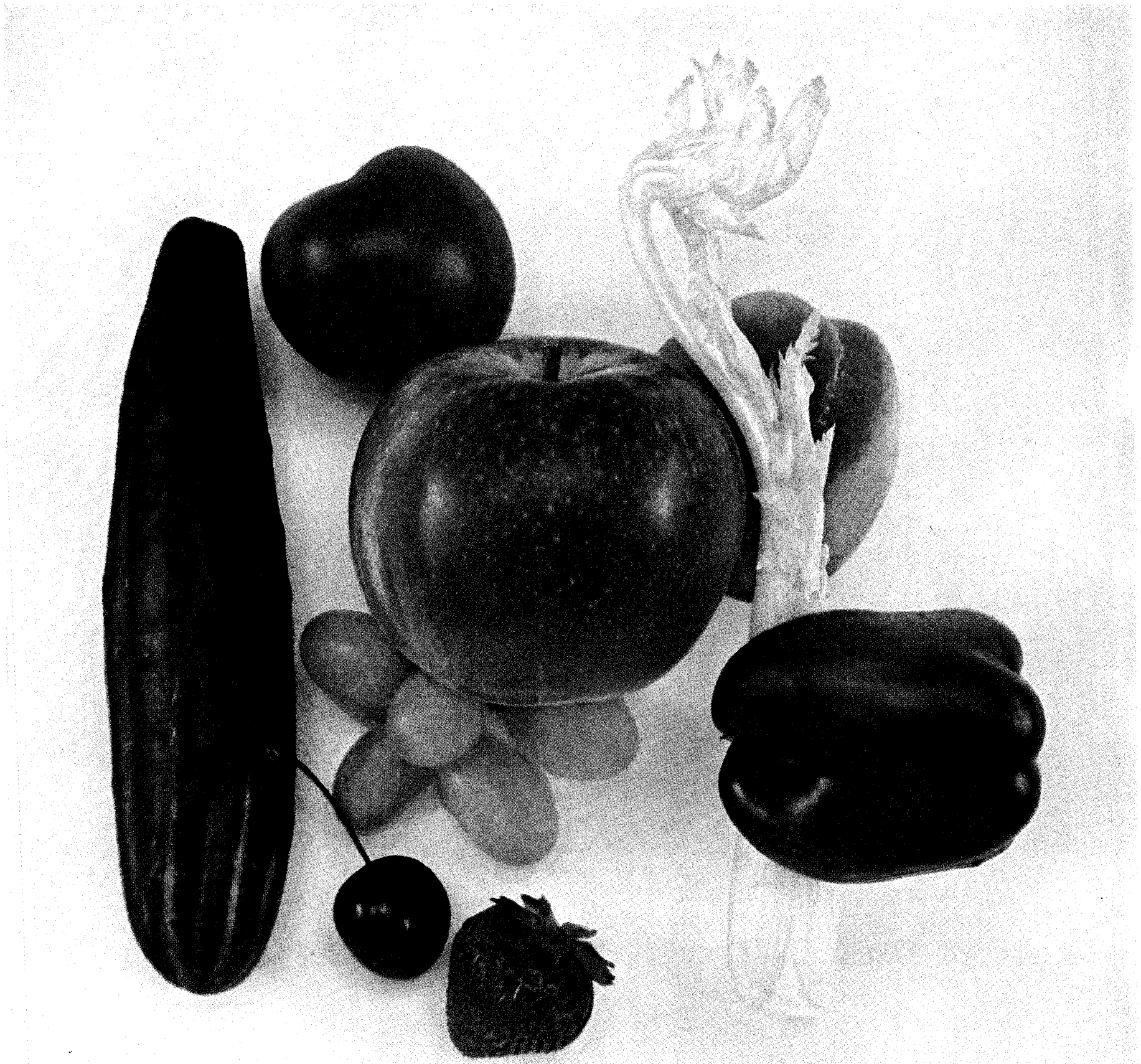

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This amounts to a saving of approximately $2,500 per

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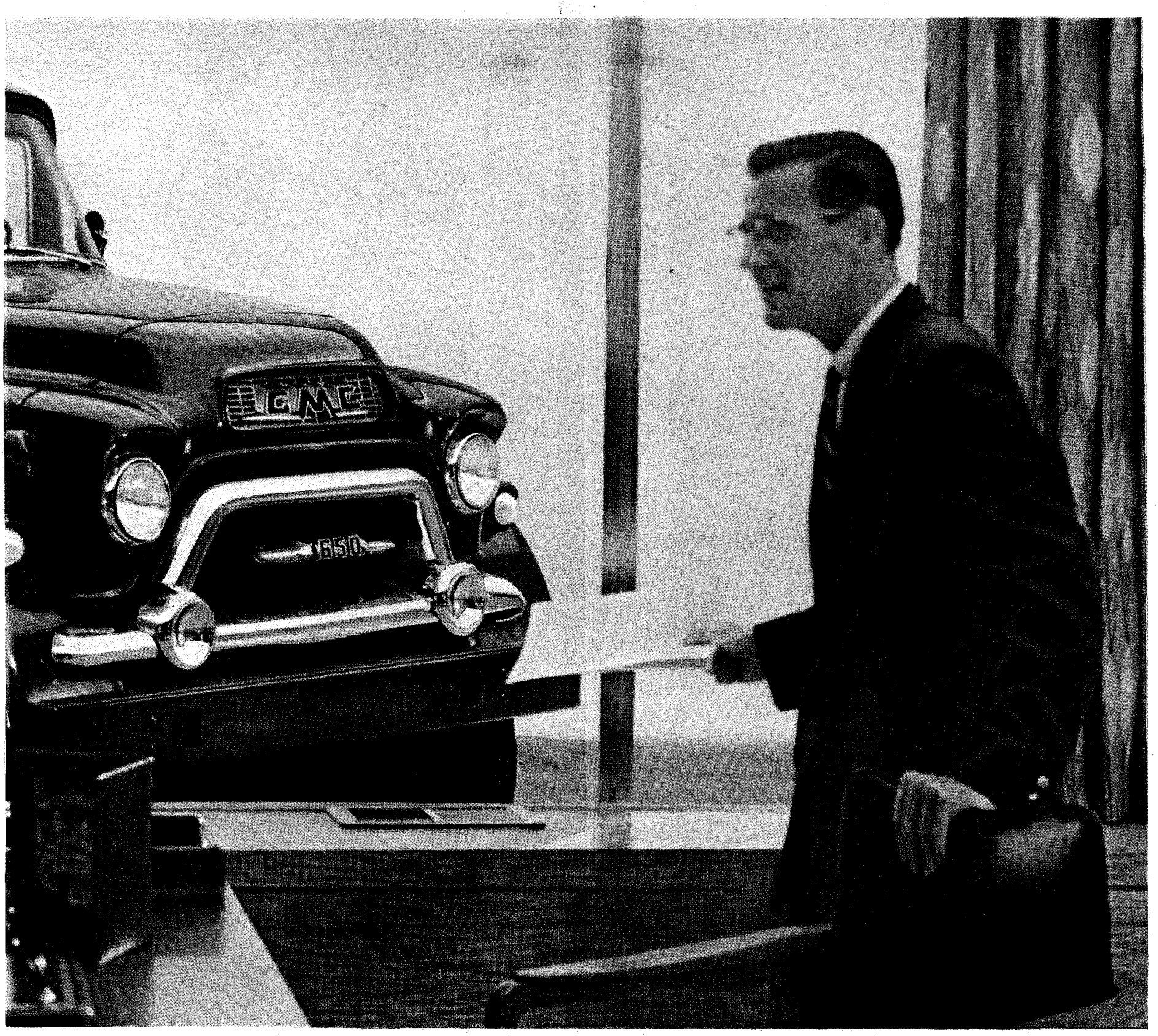

:ents per mile!"

year on each of the Hydra-Matics—a saving too great to be ignored.

And there were these benefits of real importance to truck owners. Road time was maintained with lower speeds. Cargoes went through when ice stopped other trucks—and a splendid safety record was bettered.

These are the new profit factors that Blue Chip Hydra-Matic GMC's are bringing to every type of hauling in every weight class, both gasoline and Diesel power. You can enjoy them, too. See your GMC dealer.

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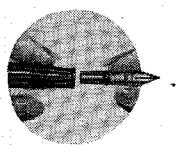

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FOUNTAIN PEN

THE WORLD'S MOST PERSONAL FOUNTAIN PEN

(Continued from Page 84)

and the price of shoes, the light-and-gas man at the door: "I wonder, ma'am, if you didn't overlook this statement from the company; it's $16.29"—his own fine daughter who could have married a plumbing contractor, as Devlin well knew, or a doctor from the Bronx. Now, as the ushers took their places by the first four pews, he could see Joe Deegan standing, waiting, with Eddie Pfeiffer beside him. One look at Joe's face and you knew then it could not have been the doctor or the plumber. Not in this world or the next. Devlin, faithful to the precise performance of the rehearsal, missing no step of the solemn procedure, gave his daughter to the young man of her choice. *God knows he's in a trance,* thought Devlin, *and in no condition to watch out for himself, if he had to.* Then Devlin stepped aside as he had been told, remembering to enter the first pew on his left. He sighed and took out his handkerchief and carefully blew his nose. He looked once more at the bridegroom. *I'm satisfied,* he thought.

Devlin didn't return home with the rest of them for coffee and cake. For one thing, he didn't want to parade again among the wedding gifts, when he had not so much as purchased a doormat for the bride's new home. All the money he had been able to save or borrow had been securely set aside by his wife to pay the Fishkin Brothers, caterers. *I could walk up to Schlemmer's,* he thought, *and get some kind of thing on credit.* Schlemmer's was a gift, antique and call-it-what-you-want kind of shop on Columbus Avenue. *I never put the bite on Schlemmer before; there isn't any reason why he couldn't hold still until pay day.* The other item on his mind was Rico Alvarez, but as for Rico—well, it was more likely his nerves than his reasoning that made him so apprehensive. It was a long block east to Columbus Avenue.

"Look. I'm not used to a cop apologizing to me," Mr. Schlemmer said. "If you still owe me by Christmas, George, I guarantee not to sue. Usually it's a stink they want to make about I've got too many crates on the sidewalk. Who mentioned money?"

"I mentioned money," Devlin said. "I always talk about it when I'm fresh out of it."

"What are you smiling about?" said Schlemmer.

"I like it," George said. "The damned thing's beautiful."

It was a china clock, somewhat older than Herman Schlemmer, who was half the age of New York. It was full of hand-painted roses and porcelain twirls that looked like whipped cream squirted on a cake. A gold door opened below the face of the clock and out came a lady in a nineteenth-century gown, pursued by a soldier in a blue uniform, who certainly looked like a cop.

"That's it," said Devlin. He almost felt giddy when he examined its detail. "It couldn't be anything else."

"I'll wrap it for you," Mr. Schlemmer said.

"Put about six pounds of straw in it, Herman. And maybe cardboard too. I wouldn't want anything to happen to it."

"You're going right home, aren't you?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I did expect to make one stop."

He hadn't hoped for co-operation at the Hotel Paradise. The one unrivaled feature of the house was the unfailing, twenty-four-hour discretion of its staff. It was that kind of place—a humming hive of hoodlums, yet a sanctuary, too, because it was the policy of the Paradise to be exaggeratedly legal at all times.

"I didn't know you without your uniform, captain," the night clerk said very politely. "Can I help you?"

"You can ring Rico Alvarez. Push down the key on seven-oh-five."

"Mr. Alvarez isn't with us this evening."

"I didn't expect he would be, but push the key down, anyhow. You mind?"

The night clerk went over to the switchboard and pressed the proper key. He smiled while he was doing it. "It goes buzz-buzz-buzz-buzz-buzz; it gets monotonous, captain."

"All right, let go of it," Devlin said. "Just don't be coy." The cigar stand, he had noted, was already closed up for the night. The clock in the lobby said 10:15.

"You look very summery without your uniform, captain," the night clerk said.

"Thank you," said Devlin, "and I've got a ventilated head if I waste any more time talking to you."

He hadn't expected Rico to be here. Rico at the moment would not have any appetite for facing the friends and acquaintances among whom he had always remained unchallenged. Rico, by his very nature, would have sought a place to brood. Never mind what Eddie Pfeiffer said. *I'd like him in jail,* Devlin decided; *I'd feel better with Rico in jail.*

He walked, clock and all, from the lobby into the bar. They called this part of the Hotel Paradise the Adam and Eve Room, which was real cute, Devlin thought, because there was never any shortage of serpents. A pair of fashionable thieves stood at one end of the bar, and they smelled like a six-dollar visit to the barber, even at this distance. They were masters of the frozen attitude and they displayed no interest whatever when Devlin placed the large box on the bar.

"A bottle of beer, Frank," Devlin said.

He put down thirty-five cents and felt like a real splashy spender, knowing you could get it on draught, for fifteen cents, back on Columbus Avenue. The bartender's name was Fullam. He was as skinny as a lemon stick inside his starched white shirt, but he was neat, precise and good at his trade. Devlin knew him somewhat better than Fullam, in his present place of employment, might be willing to admit. The two thieves took their drinks to a table, looking back all the while.

Devlin said, almost inaudibly, "Tell me all about this afternoon, Frank. You were here. I know you were here."

Fullam said nothing. He went over and wiped the bar where the other patrons had been. They had carried their brandies with them, but had left the water glasses. Fullam picked these up deftly and flipped an odd eighty cents of gratuity into an old-fashioned glass by the register. In the stillness that followed,

(Continued on Page 91)

Answer to

Let's Play Quarterback

(Page 84)

Obviously unable to gain yardage, Quarterback Lutz did gain precious time. Instead of heading for the goal, he raced to the side line, stepped out of bounds and stopped the clock. This gave Duke time to try four pass plays. None clicked, and the Army won, 14–13, but everyone agreed that Lutz made a smart play.

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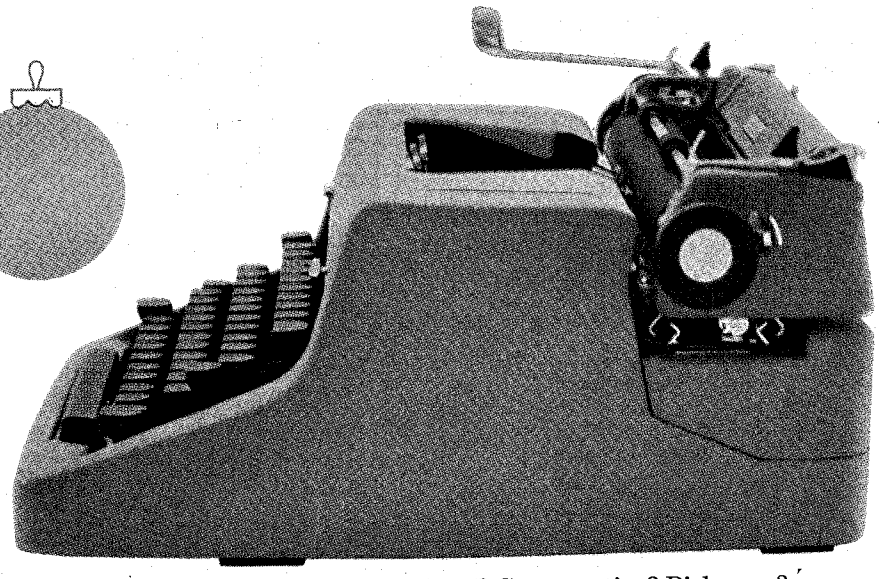

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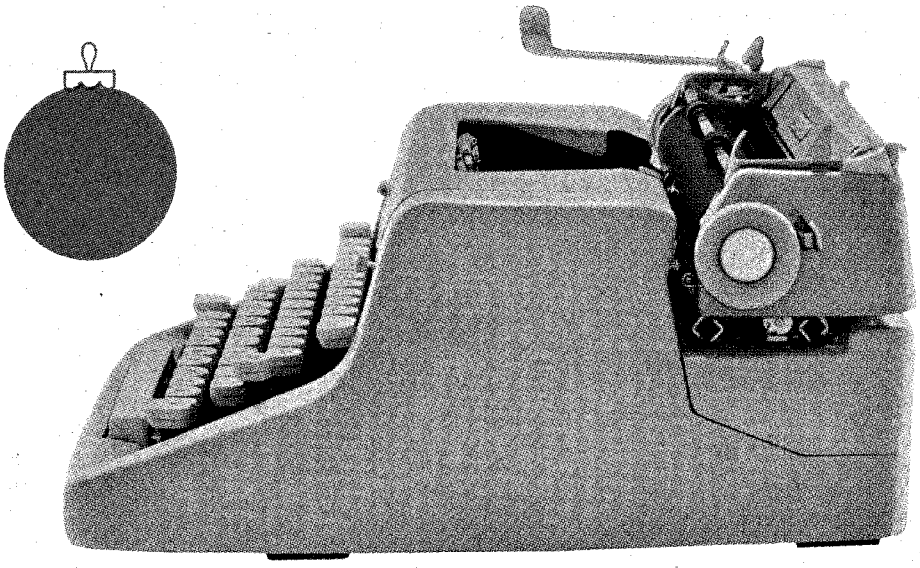
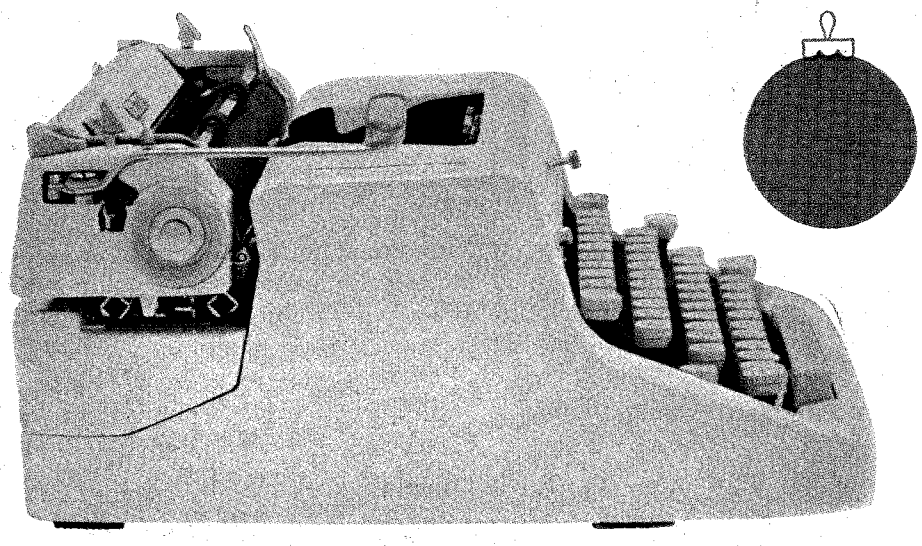


If you're the cool and collected type, maybe blue's the one you want. And it'll help make B's into A's.



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(Continued from Page 88) you could suddenly hear the metronomic ticking of the clock. Fullam backed away from it.

"If it's goin' to explode," he said. "Let me pour some water on it now." His belligerent tone was strong enough to carry. "The damn thing ticks."

"It's a clock," Devlin said. "It's entitled to tick. Forty minutes from now you'll even hear chimes."

"The man says it's a clock," Fullam announced. "He says in forty minutes we'll hear the chimes." He gathered more glasses and put them in one of the twin sinks under the bar. "You know I can't talk here, George," Fullam said in a voice greatly reduced. "Don't louse me up."

Devlin was hunched over his beer. "Let the water run in the sink," he said. "I'm the nice man that got one of your nephews paroled and another one a job in the city playgrounds. I'm the same nice man that can climb over the bar and put your head under a faucet if I have to. How was Rico after it happened?"

"He was out of his mind," Fullam stated simply. "Isn't that what you wanted to know?"

"Was he drinking?"

"No."

Now the hot water ran into both sinks and the steam came up like a pair of ghosts. Fullam washed a dozen glasses in new suds, then rinsed them in clear water.

"What'd Rico say?"

"Mostly he was shriekin'."

"What's the worst thing he shrieked?"

"The worst thing he said, for your purposes, George, was 'I will kill the rat,' and other things he called Deegan, like he meant it, but you know that's not a guarantee. That's talk, because his pals were here; he had to say something."

"He wasn't drinking after Joe clobbered him?"

"He was a lemonade man all the way. After he got slapped around—well, liquor wouldn't have helped him. You know how it is with Rico, don't you?"

"I think I do," said Devlin solemnly.

"Whisky isn't what gives him wings when things get bad for him. At least it wasn't before he went to jail. Make what you want of it, George."

"I'll make what I want of it," Devlin said. "I'm goin' to throw him in the can, for security's sake, if I have to invent a new law. Did you see any sign of Rico being on the junk?"

"All I saw I've told you, George. I can't keep washin' glasses that aren't dirty. They'll know you're pumpin' me."

"Where's Rico now?"

"I don't know. He changed his clothes; then he left at a quarter of six. He didn't say nothin', but he did look crazy. With the wrong kind of snuff he could spoil that weddin'. Maybe thirty days for Rico wouldn't do him any harm. That's from me to you, with thanks from both my nephews."

"You're not through yet," Devlin said. "You can still do better. Who was with Rico? Who did he call? Who was waitin' for him when he left?"

"Freddie Ames," Fullam said very softly. "The little guy that works for him. He was waitin' outside in the car."

"Now I think you've done your very best," said Devlin. "Thank you."

Devlin knew where Freddie Ames lived. He had been very tired when he got there, but he was more tired now. He was hungry and he kept remembering the food and coffee he had forgone. His feet hurt and his eyes blinked heavily against the strong light of an unshaded lamp.

"Let's get on with it, Freddie," Devlin said, but Freddie was not responding. He talked in spurts; then lapsed into determined silences. Freddie had to be primed, and the process was slow.

"Think again, Freddie. I've been here an hour. You and I are growing old together because your memory's so bad."

"Lay off me. I want to sleep. I told you already I was on duty sixty hours."

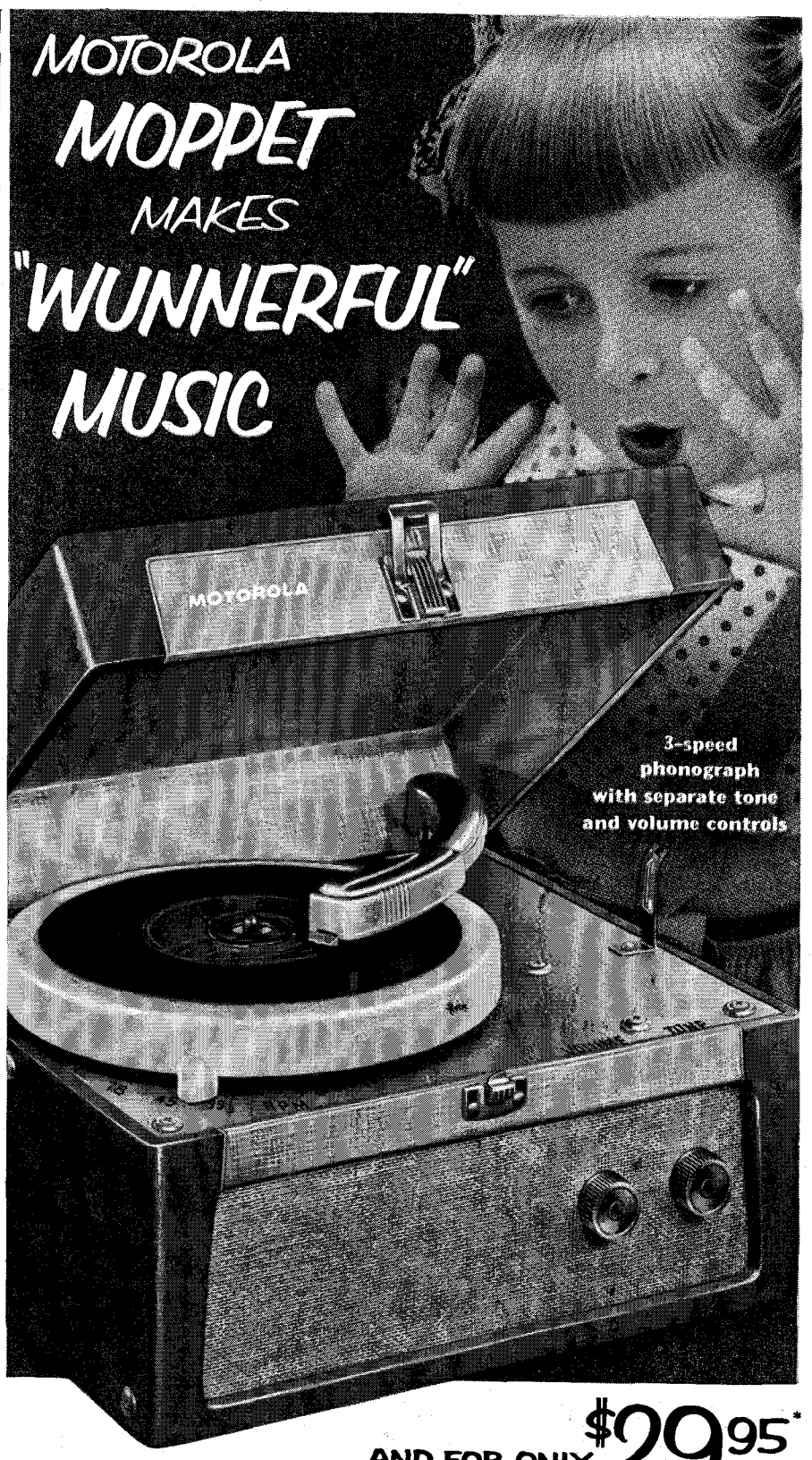
"Ever since Rico got out of jail?"

"That's what I told you. From the moment he got sprung until I left him on Broadway, three hours ago. I haven't seen him since."

Freddie Ames was a man in his forties. He was no bigger than a starving jockey standing in a hole. His shirt was off because Devlin had torn it in an earlier scramble to examine Freddie's arms. Rico Alvarez's chauffeur and general flunky—whether the boss was in (Continued on Page 94)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Darling—you got the raise!"



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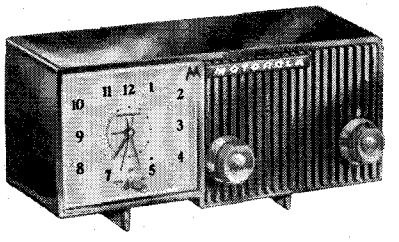

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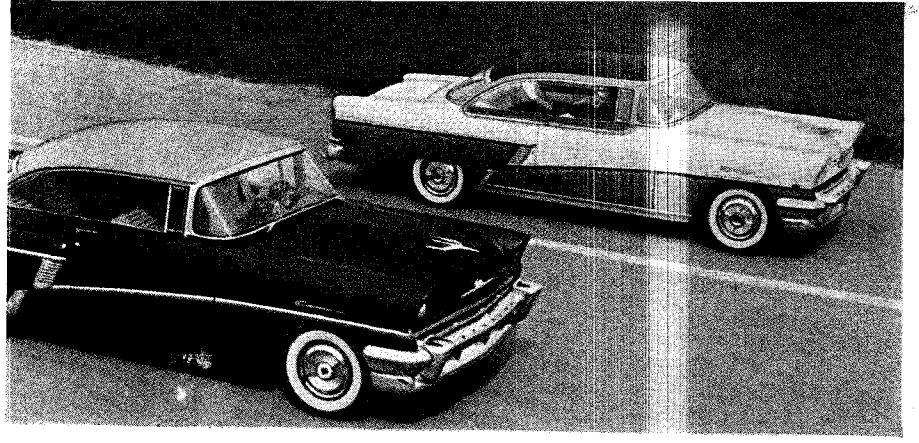

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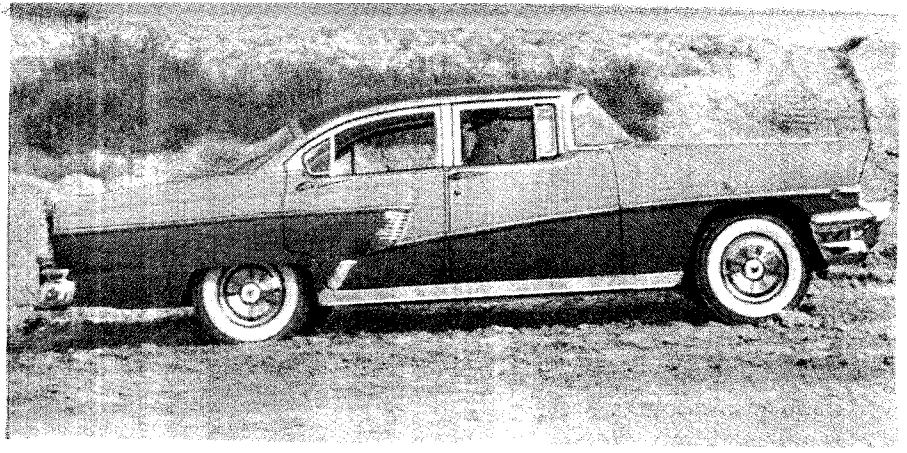

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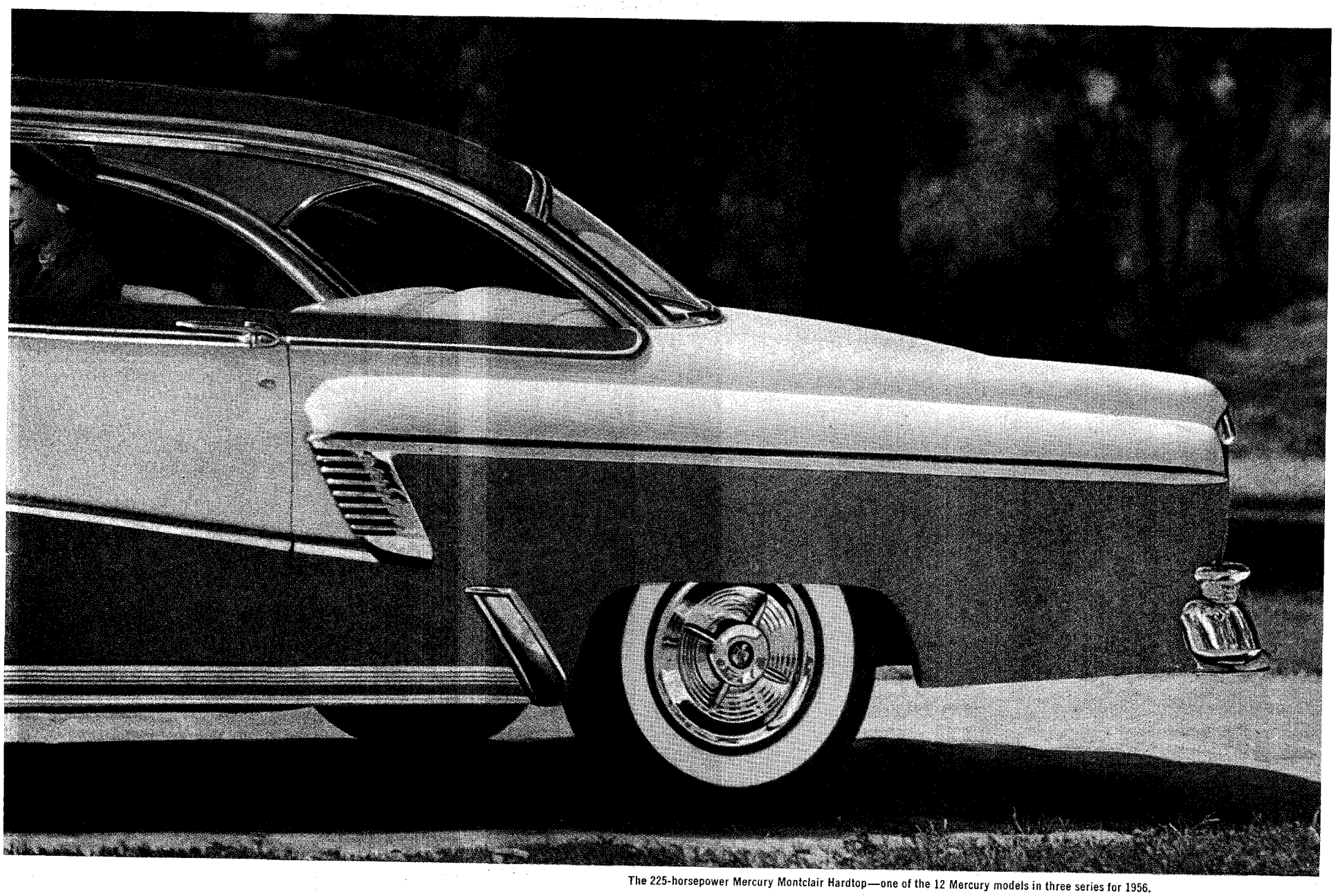

The 225-horsepower Mercury Montclair Hardtop—one of the 12 Mercury models in three series for 1956.

The big move is to THE BIG MERCURY for 1956

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(Continued from Page 91)

or out of jail—sat chicken-fleshed in the mild night breeze that came through the window. His arms were free of any recent puncture marks.

"It's my apartment," Freddie complained. "I pay the rent. I own the bed. You don't have a warrant to come in."

"I know," Devlin said. "It's like Russia, the way we operate. Except you're a liar about having left Rico off three hours ago. You'd have been asleep when I got here. For the last time, Freddie, where did you really leave Rico?"

"I told you nine times already!"

Now Devlin moved forward and picked the small man up in his arms and threw him on the bed. He slapped him once, not wanting to, but because he thought it might help. Devlin felt no hatred for criminals that even remotely matched his persistence in giving them trouble. Other cops, including some young first-grade detectives felt that his softness with certain hoodlums was a deficiency. Devlin didn't think about it much. He was watching for reactions from Freddie Ames. He raised his hand, but didn't use it. The response was plainly fear. The hate was small. This was no Rico Alvarez. Freddie Ames was beginning to fold. One little concession now, Devlin decided—one bit of bait for a frightened, practical man.

"I'll help you, Freddie," Devlin said. "You won't get hurt this way."

"I don't know anything."

"All right then. Let's suppose you don't know anything, but just the same—tonight, let's say—Joe Deegan has an accident. How high do you think we'll hang you as an accessory, Freddie? Who drove Rico away from the hotel? That's curtains, Freddie, I can tell you. Try it my way. Take my word for it that Rico won't know a thing."

Devlin lit a cigarette and waited. The clock on the floor tick-tick-ticked through all its protective wrappings. Freddie Ames looked at it, dry-lipped, apprehensive, not trusting the box that had chimed like a church some time before and shrunk the scalp on his head. The small man was thinking, chewing his lip, weighing the odds of the practical chance. He looked up.

"Rico's at his cousin's flat—alone. The third floor. One-twenty-eight west. You know the street. The one above yours. You'll help me, Devlin?"

"If you need help, it's a promise."

"Rico's waitin' for junk, I think, because I heard him on the phone with Greggy Forbes."

As a police job, Devlin knew, this wasn't orthodox procedure. A man in his right mind doesn't carry a yard-high, quietly ticking, sometimes melodious package in his arms when he's in hope of making an arrest. One-twenty-eight was a house much like his own, but converted to four-family use. There was a vestibule with name plates, mail slots and a stubbornly latched inner door.

"Can I help you, mister?"

Devlin had been watching the man in the blue shirt and the white suspenders who had come from the basement and was climbing the steps from the street.

"You're the janitor?"

"The superintendent, mister." And when Devlin showed him his badge, he said, "There's trouble?"

"I want to go to the third floor," Devlin said. "A relative of Suarez," he added. "Open up for me, will you? Another thing: are you an honest superintendent?"

"I don't have to answer that. Why?"

"Because I want you to hold this package till I come down. It's important that nothing happens to it."

"What's in the package?"

"A new parkin' meter. The small size. Hold it careful, so the dimes don't fall out."

"I don't want any trouble."

Devlin had gone ahead. He moved carefully on the first steep flight of stairs. His weight had multiplied on his legs since he had left the parish church. His breath was heavy. *I'm old*, he thought. A grimy fifteen-watt bulb cast a feeble light on the worn, shredded carpet of the second floor. Devlin, from long experience, reached up and killed the light by twisting the bulb in his hand. He heard a door open above him—slowly, prudently, but on hinges that squeaked and protested. Then he heard the voices, low, not carrying the full depth of the stairs, yet identifiable by accent and by tone. Devlin reached for his gun.

One man began descending the stairs. "Where the hell is the light?" he complained.

"The stupid janitor," Rico said. "That's all it is. Go ahead."

"I don't like to go down with no light."

But Greggy Forbes came down, while Devlin waited, sweating in the dark. Thirty years on the job had never made this easy. His heart began to pound and he could feel the pressure in his ears. He reached then, when it was time, and put the gun against Greggy, who gasped.

"Don't move at all," Devlin said softly. "Move a little bit, a tiny bit, then you're dead, Greggy." He reached up with his left hand, twisting the warm bulb back to fitful life. "Higher, Greggy. Higher with your arms."

"I got nothin' on me—nothin'," the junkman said.

"We'll go upstairs then, and we'll see if you came empty-handed."

Devlin pushed Greggy Forbes ahead of him toward the final set of stairs and the flickering light above them. He could not see Rico Alvarez, but suddenly he heard him.

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"Greggy?" Rico said in his high, thin voice. "You alone there, Greggy?"

Devlin held his breath and tightened his grip on the man who shielded him.

"Come out nicely, Rico," he said. "Come out quiet. A little trip to the station house. No lumps on your head. I don't want to kill you, Rico."

There was no answer.

"Lemme go, Devlin," Greggy begged aloud. "The guy's full of snuff. I don't want to go up."

"It's a short trip, Greggy. I like it this way."

The narcotics peddler folded on the stairs. He went to his knees and clung to the steps. Devlin hit him once with the gun, and then stepped awkwardly over him as Rico appeared at the top of the stairs.

"Give me the gun, Rico," Devlin said. His voice was steadier than his hand. He advanced another step. "There's a wedding tomorrow. Let's not have a wake."

Rico wavered, his eyes uncertain, but the store-bought courage was working in him strongly. There were cotton puffs in the corners of his mouth. Devlin moved one stride.

"Now, Rico."

He was moving when Rico fired, and he clubbed the shrieking man three times while the sound of the shot was in the air. Rico fell face down, sobbing, as Devlin picked up the gun. People came from the other apartments.

"I'm a cop," Devlin said. "Take it easy. Anybody here got a telephone; the city'll pay them a dime."

He watched the superintendent mount the stairs in haste, his mouth agape, his eyes wide, bearing Devlin's bundle before him. He was doing fine until he saw the bodies and stumbled. He reached for the banister in panic as Devlin's package slowly rolled the full depth of the stairs.

He got home at two o'clock, a weary man. He climbed the front steps with the compensating thought, *It's my house, anyhow. I own it from the seepage in the cellar to the pigeon stains on the skylight.* He put the wedding gift down so he could dig in a pocket for his keys. The package ticked no longer and there were loose items adrift in it. He felt defeated and worn and somehow betrayed. He went into the house, and he could smell coffee. He walked straight ahead to the kitchen, where Eddie Pfeiffer was sitting with Mae, quietly eating a bun. Mae seemed recovered from recent tears. She glanced at him strangely.

"I thought you were killed," she said, "until Eddie phoned the station house. What kind of a husband are you?"

He put the clock on the kitchen table. "I'm a tired one," Devlin said. He sat heavily in the chair she placed for him. He felt the pressure of her hands on his shoulders, the soft touch of her face against his own. "I guess I'm a stupid one too," he said sadly, while Eddie, an inquisitive man, began to examine the box. "I let a guy drop and ruin the only gift I had for Mary and Joe."

"Yeah, we know that," Eddie said. "Rico was nothing. That's what the sergeant told us on the phone. Walking in on that hopped-up hyena was just a night's work, wasn't it? Poor Mary. Poor Deegan. I feel sorry for them both."

Eddie brought forth the clock then, holding it high and turning it, so that the painted roses bloomed in the light. The gold door under the dial was open and the figures were gone from it. The clock, if it wasn't smashed to bits, was ominously still.

"It would have been real fancy," Devlin said. "Hey, what are you doin' now? Do those things fit?"

Eddie Pfeiffer had reached into the tall box for the missing figurines and set them carefully in place. "You're not the mechanical type," he said to Devlin. "You're not a modern scientific cop. You wouldn't know what to do."

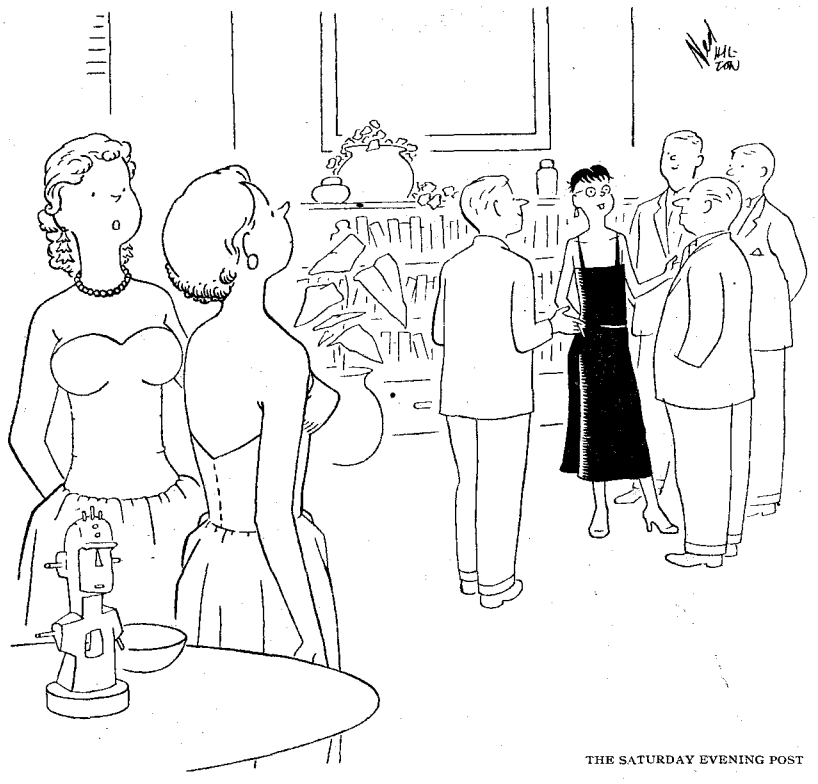
"Because I never went to that FBI school?" Devlin said. "So what?"

"Sh-sh-sh," said Eddie now. "Be quiet." Gently, almost with affection, he shook the clock in his hands. "Hey, Devlin, how do you like that?"

"It's the most beautiful clock in all New York," Mae said, for they could hear it ticking strong.

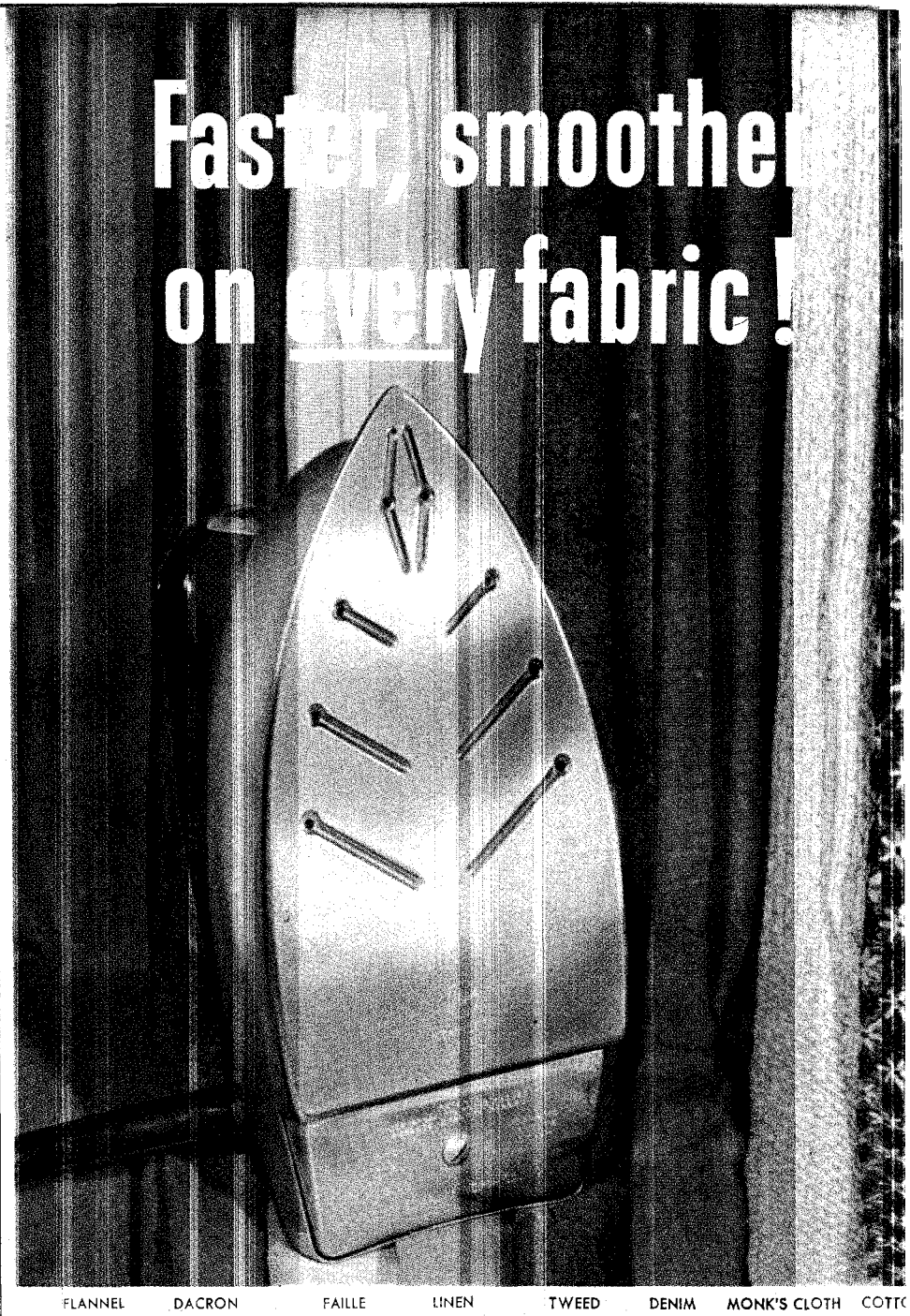
Devlin looked away, because his eyes were moist again. *I get so damned sentimental,* he thought; *I don't know what's the matter with me.*

THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"She has a deep interest in Shakespeare, a thorough knowledge of modern art, and seventeen oil wells."



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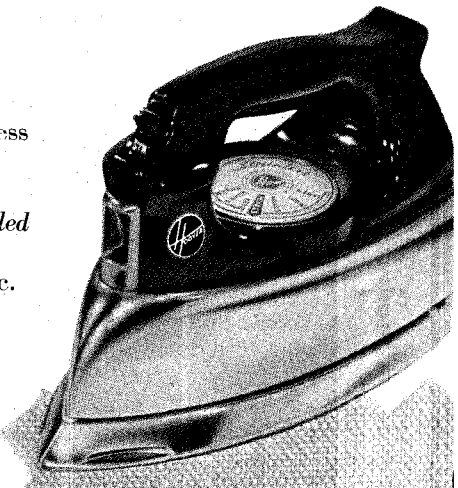

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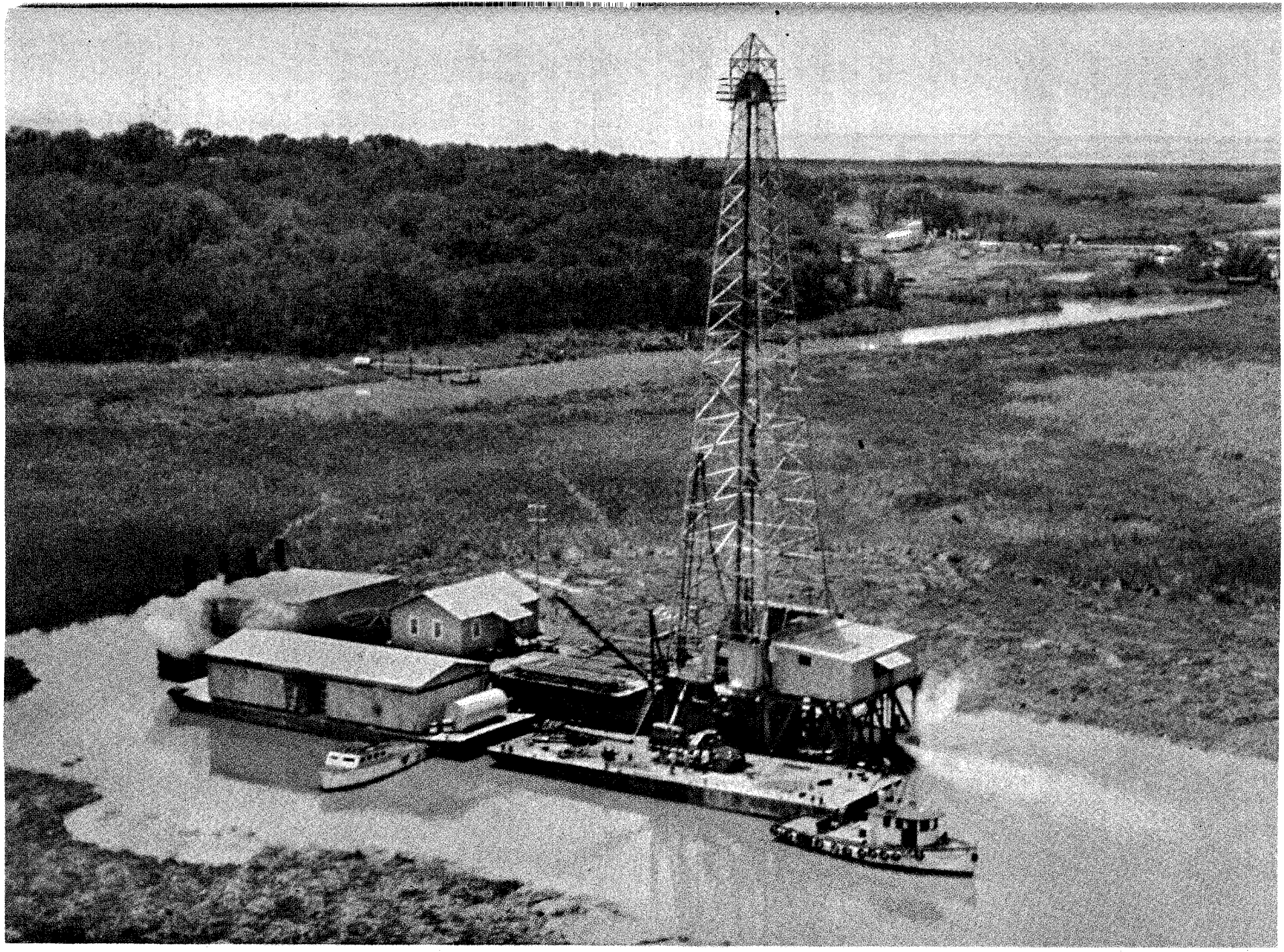

STEAM DERRICK on barge drills for oil in desolate Louisiana swamp. To get derrick on the location recommended by Sun's geologists, canals are dredged through swampland. Despite scientific exploration methods, the only way to find oil is to drill for it. In far background is a storage tank battery.

From Louisiana swamps to Canadian snows Sun Oil drills for new oil reserves

By CHARLES SLATER

The going is rough and hazardous and there's no guarantee you'll strike oil. But it's the only way to add millions of barrels to the underground oil reserves America needs.

THE MEN WHO DRILL the earth for oil make miracles their business. They can make a hole bend underground to avoid an obstruction half a mile down. They can drill at an angle, to reach an oil pool under water from a drilling rig on shore. They can sink a well into the side of a mountain, in tangled swampland, or through the bottom of the ocean. Wherever there's a chance of finding oil you'll hear the steady hum of their drilling rigs and more often than not you'll find Sun Oil Company at the forefront in the new areas of exploration.

Eight To One Odds

The odds against discovering oil in previously unexplored territory are eight to one. And despite the phenomenal strides made in scientific methods of exploration, the only way to be sure you'll find it is to drill for it. For the past five years, Sun Oil Company has been putting better than a million dollars a week into expanded and modernized oil producing facilities, and a vigorous search for new oil sources. This search has led to important discoveries not only of oil but of natural gas. Last year Sun sold enough natural gas to meet the needs of 2 million average residential users for an entire year, while at the same time materially increasing its gas reserves. And in the last five years, the company has discovered 250 million barrels of oil and brought to the surface 200 million barrels. The remaining 50 million barrels of oil, still underground, is representative of Sun's part in building U.S. proved oil reserves to record heights.

Sun Oil 11th In U.S.

As U.S. oil producers go, Sun Oil ranks 11th in size. The company started as a small oil producing and transporting company in Ohio in 1886. Today, Sun produces oil in 14 states and Canada, operates three modern refineries, a fleet of ocean-going tankers, an extensive pipeline system and markets over 400 different petroleum products.

Forward-Looking Organization

Building up the oil reserves needed by the U.S. involves more than finding oil. It also means producing wisely and without waste. Sun is recognized as a pioneer in modern conservation practices that have vastly increased the yield from oil fields ... another example of the way a forward-looking organization holds fast to the simple formula initiated by the founder many years before: "The way to be successful in America is to give the people better quality and value." Sun Oil Co., Philadelphia 3, Pa. Sun Oil Co. Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

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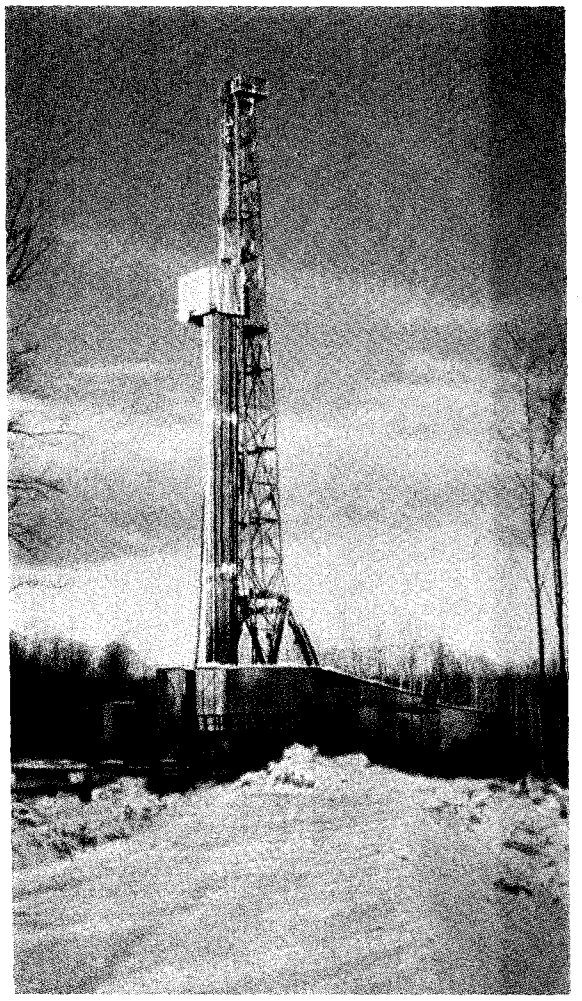
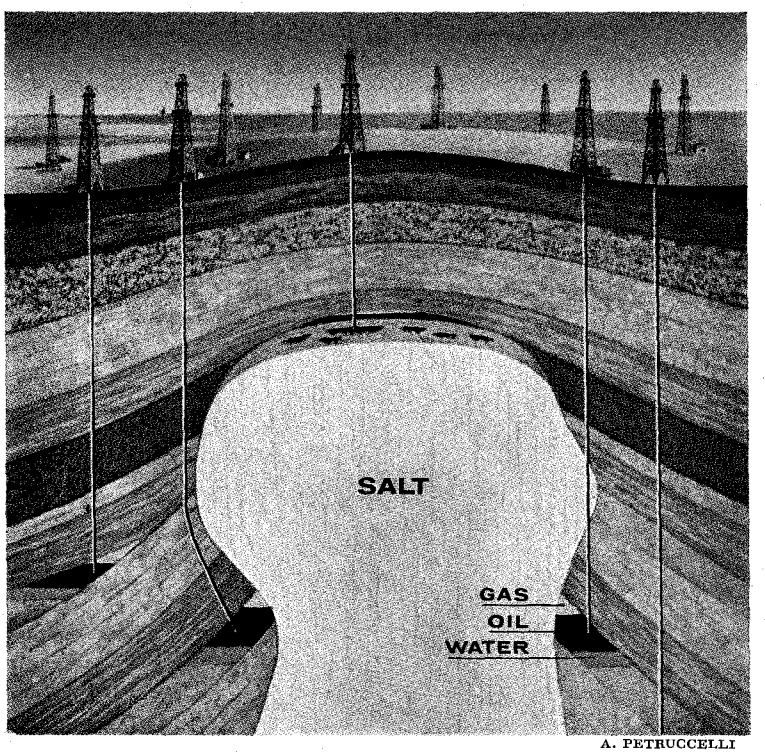
GUS PASQUARELLA

SNOW-COVERED OIL FIELD in Alberta, Canada where Sun Oil has extensive operations. Sun crews work in temperatures that often drop to more than 30° below zero.

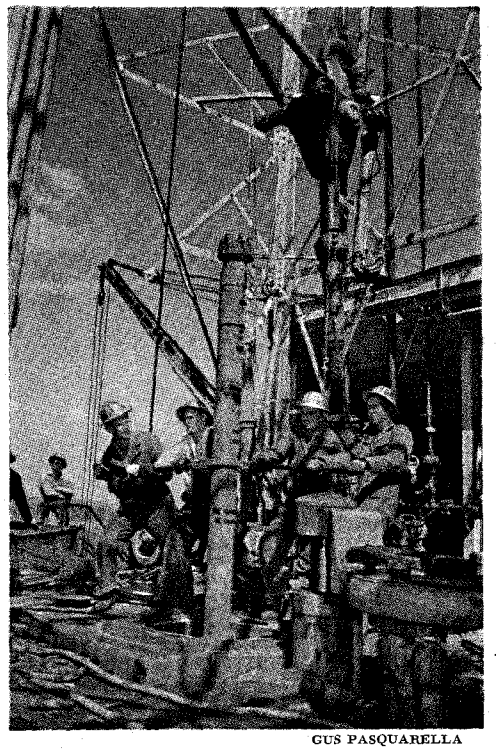
H. R. MCCORMACK





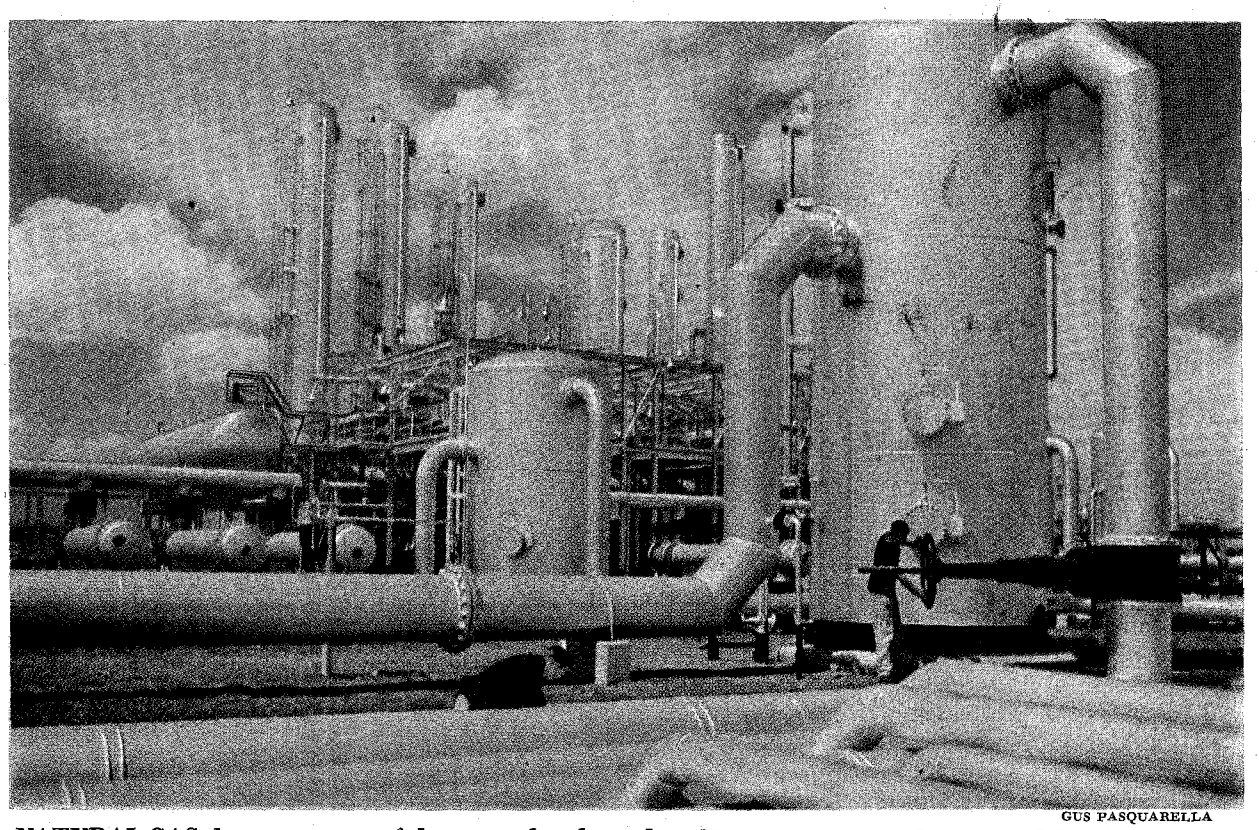
A. PETRUCCELLI

BILLION YEAR OLD DEPOSITS of oil are trapped by salt dome and rock formations. Note hole drilled at an angle, a technique that Sun pioneered, to avoid expensive drilling through salt.



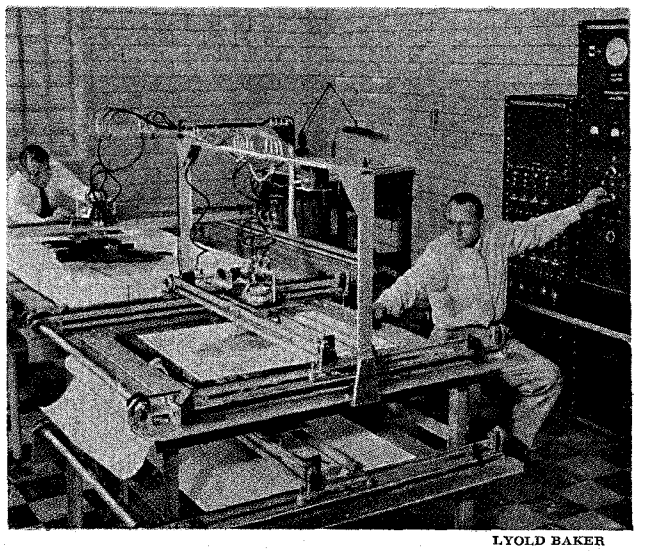
GUS PASQUARELLA

BULLETS ARE DETONATED from special gun lowered into cased-hole to perforate pipe and to admit new oil and gas.



GUS PASQUARELLA

NATURAL GAS that comes out of the ground with crude oil is compressed and processed for the removal of liquefied petroleum gas and natural gasoline. The remaining dry gas is then transported through thousands of miles of cross-country pipelines for ultimate use of household and industrial consumers.

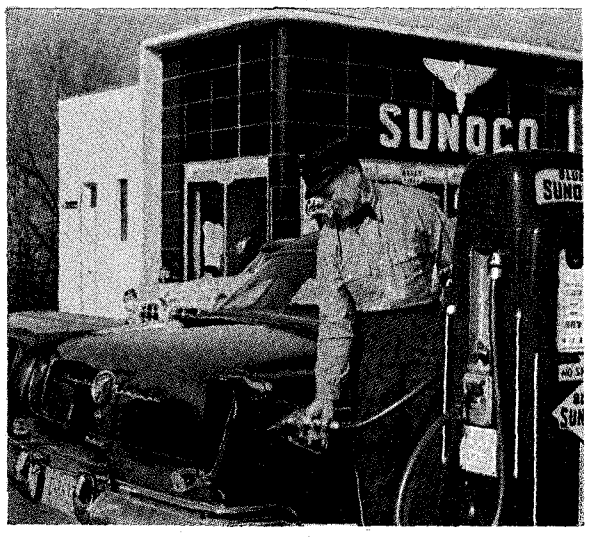


LYOLD BAKER

ELECTRONIC RESEARCH EQUIPMENT is used by Sun engineers to predetermine behavior of oil fields under different operating conditions. A choice is then made that will give the maximum efficient recovery.

INDEPENDENT BUSINESSMEN, approximately 8,000 of them, operate Sunoco service stations. And on the average they pump twice as much gasoline as their competition.

HAROLD R. STOTT



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CHOOSE YOUR HOLIDAY MINCE PIE

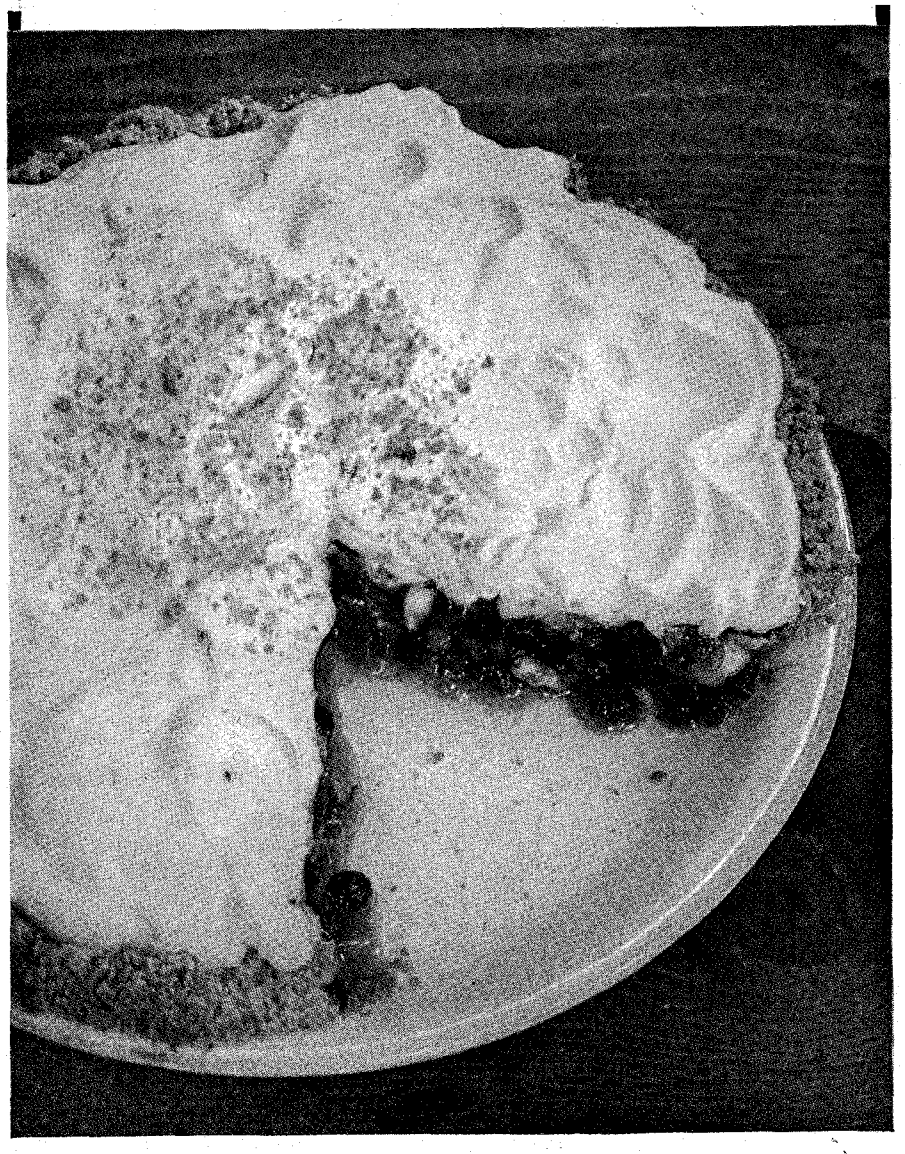
No-Bake

BRAND-NEW RECIPE, MADE IN MINUTES

1 9-ounce package Borden's Condensed None Such
1½ cups hot water
1 to 3 tablespoons sugar
1 8-inch graham cracker crumb crust (recipe on graham cracker package)
½ cup heavy cream, whipped

Break Borden's Condensed None Such Mince Meat into small pieces, add water and sugar. Place over heat and stir until lumps are throughly broken. Boil gently 10 minutes. Cool slightly. Pour into crumb crust. Chill and top with whipped cream.

To use Borden's Ready-to-use Mince Meat, heat 1½ cups slightly and pour into prepared crumb crust. Chill before topping.



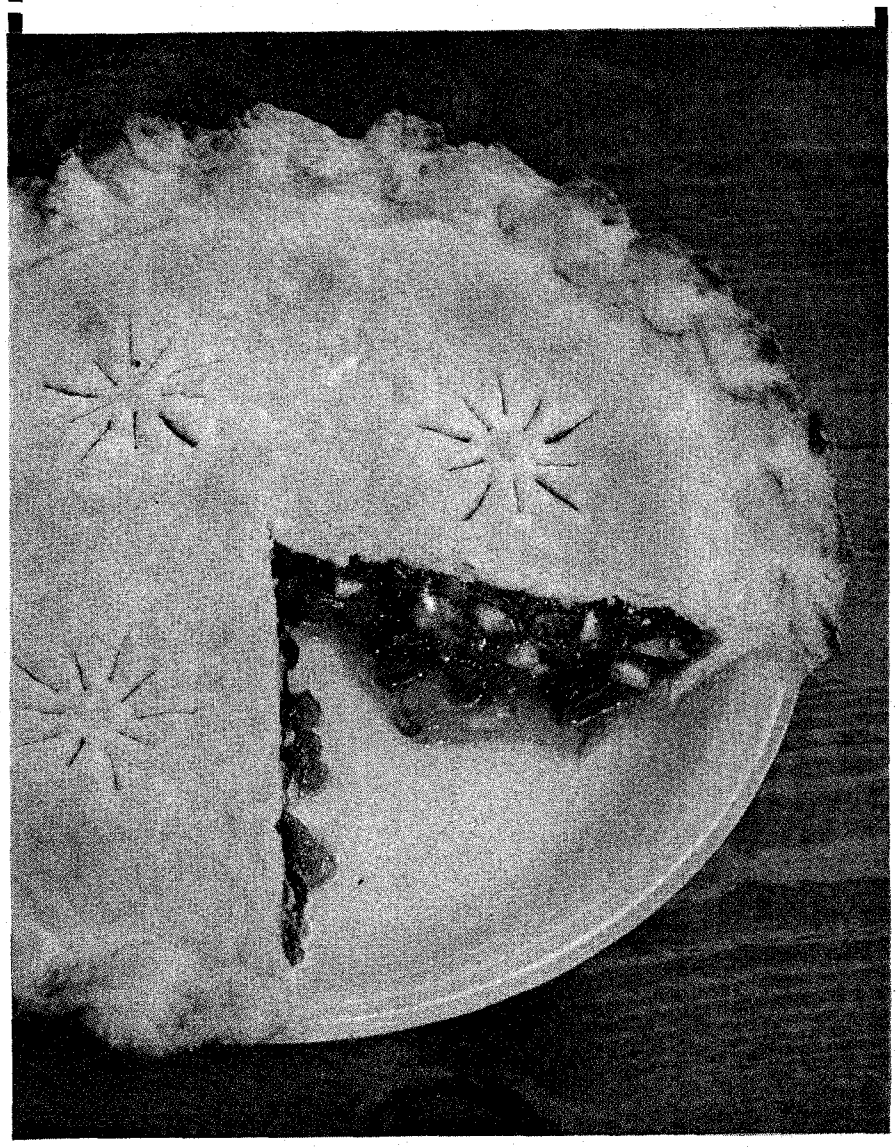
Family Favorite

EVERYONE LOVES IT AT HOLIDAY TIME

1 9-ounce package of Borden's Condensed None Such
1½ cups hot water
1 to 3 tablespoons sugar
1 8-inch pastry recipe

Break Borden's Condensed None Such Mince Meat into small pieces, add water and sugar. Place over heat and stir until lumps are thoroughly broken. Boil 1 minute. Cool slightly.

Fit lower crust into 8-inch pie pan. Pour in mixture. Moisten edge of crust. Cover with top crust. Slash top. Press crust edges together. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 30 minutes or till done.



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That's because only the finest selected apples, raisins, currants, spices and beef . . . 21 quality ingredients in all . . . are used in None Such. And they're put together according to an old New England recipe. No wonder None Such mince pies turn out perfect every time. *FREE recipe book.* 21 None Such Mince Meat recipes for all seasons. Beautifully illustrated.

Send your name and address to: None Such Mince Meat, Dept. 130, The Borden Co., 350 Madison Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

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A Time for Anger (Continued from Page 22)

sir." He was a green kid then, barely sixteen and he called all white men "sir," but this man was his idol.

Four years ago at Sheridan, Tote had driven from his hotel to the fair grounds and found the young Indian camping with his horse near some of the Crows who danced at the two daily performances.

"How'd you like to work for me?" he asked and then, when Granjo's face had wrinkled with delight, Tote had turned away without waiting for his answer.

They'd been together ever since; a strange combination—the white man greased lightning in the arena, conceited, unpopular with his fellow contestants, but respected for his undisputed position; the Indian his quiet, self-effacing, indispensable and inseparable satellite.

The Indian trained Tote's horses; and around the shows they said jokingly, "The durn bow-and-arrow can absolutely talk horse, that's all there is to it." He was as popular as Tote was not. Their first misunderstanding was when Tote had found him schooling a horse belonging to Rufus Ingalls—a young hand, and the only contestant who stayed close to Tote in the calf roping.

"Just what do you think you are doing?" Tote had asked unpleasantly. Granjo remembered the anger boiling up in him.

He had answered, "What's it look like I'm doing?"

"You got one job," Tote had said, his words spaced evenly, "and that's to make my horses the best there are. And you're not to climb on something else and work for the opposition."

Granjo had quit, then and there. But his conscience had plagued him; when Tote had given him work he'd been penniless, and down deep he'd felt a sense of obligation. And he had missed the horses immediately; Tote could afford to pay a big price for a prospect and Granjo's love of training a young rope horse was akin to a passion.

For three long, miserable days he'd hung around the show, occasionally sneaking over to the stable to see if Tote was doctoring the horses that needed attention. Then he had run into Tote at the barn.

Now he could remember the scene clearly. The Texan had gruffly asked him, "Do you want to go back to work?"

Pride had almost made him refuse, but as a compromise he had answered, "Under one condition, and that's you give me ten per cent of all you win, off horses I train."

While they had stood silently facing each other, Granjo had felt a smoldering tension that in later days was always there.

Tote had finally answered, "All right. But remember you're workin' just for me."

Since then, Tote's winnings had been incredibly large. With Granjo's meticulous training his horses outperformed those of the other contestants. They kept several horses fit and beautifully trained, allowing Tote to fly from show to show and contest more than the average roper. The combination of having the best horses and his catlike agility on the ground made Tote the best there was.

Now Tote's words brought Granjo's mind to the present.

". . . and it's from an E. Haskell. Did you ever hear of him?"

"Heard of his stock. Comes from around Vail, not far from here. Breeds some great horses. Why?"

"Well, he's offering me five hundred to rope off some pig of his. I imagine he wants to say I used it and then sell it for a big price."

Granjo felt uncomfortable; the excuse he'd made in the past for Tote's conceit was wearing thin. In the past he'd thought: *Tote is lonely and his reputation is all he has; no wonder he's conceited.* But now the excuse didn't ring true. Tote's conceit was becoming insufferable.

He looked at the expressionless face under the expensive hat. He wondered if such perfection in the arena was worth the single-mindedness and coldness outside the show grounds. Tote, he thought, must really be an unhappy man.

"Hang around here this afternoon," Tote said. "I'll wire this jasper to send the horse over. Five hundred's a lot of money. A lot of money with Pepe's ankle bothering him." And Tote walked to the car and drove off.

Granjo was playing a hose on the bandages on Pepe's front legs when the horse tossed his head. Granjo looked up and saw Rufus Ingalls riding toward him, between the long stables.

"Hi, Geronimo," Rufus called. "Where's White Lightning?"

Granjo straightened and smiled. He was fond of the red-haired, freckled roper and had often thought how good it would be to shake off Tote and work with a man like Rufus.

"I don't know where he went; back to the hotel, I expect," Granjo answered.

"I suppose it's a breach of your contract, but see if you can figure out what's making this horse ouchy."

"Jog him away from me and then back, out there on the road where it's level," Granjo said, and saw that the gray horse was favoring the near foreleg. "All right, Rufe," Granjo called, "bring him here."

Granjo ran his hand down the horse's leg and could find no swelling or heat, but when he felt the hoof he noticed that it seemed warm. He went into his room—merely a box stall with a solid door—and came back with a pair of hoof testers. He pinched around the hoof with the tonglike instruments until he found a spot where, when he applied pressure, the gray horse flinched.

"Looks like he's graveled. I could try and drain it or you could just turn him out until it took care of itself."

"I'd rather break an arm than not be able to rope off him. Think he'd be lame if you drained it?"

"No; but we'd have to shoe him and cover the foot with leather. Has he ever been shod?" Granjo asked.

"No; but he's plumb gentle when you trim his feet."

"Well, let's do it. If we don't have to go too deep it won't bother him. I'll needle the foot anyway."

"What about White Lightning? What's he going to say?" Rufus asked, the bantering tone leaving his voice.

"You want me to work on this horse or ——" Granjo started to ask, his voice cold and irritable. Then quickly he changed his tone, "Sorry, Rufe; no telling what he'll say, but let's try and patch your pony."

Granjo's expert fingers, dwarfing the lance, were surprisingly deft for their size and strength. He found the little pocket of infection. Quickly he drained it and then, packing the foot with oakum, he shod the horse, a leather between the sole of the foot and the light aluminum shoe. While he worked, he talked to Rufus.

"By the way, Rufe, you ever hear of a Haskell? A fellah that raises quarter horses?"

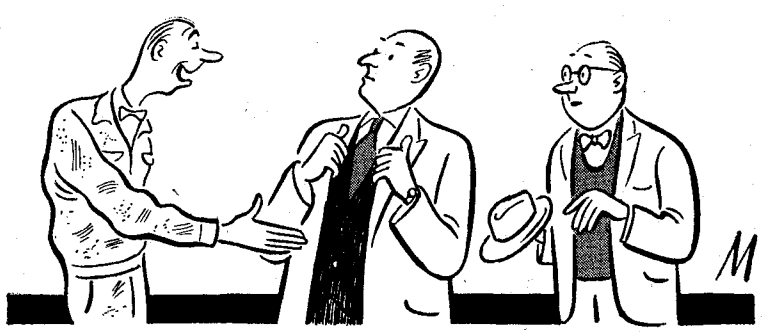
Rufus didn't answer. Granjo was shoeing the horse, holding a front foot between his knees and his broad back toward Rufus. He turned and glanced at the man behind him, who was hunkered down on his heels holding the bridle reins. Rufus met his glance and seemed embarrassed.

"Did you?" Granjo insisted.

"Well, yes, I know somethin' about him. Or rather I remember hearin' things. You know what the boys are like around a hotel and back of the chutes, a bunch of old women."

"What did you hear?"

"He was part Sioux, dang near full-blooded, married a rich girl from the East and bought a fancy spread. Hear he got kinda wild, (Continued on Page 102)



The Perfect Squelch

Visiting a friend's home one evening, an executive of a local firm found himself bombarded by the gibes of a young auto mechanic who had dropped in while still in his grease-stained uniform. The mechanic remarked frequently and not too subtly that it seemed incredible for anyone to earn an honest day's pay without getting dirty. When the host tried to change the subject, the result was an insinuation about "white-collar dudes."

Concealing his feelings, the executive decided to leave early. As he slipped into his well-tailored topcoat, the mechanic stuck out his hand with feigned friendliness and taunted, "I hope my working clothes didn't offend you."

"Why should they?" the executive replied. "After all, I'm wearing mine."

Robert Van Der Velde

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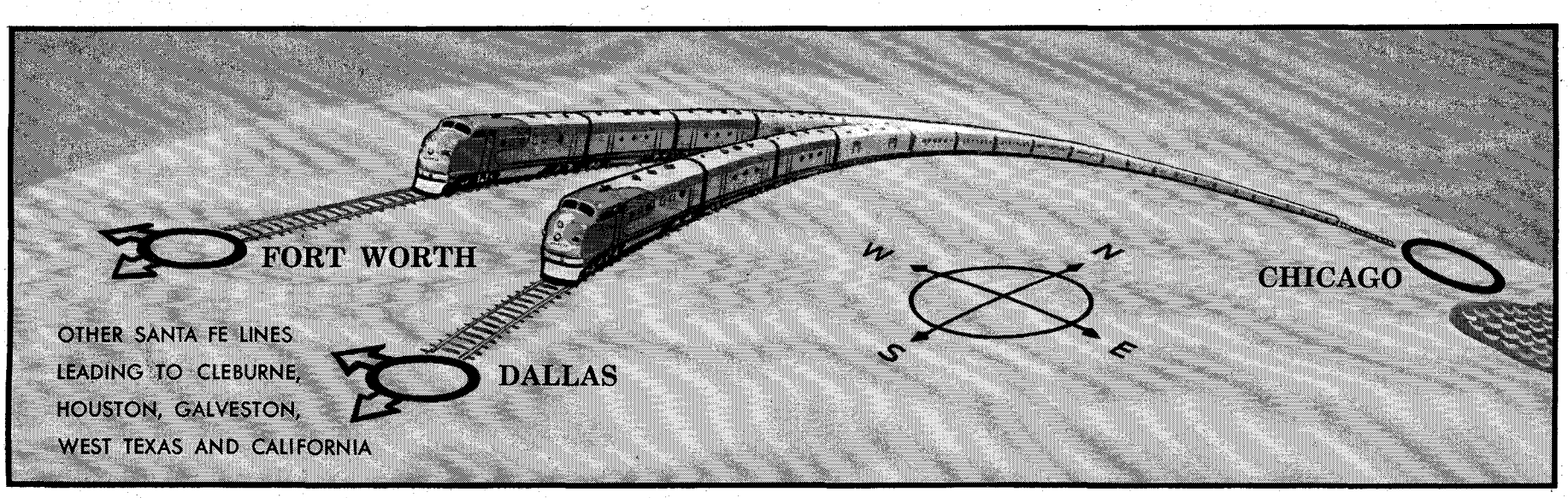
NEW. The new Dallas main line cuts off hours of shipping time for freight from Chicago, the North and East—and provides more time for loading outbound freight at Dallas.

NEW. The new Dallas main line makes possible the development of thousands of acres of fine plant sites, affording greater opportunity than ever before to progressive and expanding industries locating in North Texas.

SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES



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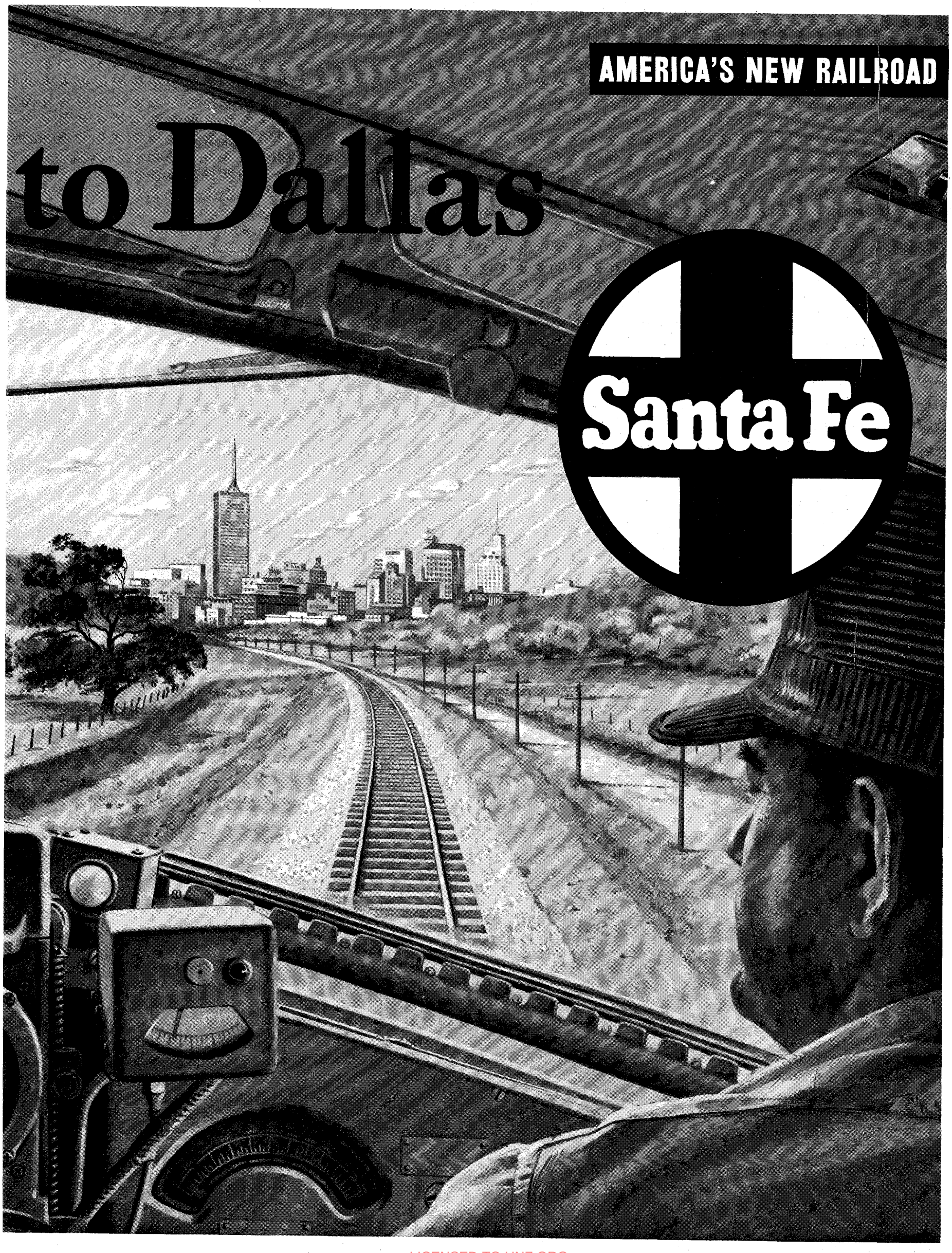

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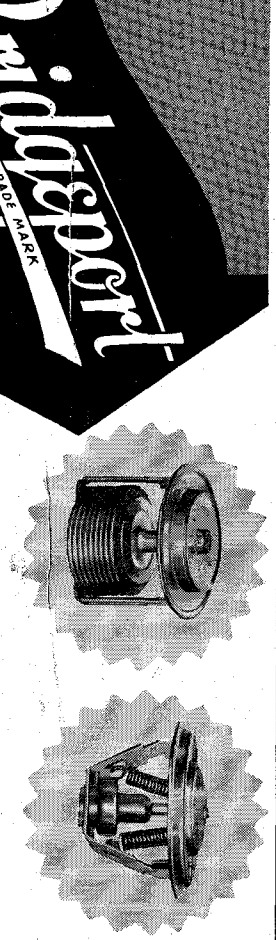

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(Continued from Page 99) drank a lot. When she'd take him back East they spoiled him rotten. You know, he was a curiosity back there. After a while he got to thinkin' he really was somethin'."

Granjo busied himself with the horse's foot between his knees. It wasn't easy to tell one Indian about another who'd got too big for his own good. Granjo knew some who were like that but he didn't blame them. They'd been kicked around, pretty much, and then when they did get a break, it went to their heads.

He finished the foot and straightened up. Then with intent to ease Rufus' embarrassment he asked, humorously, "Has this bourbon-bustin' Haskell brave been around the shows lately?"

Rufus grinned. "No, he hasn't been around lately. He's got a bit of age on him. Come to think of it, last I heard he was pretty near done, been drinking hard."

"We can't handle the stuff," Granjo said simply. "I always feel sorry for those who have to try."

As if to change the subject, Rufus said, "Why don't you take up veterinarian work? I bet you could make—an independent living around the shows. I don't mean that as a crack, but if Tote was to get hurt real bad, where would you be?"

"I've often thought of that. You know, I've saved up a lot of money. At least a lot to my way of thinking. Someday I hope to get a little veterinary training, then buy a small spread and raise quarter horses."

While Granjo finished nailing on the last shoe they were silent. He was trying to picture what this Haskell was going to be like. He dreaded his preconceived image of a drunken Indian who would lord it over him.

He finished rasping the clinched nails and said, "All right, Rufe. Sure hope he goes sound. I wouldn't use him any more than you have to until you contest. Try to keep that leather dry."

Rufus stood there uncertainly, and his hand started to reach for the wallet in his pocket.

Granjo laughed. "You know better than that, Rufe. The shoes belonged to Tote anyway."

Rufus saddled his horse. For a moment he stood next to Granjo, then he put his hand on Granjo's shoulder. "Thanks, Granjo," he said quietly. He mounted and rode off.

Granjo looked up and saw an old battered pickup pulling a trailer toward him. The pickup stopped and a girl climbed out.

"Could you tell me where Tote Masefield is stabled?" she asked.

"Right here, m'am," Granjo said, getting to his feet and removing his hat.

"I'm Edith Haskell. I've brought my stallion, Hustler, over. I wired Tote. Do you know anything about it?"

Granjo was embarrassed. What Rufus Ingalls had recently told him about the spoiled Indian, seemed now to be a mistake; perhaps this was a different Haskell. But the girl's jet-black hair and easy, direct glance told him perhaps this was the same family.

"I work for Tote. I was waiting for you. We have a stall ready. We didn't expect a . . ." his voice stumbled to quiet.

"A girl?" Edith supplied, smiling. "Perhaps that was a little dishonest, but, you see, dad died two months ago and I'm trying to run the ranch, and some men don't like to deal with women. Dad always claimed that Hustler could make a champion rope horse, and he thought that if he had a championship on his record he could, the way he's bred, make money as a sire."

"Have you done much with him?" Granjo asked.

"He reins wonderfully, but he hasn't worked on as many calves as I'd have liked him to."

Granjo helped unload Hustler. He was a small but powerful chunky sorrel. Granjo immediately liked the wide head and the powerful bulldog jaws. The little stallion showed he had a lot of sense; he unloaded quietly and walked into his stall without fussing.

After Granjo had put up the tail gate of the trailer he came and stood beside the girl as she looked into Hustler's stall.

"I hope it pays to advertise, because I'm taking an expensive chance, but I think dad was right. If he can win one big show I could ask a three-hundred-dollar stud fee and get plenty of mares."

Granjo studied the girl. He noticed her work-worn hands, and thought of the battered pickup, and wondered if she could afford the fee she had offered Tote. She was very dark, tall and graceful. Suddenly he hoped she would mention her Indian blood. At times being a breed was lonely. He wondered if she realized his own heredity. He hoped so. He wanted to say something to reassure her; something to ease her uncertainty.

"Tote will go good at this show. He's been getting a lot of practice. He's extra fast right now."

She looked at Granjo and he had the feeling his remark was too blunt; she'd guessed he was trying to be kind.

She asked, "Where is he?"

"I guess over around the chutes. The amateur roping is this afternoon and tonight. He's getting a line on the calves."

"What makes him so good?"

Granjo hesitated; he didn't want to give her any false impressions about Tote's horsemanship. Tote was hard on horses. He rode every one alike; he rode them all as if they were finished campaigners.

"I think the biggest reason for his success is his constant practice. You know it costs money to rope as many calves as he does between shows. I don't know of any other contestant that works as hard and steadily as he does. Most can't afford it."

As the girl listened to him, Granjo felt her eyes searching his face. Abruptly she turned from the stall. "I'm going to the hotel and clean up. I'll be back later. Thank you for everything."

"You don't mind if I throw my riggin' on Hustler and let him stretch his legs?" Granjo asked, curious to see if the horse was any good or not.

"No; I think that would be a good idea."

Granjo was surprised: Hustler was one of the best-moving prospects he'd ever sat on. The chunky stallion could break from a standstill and be running full tilt in six powerful bounds. Granjo had taken the saddle off and was rubbing the damp sweat mark of the blanket when Tote drove up.

Tote looked the horse over, his hands in his hip pockets and the annoying, off-key whistle coming from his pursed lips.

"This pig any account?" he asked.

"He's a good mover and seems to have plenty of speed."

Tote shot a quick glance at Granjo. "What did the jasper say who brought him over? Did he say he'd hold good? Has he done much roping?"

Granjo was about to tell Tote what the girl had told him and then, without quite knowing why, he decided he wouldn't mention the fact that Hustler's owner was a girl.

"He hasn't done too much."

Tote stared at the horse again. "He's really built," he said thoughtfully and then Tote was his usual self, snapping orders. "I'm going to have to welsh on the deal. I was going to grab the five hundred, but now they got a couple of stores in town putting up side purses, about eleven hundred with the purse, so I'll have to go for that. Tell Haskell my knee's botherin' me. Tell him anything."

"That's kind of a dirty trick, Tote," Granjo said quietly.

Tote's eyes narrowed. "Listen, get this straight. I won a lot of money for you. I don't need you tellin' me how to run my affairs. Don't forget that."

Tote turned on his heel and climbed into his car.

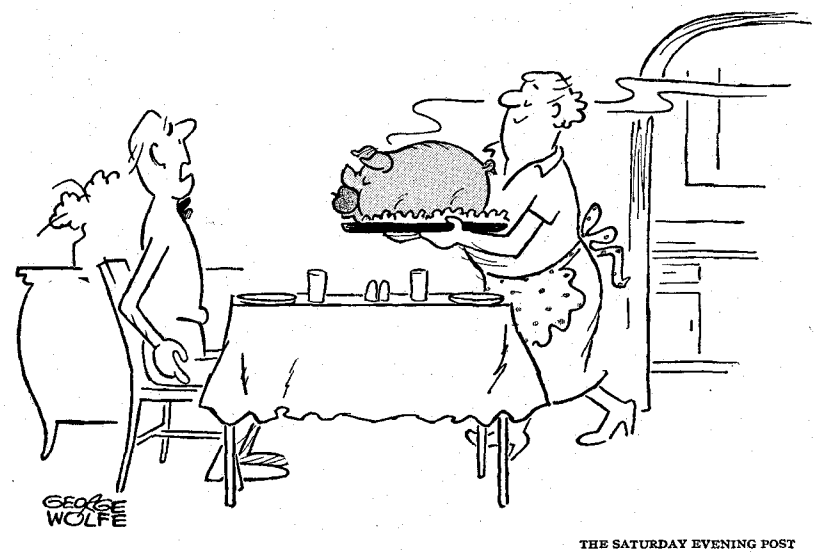
Granjo tried to be honest about his own strong feelings. True, being asked to tell a lie in Tote's behalf annoyed him. But more strongly he felt the urgency of the girl's ambition in promoting the little horse.

Then he wondered at his own fabrication; and it was a fabrication to let Tote believe Hustler's owner was a man. And then he suddenly thought that he'd compete off Hustler himself. As he definitely made up his mind, he tried not to think of the girl as she appeared to him, lonely, beautiful and physically very attractive. He tried to convince himself he'd do—and feel—the same, regardless of who it was.

He felt depressed as he walked over to the secretary's office. Again he wondered why he hadn't told Tote that Hustler's owner was a girl. He might have told Tote how good-looking she was; played up to his vanity. And Tote might have used the horse.

The secretary's office was crowded. Many of the men greeted Granjo when he walked in. He felt a momentary surge of pride at the genuine friendship so plain in their voices.

He walked over to the desk behind which the secretary sat, checking the afternoon results and talking to two reporters. Presently the man saw Granjo standing (Continued on Page 106)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Not again!"

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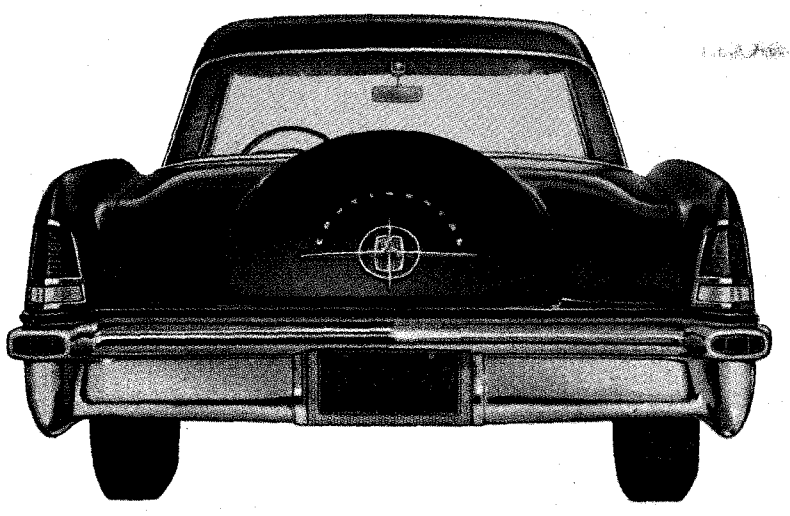
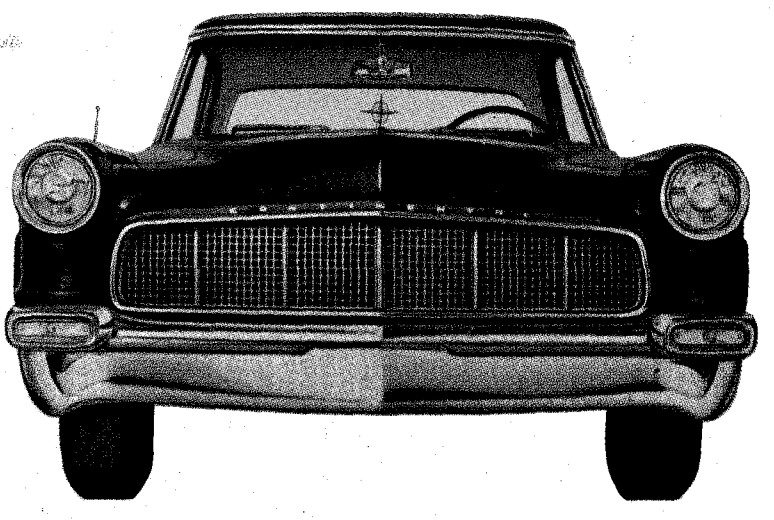
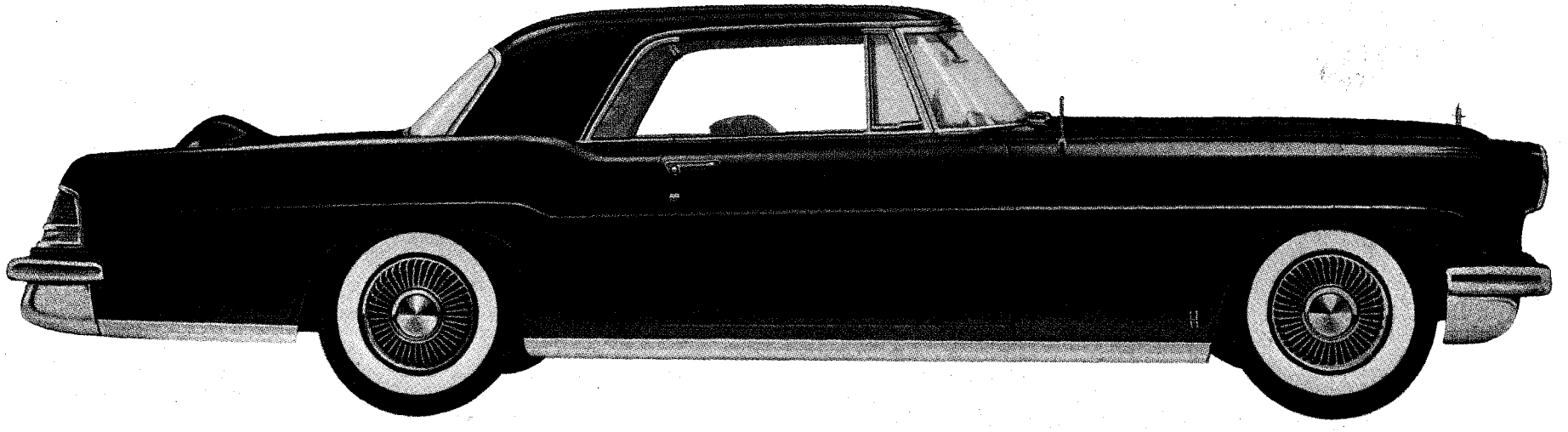




Now, in America, a refreshing new concept in fine motor cars



The excitement it stirs in your heart when you see the Continental *Mark II* lies in the way it has dared to depart from the conventional, the obvious.

And that's as we intended it. For in designing and building this distinguished motor car, we were thinking, especially, of those who admire the beauty of honest, simple lines...and of those who most appreciate a car which has been so conscientiously crafted.

The man who owns a Continental *Mark II* will possess a motor car that is truly distinctive and will *keep* its distinction for years to come.

Continental

Mark II

Continental Division • Ford Motor Company

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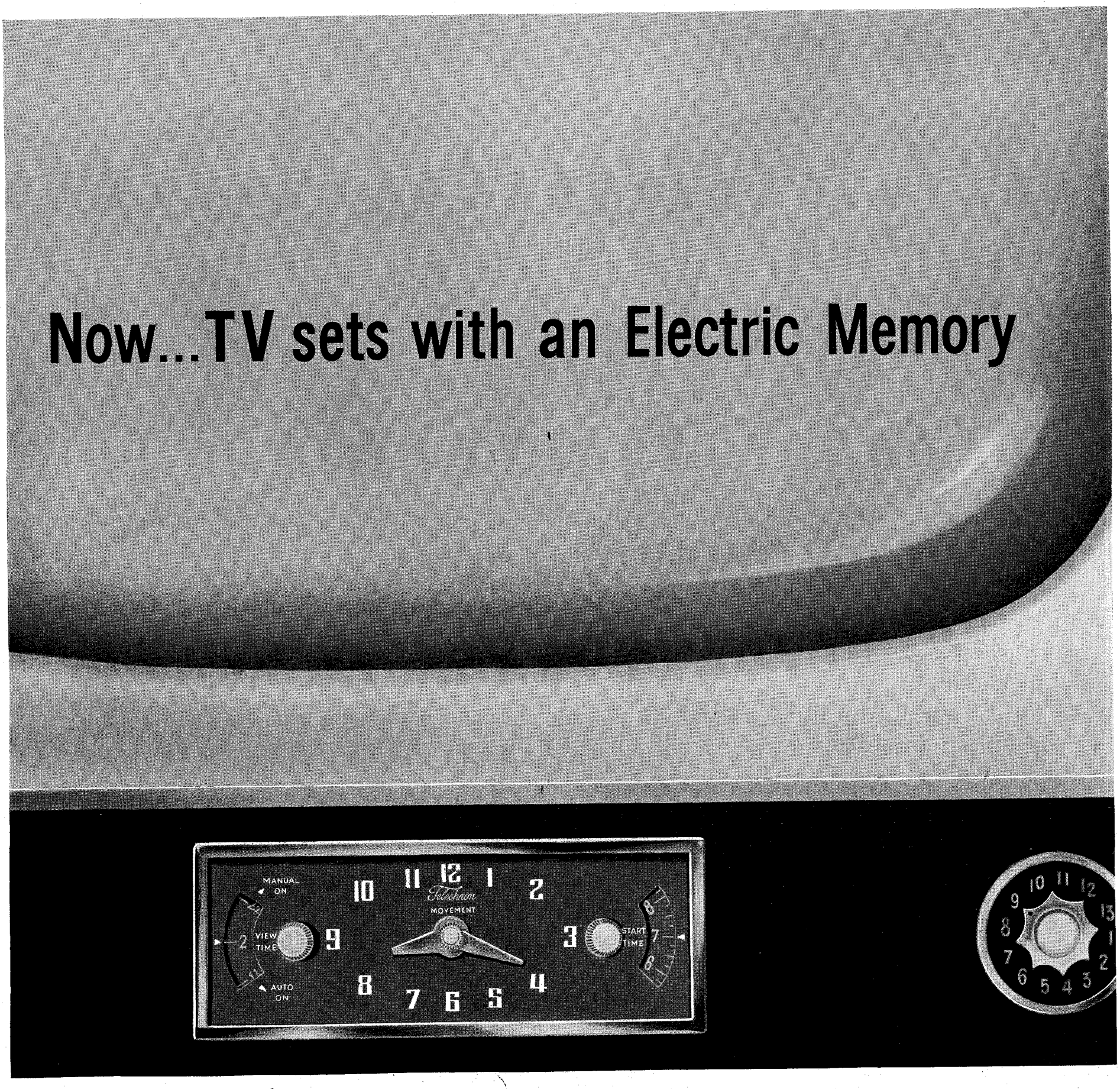
Now...TV sets with an Electric Memory



New
Electric Memory Timers

Automatically Turn TV On and Off

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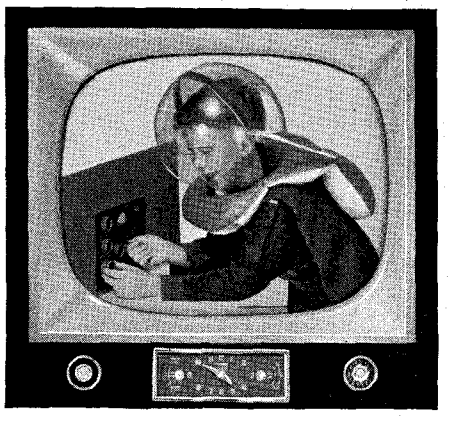
You pick the program . . . it does the rest!

You'll never miss your favorite TV program again! New TV sets with Telechron Electric Memory timers remember to turn on programs for you automatically . . . and turn them off later. Telechron Electric Memory timers are all-electric, right on time. See these amazing new TV sets with the electric memory at dealers everywhere. Ask for the TV sets with the built-in Telechron Electric Memory timer. Telechron Timers, Clock and Timer Dept., General Electric Co., Ashland, Mass.

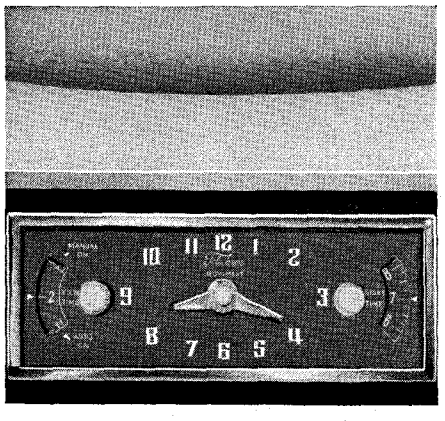
Always Remembers...Telechron Timer Turns ON TV—Automatically

Set the control for the time of your favorite program. Electric Memory timer turns on your TV set at *any* hour, ½ hour or ¼ hour you choose.



Never Forgets . . . Telechron Timer Turns OFF TV—Automatically

Lets you regulate youngsters' viewing time. You just set the control for the time you want TV set off.



Built-in TV Clock . . . for Your Convenience

Gives you the right time whether TV is on or off. It's the electric brain that governs the TV set automatically.

EQUIPPED WITH Telechron TIMER

TELECHRON

timers make life easy—automatically

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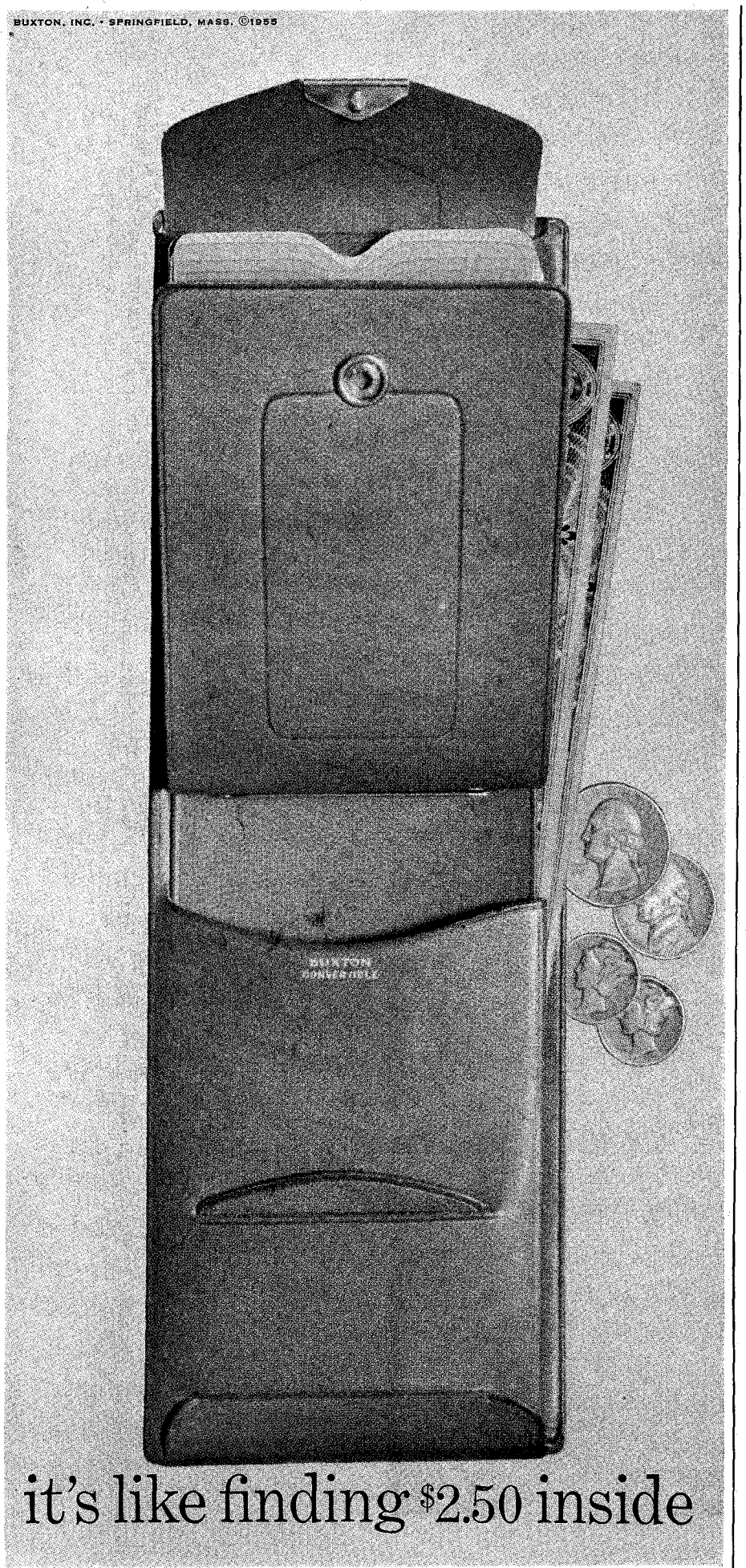

it's like finding $2.50 inside

when you buy this Convertible by

BUXTON

Not only are you getting the famous Buxton Convertible ... but you're getting it in Gahna Rancho® Cowhide, a luxurious leather that could easily cost $7.50 instead of the Buxton price of $5. The removable passcase holds all your photos and credentials. In a wide range of colors.

PLUS TAX

(Continued from Page 102) there and said, "Hi, fella, what's on your mind?"

"Is it too late to enter the calf roping?"

"You have Tote entered, don't you remember? You mailed it to us."

"This isn't for Tote. I want to enter myself." Granjo stared at the toes of his boots as he spoke.

"Oh, you want to give one of the young horses a little work?" the man said, reaching into a drawer of his desk for an entry blank. "You just made it. We send the program over to be printed tonight."

As Granjo wrote the required information—his name, home town and horse—he realized the room was suddenly quiet. His hand, as he wrote, shook slightly, and after he'd handed the secretary the blank and the fifty-dollar fee he turned and left, hearing the quick surge of excited whispering behind him.

Granjo looked back at the show grounds. He fought the urge to feel sorry for himself. So many times, just as now, it was hard being part Indian. People never treated you normally; in states where there were big reservations you were looked down on and then in others you were treated as a curiosity. But it was seldom, except amongst your own people, that you were made to feel like one of the crowd. Yet he was anxious something would come up soon that would expose the thing he and the girl had in common. Then he wondered if this wasn't the main reason he'd been so anxious to help her.

He walked back to the barn and there he found the battered pickup standing. In the shadow of the shed roof he saw Edith. She had changed into a dress and, when she turned, Granjo was aware of how few girls could look so completely feminine in a dress, and still look as well as she had in blue jeans.

He wished he didn't have to tell her about Tote. Embarrassment made him blunt and he blurted, "Evenin', Miss Edith. I have bad news. Tote's knee is botherin' him and he doesn't feel up to trying a new horse. I know he'll make good on your expenses down here. . . ."

As Granjo talked he noticed her body stiffen. His words lacked sincerity; he was conscious of the feebleness of the excuse. He tried to see her expression in the dim light. He wished she'd say something; anything to relieve the tension, but she stood there quietly, her shoulders loose in disappointment.

"I thought maybe you'd like to give the little horse some experience," he added, "so I entered myself in the calf roping. I'm not much contestin', but I'm used to green horses and I thought I'd ride him if you want me to." Granjo's words came with an embarrassed effort.

"Thank you. I guess that would be better than ——" Edith stopped herself abruptly and Granjo knew she was about to say "better than nothing." Then, she quickly added, "Perhaps you've got something better to rope off?"

"No. You see, ever since I started to work for Tote, I've given up contestin'. Too busy. We try to keep going two separate outfits of three horses each. Never use the same horse for steer stopping that we do on calves, and we always try and have a reserve. It keeps me hoppin'."

"Well, that's awfully kind of you," she said, but Granjo felt the keen disappointment in her voice.

An uneasy feeling came over him; he wondered if now, when the darkness partly hid his face, wasn't the best time to bring the matter up.

He cleared his throat. "Ever since I was a little tyke I guessed what this time of day would be like around the shows. Kinda funny to have your day-dreams come true. My uncle traveled with Bill Cody, over in England, and I never tired of listenin' to him tell about it. He was a long-haired Flathead, in charge of a right colorful Indian show."

As Granjo finished talking he offered Edith a cigarette. He wanted an excuse to watch her face. She turned and looked at him, as if she were digesting what he'd said. Then slowly an expression of dismay, almost of bitter disappointment, spread over her face. Quickly she composed herself and took the proffered cigarette.

"Thank you," she mumbled.

Her unexpected expression cut Granjo like a lash. Now he wanted to leave; any excuse to get away.

"I think I better saddle Hustler and let him poke around the arena. He'll have to work under lights tomorrow night. I can kinda get used to him. When they untie the calves I can help haze 'em out of the arena."

The headlights of a car turned the corner of the barn. Tote climbed out, surprise plain on his face. Granjo felt a tremor of anger as (Continued on Page 109)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, please don't get up!"

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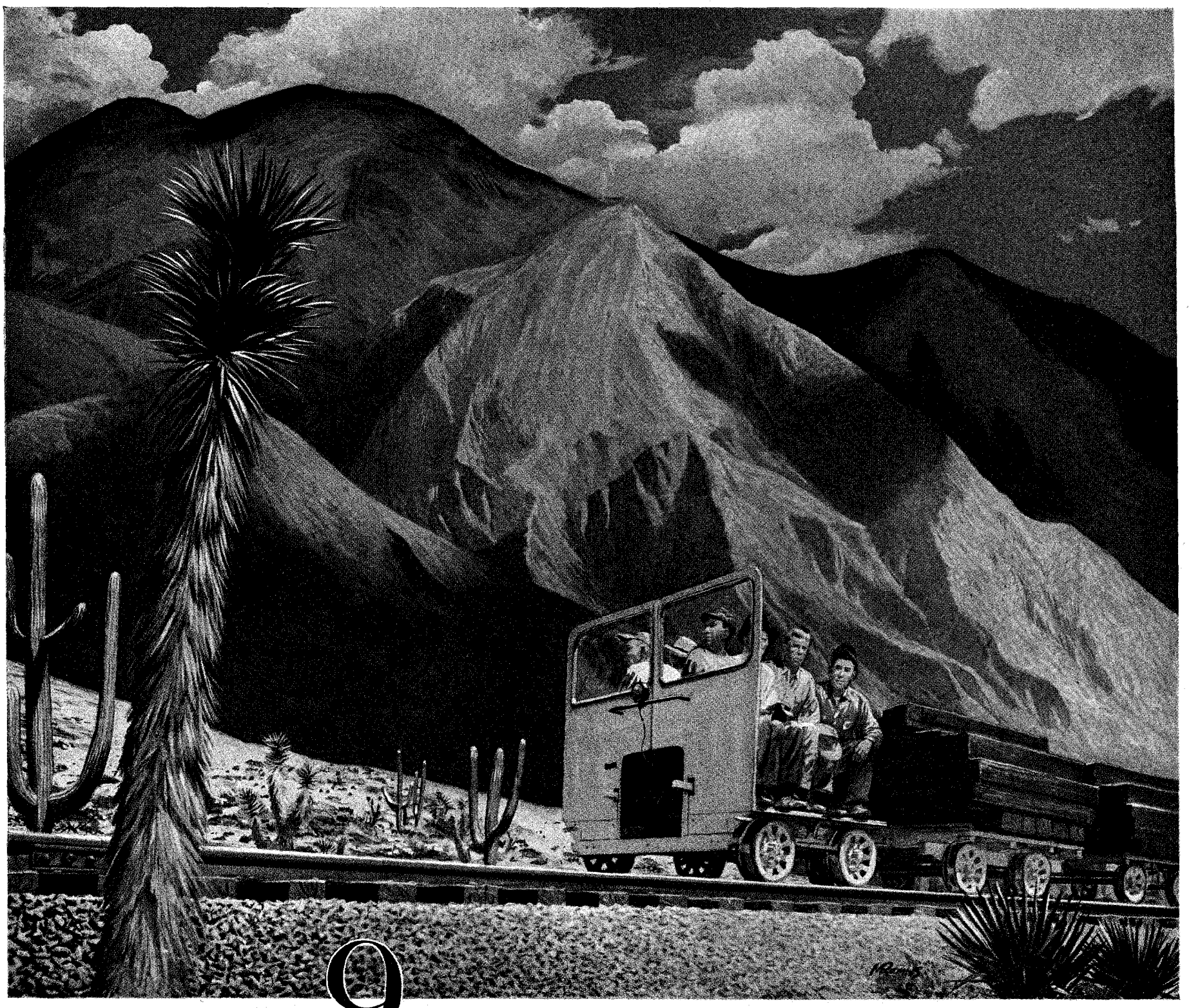

9 horsepower hauls this load

Your car can get 5 to 10 more horsepower with New Shell X-100 Motor Oil Premium

In your everyday driving you can get a horsepower increase that may be greater than that required to pull this work train!

Here's why you can get this extra power:

Your car engine does not get a chance to warm up during most of the driving you do. Power-wasting engine drag can result from using conventional motor oils that have to be pushed around by the engine until they are warm enough to flow freely.

X-100® Motor Oil Premium eliminates engine drag by flowing freely from the instant your engine is started—giving you 5 to 10 more horsepower.

In addition, Shell X-100 Motor Oil Premium stops Acid Action—the major cause of engine wear.

Next time let your Shell Dealer refill your crankcase with new X-100 Motor Oil Premium. You will get the finest protection your engine can have.

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Mightiest Engine Yet *powers the* Best Buick yet

The first part of the news is in the figures.

Horsepower rating of the 1956 Buick ROADMASTER, SUPER and CENTURY is boosted to a new peak of 255 — that of the low-price SPECIAL hits a walloping 220—and all with new highs in compression ratios.

So you know *why* there's so much sizzle and go in these spectacular new cars.

But what you feel at the wheel in the way of new safety, new thrill, new instant response at any throttle opening—and what you read on the fuel gauge in the way of far better gas mileage—are boons that come from more than just high horsepower figures.

They come from the operational might of a big, advance-design V8 engine that can deliver more of its power output into driving force at the rear wheels.

You get an idea of what we mean when you look at some of the great strides made here...

At the new double-Y exhaust manifolding—and at the tulip-shaping of the valves — at the special valve-head clearance in the combustion chamber—at the raised-dome design of Buick's exclusive Power-Head Piston . . .

At the dozens of brilliant new refinements and advancements in practically every phase of building this Buick engine.

And so mighty is the power that flows from this great engine—so full-force and instant is it sent to the driving wheels — *we built a wholly new chassis of extra brawn and heft and solidity to handle it.*

Surely, it's well worth a visit to your Buick dealer this very week — just to learn what spirit-lifting power thrills are yours in the best Buick yet built.

BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

NEW Precision-Balanced Chassis, engineered all new from front to rear for extra-rugged roadability

NEW V8 Power Peaks In Every Buick

NEW Variable Pitch Dynaflow*—with double-action take-off

NEW Deep-Oil-Cushioned Luxury Ride—with all-coil springing and true torque-tube drive

NEW Sweep-Ahead Styling—with Fashion Color Harmony inside and out

NEW Smoother-Action Brakes with Suspended Pedal

NEW Stepped-Up Gas Mileage in All Buicks

NEW Safety Power Steering† for instant and constant response

*New Advanced Variable Pitch Dynaflow is the only Dynaflow Buick builds today. It is standard on Roadmaster, Super and Century—optional at modest extra cost on the Special.
†Standard on Roadmaster and Super, optional at extra cost on other Series.

: JACKIE GLEASON ON TV
Every Saturday Evening

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(Continued from Page 106) Tote's eyes traveled up and down Edith's figure.

"Tote, this is Miss Edith Haskell. She owns Hustler. I told her about your knee."

For a moment Tote stood there, irresolute, then he extended his hand.

Granjo went into the shed and came out with his saddle. He started toward Hustler's stall.

"Where are you going?" Tote asked.

"We figured we'd give this little horse a look at the crowd, anyway. I'm going to rope off him tomorrow," Granjo said, trying to sound casual.

Then as Granjo opened the stall door, Tote said in a strained voice, "That's a good idea. Perhaps the next show I'll have a chance to rope off him. We could do it for less."

Granjo turned; Tote was staring at Edith. Then as he saddled the horse he heard their voices. They had moved from the front of the stall. He heard Edith call to him, "I'll see you later ——" And he heard Tote supply "Granjo" and he thought Tote made the name sound as Indian as possible.

Granjo was impressed by Hustler. The little horse was nervous at first; the crowds and the high arc lights were strange to him, but after a few minutes he settled down.

During the amateur roping, Granjo helped run the calves out of the arena. He liked the way Hustler arched his muscular neck and kept his ears pricked; the way he was relaxed, and the way, when a calf turned, the horse stayed bunched and ready, anticipating the next move.

Once, when he noticed Tote and Edith sitting together in a box, he had a sudden feeling of doubt. Perhaps this was foolish; perhaps he had just ruined Edith's chances to have the horse win a show.

Now another roper had tied his calf. The judge that inspected the tie—to see if it would hold—turned the calf over and then untied him, throwing the roper his piggin' string. Granjo felt Hustler start beneath him as the calf got to his feet. The little horse was all business. Suddenly a wild hope crossed Granjo's mind. But he quickly told himself not to be foolish; you don't have any storybook endings, not roping against Tote.

When Granjo had hazed the last calf out of the arena he took Hustler back of the chutes and tried the little horse at the end of a rope. First he'd run the horse; then throw out his coiled rope; bring Hustler to a quick stop; jump off and then, running to the end of the rope, he tested how well the horse would hold by jerking and pulling on the rope tied fast to the saddle horn. He had the lariat passed through a neck rope—merely a loop around Hustler's neck—so that the horse couldn't turn his back to him.

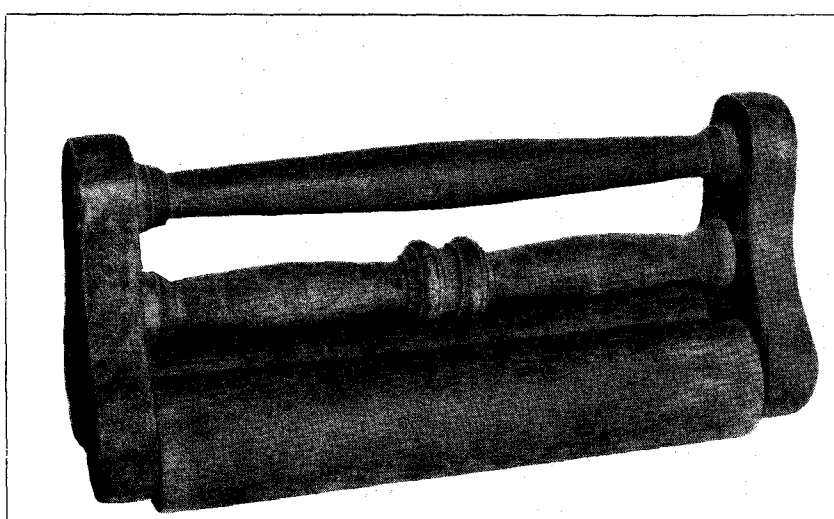
While he was busy with the horse he didn't notice Edith and Tote standing in the shadows of the chutes until Tote shouted to him, "You jump off him like you were climbin' out of bed."

Granjo coiled his rope deliberately, fighting down his anger, and led Hustler over to where they stood.

"I guess I'm not too dainty," he said, trying to smile.

"How do you like him?" Edith asked.

"Can't tell much, but he's got two important (Continued on Page 111)



How's Your Pioneer Instinct?

Although it wasn't kept in the parlor, a wooden device like this had its place in nearly every American home a century or more ago, and its streamlined descendant is still with us in some instances. This one measures thirteen inches in length and is seven inches high. It is in the Pennsylvania Farm Museum at Landis Valley, near Lancaster. Can you name it and describe its use?

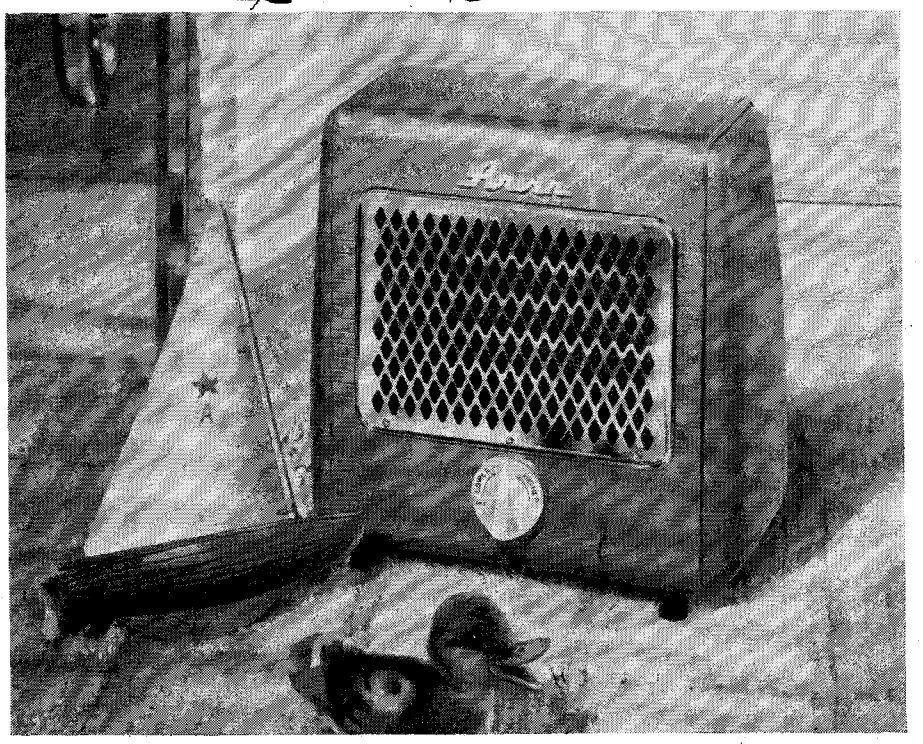
It is called a	It was used to
PANTALOONS PRESSER	Take the wrinkles out of old-time breeches.
WALLPAPERING ROLLER	Put up wall paper.
DOUBLE ROLLING PIN	Roll out dough in the kitchen.
BACK KNEADER	Massage away backaches.

Barlow Bridges

CORRECT ANSWER:

A double rolling pin, once the gag of vaudeville comedians who claimed an angry wife "couldn't miss" with one. While uncommon, the double pin wasn't rare.

Toasty-warm bathroom IN A JIFFY!



Arvin Automatic Heater

THERMOSTAT-CONTROLLED

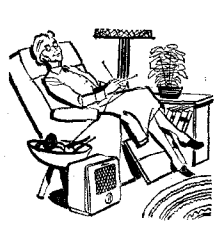
now as low as $14.95

Bathroom—nursery—bedroom—sun porch—wherever you want extra heat without overheating the rest of the house—that's where this Arvin Automatic belongs! It's thermostat-controlled just like a modern furnace . . . current clicks on and off automatically to maintain any desired room temperature. Just set it and forget it.

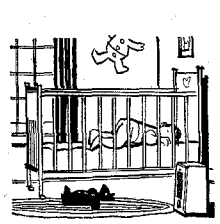
This new Arvin Automatic provides plenty of fan-forced heat to take the chill off a big room in a hurry, yet it can't *overheat* a small room! It's made by the world's largest maker of portable electric heaters. That's why Arvin is able to give you so much value.

OTHER ARVIN HEATERS $10.95 TO $34.95

Added features available in other Arvin Automatic Heaters include combined fan-forced and radiant heat, red signal light, and Arvin's famous Safeguard Safety Switch that cuts off the current instantly if heater is upset. You can buy a dependable Arvin Fan-Forced Heater, non-automatic, for as little as $10.95.

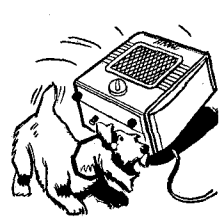


Extra heat for elderly folks when and where they need it.



Keeps the nursery draft-free and chill-proof.

Keeps the sun porch from cooling off after dark.



Safety Switch cuts current when deluxe model is upset.

Electric Housewares Division, Arvin INDUSTRIES, INC., *Columbus, Indiana*

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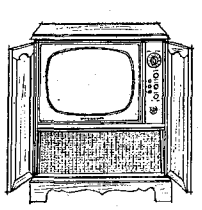
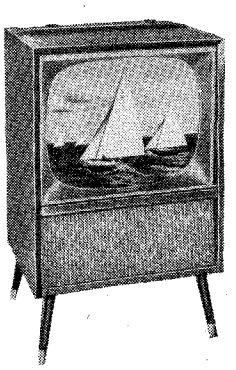
This Christmas...follow the stars to Magnavox



Top billing in Helen Hayes' home goes to Magnavox television. A surprise to no one, because Magnavox instruments have been the first choice of critical audiences for many years. You expect to pay more when you buy the finest. But Magnavox instruments are priced no higher than ordinary television sets. Here's why—Magnavox sells direct to dealers. The savings in costs are passed on to you in the form of more built-in quality features. Your dealer's name is listed under Magnavox in the television section of your classified telephone book. The Magnavox Company, Fort Wayne 4, Indiana.

Miss Hayes' 24″ Normandy has a Chromatic Optical Filter and Reflection Barrier. High Fidelity audio system combines a 10-watt amplifier with a 5″ and two 12″ speakers. In Cherry, $425 (VHF). This is only one of a wide selection of television cabinet styles available from Magnavox. Prices start at **$149.50.**



The Constellation—a superb 21″ TV with top convenience tuning and large speaker—available in a variety of finishes. In Cordovan, only **$199.50** *(VHF).*

The Magnificent Magnavox

High Fidelity Television • Radio-Phonograph

Prices subject to change without notice

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(Continued from Page 109)

things: speed and cow savvy. You could have a good horse here, a real good horse."

"Gosh, I hope so," she said quietly.

Tote cleared his throat. "O.K. We took a look at this wonder horse, let's go to the dance."

Edith hesitated. She raised her right hand from her side as if to emphasize something she wanted to say, then she let her hand drop.

"All right," she answered. Her voice was barely more than a whisper.

Granjo mounted Hustler. He sat there and watched their retreating figures silhouetted by the floodlights of the arena. Once Tote reached out and took Edith's arm. She raised her elbow and Tote let his hand fall. Granjo turned the horse and cut across the dark infield to the stables. When his eyes grew accustomed to the shadows he saw other riders going back toward the barn.

"Hey, Granjo, wait up!" he heard Rufus' voice behind him.

He stopped Hustler and watched the dim, mounted figure pull up to him.

"I was watchin' you, in the arena. That little gal's horse is a pretty skookum pony. I'd sure like to own him."

"Yes, he's as good a prospect as I've sat on for years," Granjo answered.

There was a short silence, then Rufus asked, "What's this I hear about you figurin' on ropin'?"

"Well, Tote was going to use this pony and then—then his knee got to hurtin'. He figured he'd better use his own horse."

"Knee, hell!" Rufus said. "He was braggin' around the hotel about some dude wantin' to say the great Tote Masefield had used his horse. Then two stores put up some added money for the ropin' and he had a sore knee."

"There's no such thing as a secret around the shows, is there?" Granjo said.

"Look, Geronimo, I don't know how to say this—" Rufus' voice was quiet and Granjo sensed his embarrassment—"but if you and Tote split up over this and I can help you get something to do ——"

"Thanks, Rufus," Granjo said. "I might have to call on you. By the way, how's the little gray?"

"Sound as a dollar. I borrowed this horse here to haze for Connelly while he was bulldoggin'."

"Funny when you think of Tote, being like he is," Granjo mused. "Two bulldoggers will haze for each other and be all tied up for five or six thousand dollars. They never worry the other fellow might let the steer go a little wide and ruin their run. But Tote won't trust anybody."

"I guess he figures they all think like he does," Rufus said. "What time does Tote get up?"

The question was unexpected. "Around nine, nine-thirty. Why?"

"Just wonderin'," Rufus said evasively; then added, "How about spendin' the night with me? I've got a broom closet to myself in the hotel. We can clean up, gnaw on one of their T-bones, and then take in the dance. What d'ya say?"

Immediately Granjo thought of seeing Edith. He tried to keep the enthusiasm from his voice as he answered, "That would be great, thanks."

Rufus checked his horse. "I'll leave this horse here. I'll drive up to your stalls as soon as I put him up."

Granjo unsaddled Hustler and put his toilet articles and a clean change of clothes into a suitcase. He checked the other horses and then waited for Rufus. Cars were driving away between the long stables and laughter drifted from them. Rufus pulled up in front of the stalls. He was towing his trailer behind the car.

"Think I'll unhook this here. Get it in the morning," he said, climbing out and going back to the trailer hitch. They blocked the trailer wheels and climbed into the car.

When they swung onto the highway the lights of town appeared to be only a matter of a few hundred yards away; the still desert air was crystal clear.

"This is a treat, Rufe. I've been takin' a shower under that fake they got at the barn. Might just as well try and get clean with a water pistol."

When they pulled into the main street of town, Rufus said, "That Haskell girl's really good-lookin'. Man, she's built!" He pursed his lips and gave a low whistle. Granjo looked at Rufus from the corner of his eye; he wondered what the usually impersonal cow hand was driving at.

"You figure that was the same family you told me about?" Granjo asked.

"The very same. I kinda hate to see her foolin' around Tote. He could charm a cat out of a dairy if he had a mind to. And she don't seem quite dry behind the ears."

After they'd cleaned up, they had a late dinner, then drifted down the crowded sidewalk toward the orchestra's music.

The dance hall was crowded. A long bar stretched the entire length of the room and at the far end an orchestra was playing. Several couples danced to the slow waltz. Most of the men lined the bar and Granjo noticed that a lot of the people were Easterners.

He knew the bartender. He said, "Ginger ale, please, Dan. What's yours, Rufe?"

"Oh, I guess I'll have a shot, thanks."

The bartender went over to the cash register and took a sign down and put it under the bar. Granjo saw what it said: NO INTOXICATING BEVERAGES SOLD TO INDIANS.

The bartender came back and said, "You don't have to have ginger ale, Jo."

Granjo forced a smile. "Thanks. Thanks a lot, Dan, but I really want it."

He paid for their drinks and then turned his back to the bar. Trying to appear casual, he searched the room for Edith. Then he saw her dancing with Tote. She wore a suède skirt and a white blouse. Her arms and throat looked very dark against the white. Once she leaned back and said something to Tote. Granjo noticed that her lips smiled, but her eyes seemed sad. Granjo knew, from the muscles around Tote's mouth, that he'd had a few too many drinks. Tote rarely drank too much; he was too careful of his condition to take any chances during the season, but tonight Granjo knew he'd been spending some time around the bar.

Rufus nudged his arm. "Why don't you cut in?" he asked.

Granjo set his glass on the bar. He weaved his way between the couples and touched Tote's arm. He never looked at Tote's face as he took Edith in his arms and they glided off. Granjo felt the weight of many eyes watching them. He felt the tenseness in Edith's body. A feeling of clumsiness swept over him.

"I didn't mean to be rude," Edith said in her rich, low voice, "but this afternoon—well, I was disappointed about Tote's knee and I didn't thank you properly."

"That's all right. Forget it," he mumbled.

They circled the room. Edith relaxed. Now her arm rested confidently across his shoulder. She seemed closer to him. Granjo was aware of her nearness and the fresh clean smell of her hair. The music stopped. Edith looked up and smiled.

"Thanks, again," she said.

Tote came and took her arm. He looked at Granjo and his eyes showed the smoldering hatred which made his lips tremble. Tote was about to say something when Rufus pushed between them.

"While you two waddies is makin' eyes at one another I'm goin' to ask the lady to have a drink with me and try and talk her into the next dance."

Tote turned, but Granjo caught his elbow.

"I'd like to see you outside for a moment. Let's try and walk out like friends. Otherwise we'll have the whole gang after us."

Tote hesitated. A quick look of suppressed excitement passed across his eyes, then the old cynical expression took its place.

"All right, I'm with you."

Granjo turned and slipped out a side door. The moon had risen and the yard adjoining the dance hall appeared as if the hard-packed sand had been painted white. The air was now cold.

Granjo turned and faced Tote. "We're done. We're through!"

"You're damn right we are," Tote spat back. "I suppose as a parting gesture you hit Pepe's ankle with a hammer."

Granjo stepped forward. "Listen to me, Tote. You're talking like a fool. You know I don't give a hang about you, but you also know how much I think of that horse. I'll get him sound and keep him sound for this show. But not for you."

"Well, I mightn't use him. I might ride the squaw's horse," Tote sneered.

"Bobsleds?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

How to remove
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I never thought it could happen to me!

(Based on Company File #905KAM9315-22)

A careful driver, I'd always said, isn't likely to tangle with a railroad train. But our accident changed my mind . . .

As we approached the crossing, I suddenly felt the rear end of the car sway. Like when you get a flat. I lost control of the wheel and we spun completely around!

Before I could stop, we were on the track. Engine stalled. And a train whistling at us!

You should have seen us scramble to get out! My son and I and friends who were riding with us.

Before we could get clear, the locomotive smashed into my car. Why we weren't all killed I'll never know. Only a miracle saved us.

An ambulance took us to a hospital where we were given first aid treatment and X-ray examinations. Luckily no serious injuries were found. The hospital released us that evening.

Meanwhile my Hartford Agent, 110 miles away in my home town, had been notified. He drove to the hospital at once to aid us. Reached there just as we were about ready to leave.

You can bet I was glad to see him! Still pretty shaken by the close call we'd had, I needed his help. He had my wrecked car hauled to a shop . . . saw the Highway Patrol . . . completed the accident reports . . . handled a lot of other details. Then he brought us back home in his own car. I am certainly grateful to my Hartford man for all he did for us that day!

For the total loss of my car, Hartford Automobile Insurance paid me $2,200. Our medical expenses of over $200 were also paid. Even the railroad's claim against me was covered—$770 for damage to the locomotive!

I have a new car now. And I guess I don't have to say that it's Hartford-insured. Why don't *you* see your Hartford Agent today—or tell your insurance broker you want *Hartford* protection when your renewals come up?

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"That brings me to the last thing I have to say to you, Tote. Leave Edith alone—and you know what I mean. She wants to gallivant around town with you, all right. But pull something like you did to that little dude girl in Phoenix and I'll do my best to kill you with my hands."

Granjo's voice was so cold and matter-of-fact that it even surprised him. He stepped closer to Tote; he wanted to see the other man's expression.

The Texan looked at Granjo, a dawning realization passing across his face. Granjo realized that until now Tote had thought the situation to be one of usual dance-hall arguments. Granjo saw Tote's wide shoulders flex as his hands slowly left his side.

"You know I won't risk bustin' my hands, fightin'," Tote said.

"Stop it, Tote. I'm not thinking of bruised knuckles that might slow you up contesting. I'll drag you on that dance floor and we can borrow knives." As Granjo talked he was shocked to realize he meant every word.

Tote's shadow straightened. The slight movement broke the tension. Granjo felt as if he was going to be sick. "Don't forget what I told you, Tote. Tell Rufe I went back to the hotel."

Granjo turned and walking down a narrow alley, came out onto the sidewalk. He cut across the wide street and went into a diner. Wanting to avoid company, he walked to a booth in the rear. He gave the waitress his order; a cup of black coffee. While he was sipping the steaming drink he heard two men enter the booth behind him.

He wasn't conscious of what they were saying until he heard the word "Indian" and then his hand, holding the cup, froze in mid-air.

". . . and the Indian didn't come back. But that Tote looked real sober and thoughtful," one of the men was saying.

The other answered, "Everyone knew they'd blow up sooner or later. I've heard 'em say Tote would get a little boiled and then he'd brag about putting the dumb bow-and-arrow on the payroll. Not only to get a good man to school his horses but also to keep a good man from roping against him."

There was a silence. Granjo could hear a spoon being revolved in a cup.

"Well, it's rough on 'em, especially around the shows. I can remember that Bronco Haskell—that's his daughter there tonight. The real pretty one, with Tote. Well, to get back to this Haskell; some rich dude from around Tucson married him. Plumb ruined him. Got showin' him off like a dang freak. They had this one kid and then sort of broke up. When Haskell died his wife left for Europe. I suppose she's lookin' for some furriner to make a freak outta. She dropped the daughter like a hot cake. That kid's tryin' to make a go of the ranch dang near by herself."

"I remember Haskell," the other man said. "He was about the best horseman I ever did see. There's been plenty of white cowboys done just what he did; you know, marry Eastern money. Everyone forgets them. But just 'cause he was an Indian, you're always hearin' about him."

Now their talk drifted to other things. Granjo's mind wandered to Edith. He thought of her work-roughened hand—in his—while they had danced. He thought of the battered pickup truck. Perhaps she was having a hard time of it.

"Hit the deck, Geronimo, let's git to gittin'."

Rufus was shaking his shoulder. Granjo glanced at the window and saw that it was still dark. Instantly he was wide awake. He hadn't been asleep long. He had heard Rufus come in. He had heard the noises of the town gradually die from a steady hum until each car and voice was a separate sound. Now his mind was clear.

"What's up, Rufe?"

"Clamber into your pants, boy. I got some calves lined up to practice on. Thought you oughta wrap a few. We can get back to the grounds by eight-thirty."

Driving out to the grounds, Granjo realized he'd almost forgotten roping off Hustler. In his mind he'd taken it for granted he would just do the best he could, but now he was catching the excitement of the man next to him.

Rufus said, "You gotta have three things: a horse, skill and luck. They come in that order. Over several shows the skill catches up to you, but we might get lucky."

While they loaded Hustler into Rufus' trailer Granjo felt a nagging hope, almost a wild dream, creep into his mind. It was more than revenge; if he could only give Tote some competition, perhaps Edith would see him in a different light. It was childish, he knew, but he wanted desperately to make a good showing.

They drove out onto the highway, the trailer gently swinging behind them. They turned in the opposite direction from town and as soon as Rufus felt Hustler get his balance, he drove along the open highway at sixty miles an hour. Both men were lost in their own thoughts; Rufus intent on the road ahead and Granjo watching the tall cactus flow toward him in the headlights' beam. Suddenly Granjo thought of something Tote had said.

"Rufe, last night Tote and I had a few words. He said he might rope off the squa—Edith's pony himself."

"The hell he will. He knows he wouldn't be one, two, ten, on a green horse. You know him; he's after that money."

While Rufus talked he slowed down the car. They came to a cattle guard in the fence bordering the highway. Rufus drove the car over the iron pipes. They followed a road through the Spanish bayonet and came to a pasture. Granjo opened a gate and let Rufus through. They saw the glow of a small fire silhouetting the poles of a corral.

"Here we are," Rufus said. "Throw your riggin' on the little horse and I'll see if it's all ready."

Dawn was pushing back the shadows as Granjo threw his saddle on the little stallion. Hustler was all attention and Granjo smiled when he threw up his head, listening to a calf bawl in the corral.

"Come over here, Granjo," Rufe called. Granjo led the horse over to the fire.

"This is Manuel Garcia, Inneus Granjo. He's got about ten half-bred Brahmans penned up."

Granjo shook the Mexican's hand. "Glad to meet you."

"Coffee?" Manuel asked. Granjo took the tin cup and they stood around chatting about the drought and cattle prices.

Finally Rufus said, "Come on. It's light enough now."

When Granjo rode into the corral he saw a crude calf chute and an open-faced stall in which to back a horse. Evidently the place had been used before to practice roping.

Manuel Garcia stretched a piece of inner tube across the stall, and testing it, let it snap. Rufus went into the pen and forced one calf into the chute.

"O.K.," he called; "now give me time to get out to you before you throw this calf. I'm goin' to coach you like you'd never seen one before. You save them seconds doing every move perfect, not just good. Ready?"

Granjo backed Hustler into the stall. Manuel stretched the barrier across in front of the horse.

"Turn him out!" Granjo called.

Hustler shifted his feet as if the ground beneath them was hot, and when Manuel let the barrier snap Granjo let him start of his own accord. The little horse was right

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after the calf. Granjo spun his loop and made a good catch. He jerked the loop shut and threw the slack high. He waited until Rufus ran out to him and then he went down the rope to tie the calf. While he worked, Rufus kept up a steady stream of advice.

"Keep your right hand on the rope as you run down it. That's right. When you grab that front leg nearest you, try and throw the calf while he's back jumping, get him at the top of a jump. Put your piggin' string on with your right hand. Crowd his hocks with your knee. Pull back on that front foot so the two hind feet don't slip off when you lift 'em up, and hold him dang near on his back. Now wrap! Faster; faster. Pull 'er through. Atta boy, Geronimo!"

They worked hard; calf after calf. In case he missed his first loop, contesting, Granjo practiced pulling a second rope off his saddle; a rope already coiled with the loop made; tied down by light string and tucked under his knee and the breastplate. Once they took fifteen minutes off, hunkered down around the dying fire, drinking a second cup of coffee, and Rufus told Granjo all the little tricks of calf roping. Then they went back to work; slowly and methodically; not trying to tie calves fast, but making each move correctly.

Finally Rufus said, "Well, you and that horse best leave something for the arena this afternoon. Let's go."

On the drive back to the grounds Granjo asked Rufus, "That must have cost you money. What do I owe you?"

Rufus laughed. "I promise I'll tell you at the end of the show."

Granjo thought of the little horse. He had, in all his work with Tote's horses, never ridden a more honest horse. Once in a while the horse had lugged to the right, almost as if he wanted to go to a familiar place, but Granjo had thought it was probably the scent of other horses drifting toward him on the breeze. Otherwise Hustler had done everything Granjo had asked; he was fast; steady on the end of the rope, and his born cow sense gave him the jump on a calf. When one turned, Hustler sensed it almost before the calf made the move.

"How d'ya think the horse went?" Rufus asked.

"Except for lugging a little, like he knew where home was, perfect."

Rufus shot him a quick glance. Then he laughed. "Too bad you don't know women like you do horses."

"What do you mean by that?"

Rufus was suddenly serious. "Just runnin' off at the chin. Excuse me. 'Pears like I'm mindin' everyone's business but my own."

Granjo's arms were stiffening from throwing the calves. He stretched and then playfully tapped Rufus' shoulder with his big clenched fist.

"How come you're bothering with me?" he asked.

Rufus grinned at him. "How come you bothered with my gray?"

That afternoon the crowd came to the rodeo grounds early. More contestants had pulled in from other shows and now that the amateur riding and roping were over the grandstand was filled to capacity. Behind the chutes, men hailed one another and there was an air of congenial friendship. Some of the bulldoggers and ropers were figure-eighting their horses, warming them up. Others sat in the shade of the high planks, bits of equipment strewn around them; chaps thrown over their shoulders; pigging strings looped over one shoulder and dangling down under the other, and bronc reins wound around their waists. They were hard men; deeply tanned. They were drawn together by a mutual bond—the love of competition and of danger.

Sitting next to Rufus, in the shade, Granjo watched them. He felt a thrill of pride. Today he was contesting. Perhaps it was still his childhood dream, but today he was going to rope with the best of them.

A shadow crossed his knee. "Excuse me, but aren't you Inneus Granjo?"

He looked up and saw a dapper little man in a gray flannel suit, who had a remarkably blustering voice for his size.

"Yes, that's me," he said, climbing to his feet.

"My name's Ferris, from the Sunday Examiner. We're doing a rodeo story. A feature. I wondered if you'd mind helping us."

"You must have the wrong man," Granjo smiled. "I'm not one of the best. In fact this is the first time I've roped in four years."

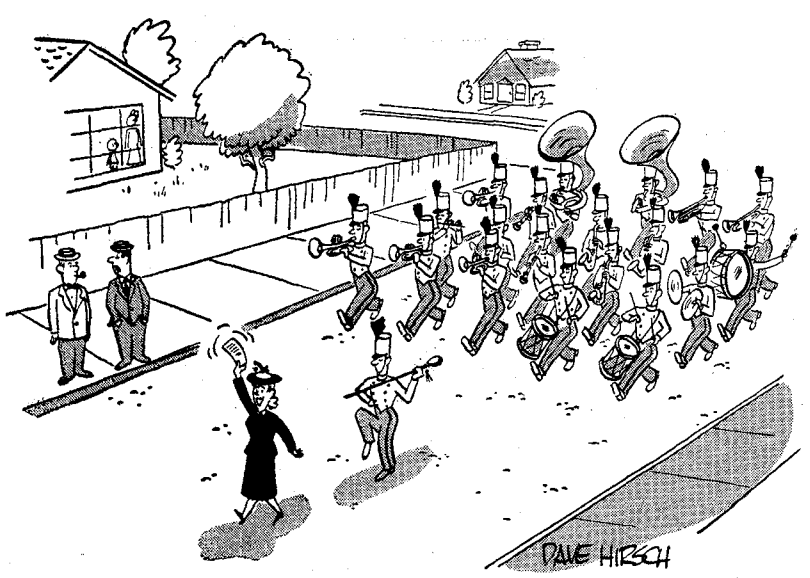
"Oh, I know all about you. Would you help, please? Just a few questions and a picture?"

Granjo was embarrassed. "Well, if there's anything I really can ——"

"Just follow me," Mr. Ferris interrupted.

Granjo looked down at the grinning Rufus and shrugged his shoulders. He followed the gray flannel suit. Mr. Ferris stopped by a small knot of men. Granjo saw Edith. One of the men had just taken a picture of her and was changing the plate on the back of his camera.

Mr. Ferris said, "Here he is. Now if you men would just let me ask these two a few questions."



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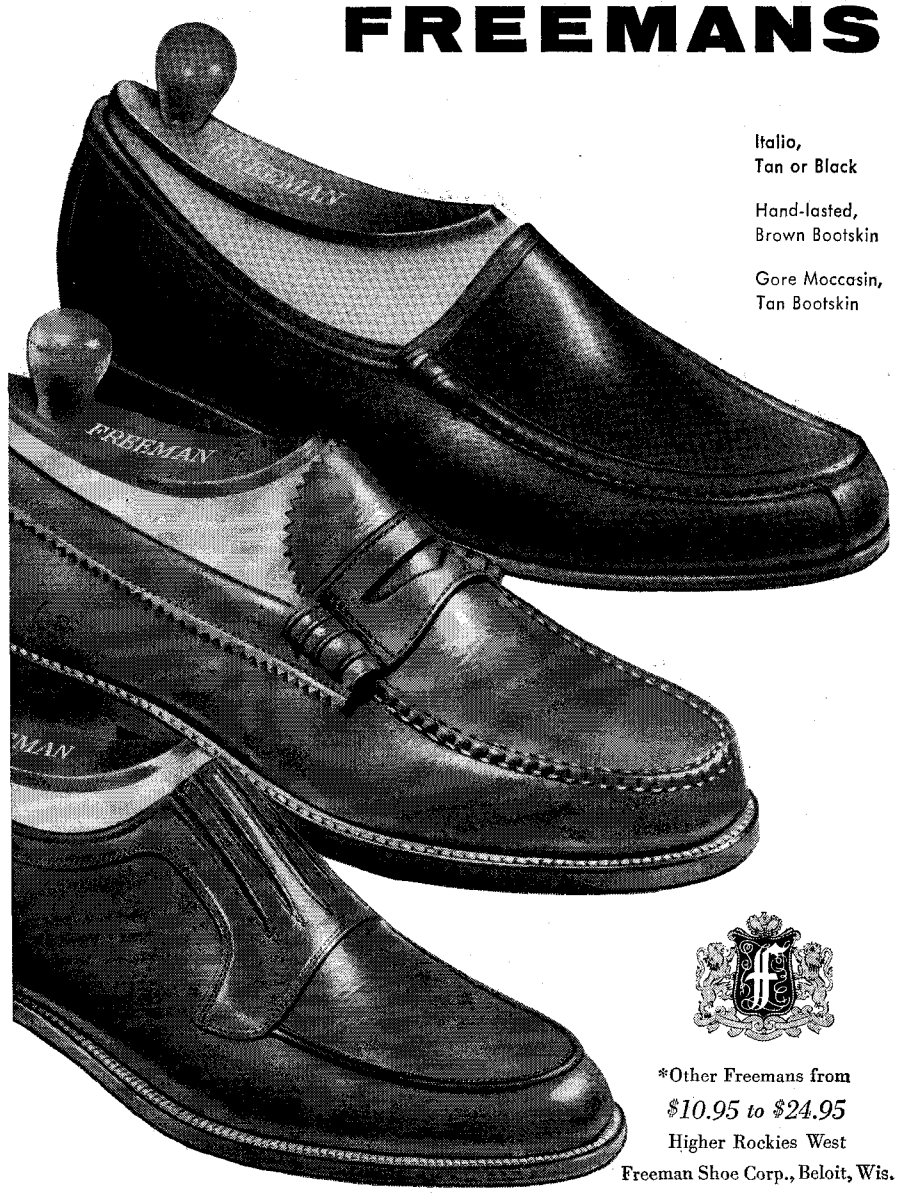

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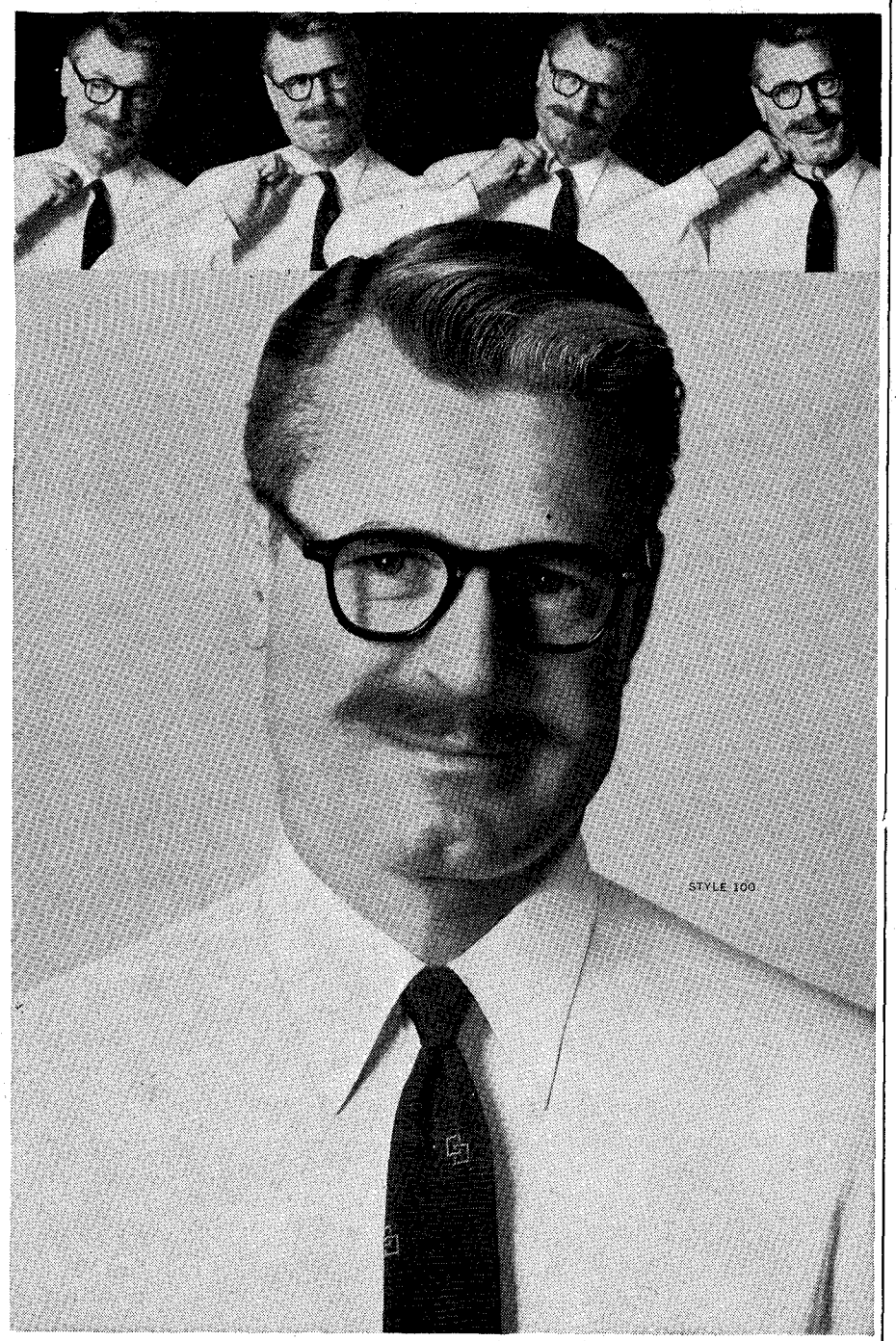

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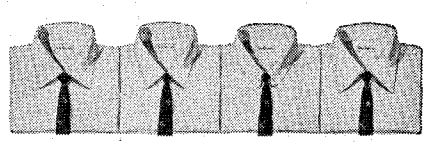

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His voice hovered on the same note, and the others left. Granjo felt a pressure in his throat as he looked at Edith. She wore a buckskin riding skirt and a plain silk shirt. She looked very lovely.

Her eyes showed her discomfort and she merely mumbled, "Hello, Granjo."

"Hi, Miss Edith. Sounda kinda silly to me."

Before she could answer, the blatant Mr. Ferris was between them, a hand on each of their arms. "Now, please, don't take offense, bud, but due to your Indian blood I am sure there must be a bit about you both of interest; a good human-interest story."

Granjo was watching Edith's face. He saw her eyes wince. Awkwardly he tried to phrase the words that flooded to his mind.

"Mr. Ferris, perhaps I could talk to you. Later we could get—whatever it is you want."

As he talked, he saw an expression of gratitude soften the lines around Edith's eyes. But Mr. Ferris was not to be daunted.

"Oh, but it will just take a minute. Just silly little questions. Which of your parents were Indian? What tribe? Hint at a vanishing American romance. Things like that. Some pictures and we're done."

Granjo watched Edith. Quickly he stepped to her side, almost pushing Mr. Ferris from between them.

"You go on over to the office and get my number for me." He didn't mean to sound as gruff as he did.

She looked into his eyes for a moment—a long look, filled with sadness. Then she gripped his wrist with her left hand, she squeezed it hard for a moment, and Granjo thought he saw her lips frame the word, "Thanks." She turned and left.

Mr. Ferris watched her go. "Now what do you suppose I said wrong?" he asked.

"Perhaps after the show, sir. Excitement, you know." He turned on his heel. He felt sorry for the loud little man. Slowly he walked to the rear of the chutes.

"Who the hell was that?"

He looked down and saw Rufus' grinning face squinting up at him. He dropped down beside him and said, "Oh, some goof from a newspaper, wanted to do a story about Indians. Sometimes I wonder about dudes. They seem to think we should have two heads and say nothing but 'Ugh.'"

Rufus nudged him and he looked up. Edith stood in front of them. She held out his arm band on which was a number. He scrambled to his feet.

"Thank you. I just thought we should break that deal up. Didn't mean for you to walk all the way. . . ."

"I'm the one to thank you," Edith interrupted, her voice low. "Good luck, good luck to you both." She smiled down at Rufus. She looked at Granjo again, then turned and was lost in the crowd.

"Dang my freckles and funny face, that's a good girl," Rufus said. "Now if I was tall, dark and handsome like you I wouldn't just stand around gawking in the general direction she took off in; I'd give chase."

Granjo hardly heard him. He was thinking of the way Edith carried her head; her long, lovely legs and the way she walked, straight and gracefully; and he was thinking of the deep look of pain that crossed her face whenever the question of her blood—his, too, for that matter—was brought up.

The public-address system blared, "Contestants in the bareback riding, get ready, please."

"We'd best move. Some of these eager bronc stompers is likely to step on us if we don't," Rufus said.

They got to their feet. Tote came around the corner of the chutes. He had two coiled ropes hanging on his arm. His piggin' string was looped over his shoulder. He came up to them.

"I'm bettin' you don't even catch all three calves with the first loop," he said, looking at Granjo.

"I'll take some of that," Rufus answered quickly.

"Hundred?" Tote sneered.

"Make it two. Jo and I'll split it," Rufus answered.

"You've got a bet," Tote said and walked off.

"Maybe you shouldn't have done that," Granjo said, a flutter of excitement stirring the muscles of his stomach.

He thought of the rest of the show; a calf this afternoon; another tonight, and then one more tomorrow afternoon. The best average time would win. With over twenty ropers competing, one miss and you were sure to be out.

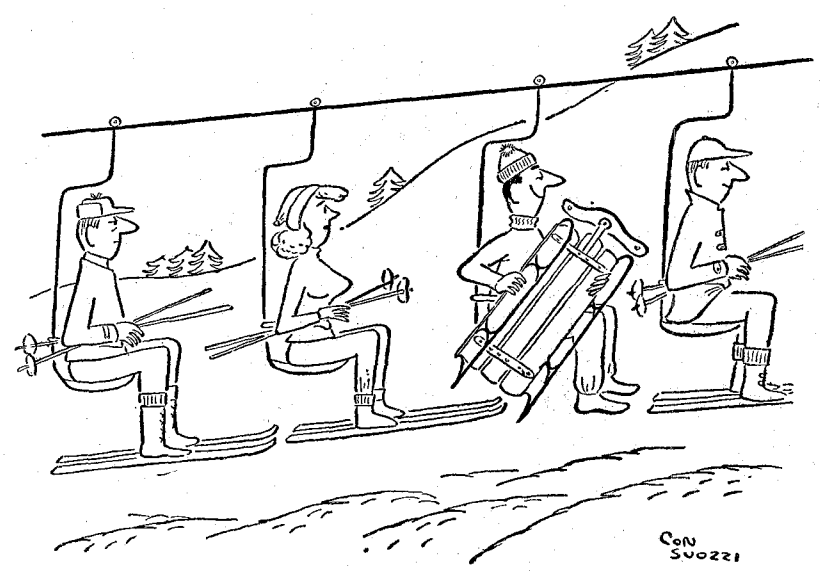
He caught sight of Tote, signing autographs. He was fleetingly envious of the man's arrogant calm. He could feel the moisture in the lines of his palms. He wished fervently it was time to climb on Hustler and back into the stall; time to rope his first calf. He wished Edith would come around and talk to him.

The next day it was hot back of the chutes. A relay race was in progress and as the riders changed saddles in front of the stands the crowd's roar rose to almost a physical pressure which Granjo could feel pushing across the track. Granjo and Rufus were hunkered down on their heels behind the chutes, seeking the shade of the high planks.

"It's a dirty shame you haven't contested before." Rufus sounded as if he were making an observation to himself.

"Why didn't you?" Rufus asked.

"Oh, I don't know. I don't think I'd be much account under pressure. And Tote



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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used to have so many young horses coming on, I hardly had time."

"Under pressure!" Rufus said. "What do you call this?" And he held a piece of paper—on which there were some numbers written—in front of Granjo. Excitement made Granjo's hand shake as he took the paper. He knew what was written on it: the combined time it took for Tote—the fastest—then Rufus, and finally himself—the slowest of the three—to rope their two calves. There wasn't three seconds' difference between them. The rest were far behind.

"You're like a madman on the ground, and that little lady's horse is the dangedest thing I ever see, and that includes Pepe," Rufus said and then he chuckled. "Man, I'd love to win this myself, but I think I'd rather see you draw some little bitty veal and tie him in nothing flat, just to see that swell-headed ape's face!"

Granjo didn't answer. The last twenty-four hours had been the longest in his life. His first calf hadn't been too bad: he'd wanted to give Hustler a chance and he hadn't rushed him. He had just left the little horse alone and he'd been surprised at the powerful surge when the barrier sprang. Hustler had put him right up on his calf. He'd made a good catch. The horse had stopped well, sliding on his tail and never taking his eyes off the calf. Granjo had moved down the rope deliberately; he hadn't wanted to excite the horse. And when the time had crackled over the public-address system, Granjo had been surprised; fourteen seconds flat. Then the nagging hope had sprung alive again and this time he couldn't push it from his mind.

Last night, after he'd roped his second calf handily, Rufus had told him "You're goin' good because you're not rushin' yourself. Keep it up."

And he'd had one lucky break last night. Tote's calf had fallen when he had hit the end of the rope and Tote had lost precious seconds—in accordance with the rules—waiting for the calf to regain his feet.

Now Granjo thought of the redheaded roper next to him and wished he wasn't competing against him. There'd be no joy in beating him. Rufus had been going well; he was incredibly fast on the ground, but his horse wasn't as good as Hustler or Pepe. And Rufus had coached Granjo after each of his calves, pointing out what he'd done wrong. Slowly it had dawned on Granjo that he'd never had a better friend than Rufus.

Now Rufus stood up and looked at a program. "Well, two more events and we'll know the awful truth. Good luck to you, boy." He hesitated. He pulled the makings from his shirt pocket and started to roll a cigarette. As he licked the paper he looked down at Granjo.

"If you were to run that calf plumb down and then dab it on him, kinda hang it over his face, just to win the bet from Tote, I'd never say anything to her and you know Tote wouldn't, not after losin' a bet."

Granjo squinted up at him. "Sorry, Rufe. Sorry you made the bet. But I'm not playin' it safe. I'm going for all the money."

A broad grin spread over Rufus' face. "I hoped you'd say that," he said and headed for the shelter under which the ropers and doggers kept their horses.

Granjo thought of what Rufus had said. It was true; he had contemplated doing what Rufus had intimated; running his next calf down and merely hanging the rope on him. It would have been a victory to win the bet from Tote. But he couldn't play it that way. He had to give the little horse a chance. Edith had been right. With a win, at a good show, on his record, the little horse stood a good chance of becoming a popular sire.

Granjo got to his feet and decided he'd look at the horse. He started toward the shelter.

Then he saw Edith. She was standing in the shade, rubbing Hustler between the ears.

"Hi," she called. "I've been looking for you. I want to talk to you."

"Shoot. I might be too nervous to make much sense, but I have plenty of time to kill," Granjo answered, trying to make his voice sound calm.

She looked up at him and he thought of a posed photograph with her standing there, rubbing the horse's head. Her mouth and eyes appeared nervous, but her bearing was as poised as ever.

Granjo pushed his hat back and laughed. "You look like a calendar or the cover on some mail-order catalogue."

"Is that a compliment?" she asked, smiling.

"It's meant to be. What's on your mind?"

"Yesterday, when Mr. Ferris asked us to pose, I acted foolishly. I probably could explain it to you. To you and to no one else, but ——"

She stopped abruptly and looked over his shoulder. He turned and saw Tote coming toward them. Tote came and stood between them. Then he said, "Well, this separates the men from the boys. There's always the calf that runs crooked. You can't throw him; and when you wrap three legs you find your piggin' string stretches and the calf gets up."

Now the loud-speaker blared the results in the bronc riding. Only one more event and it would be time for the calf-roping finals. Suddenly Granjo felt inexperienced and foolish. He noticed Tote's steady hands

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After thoroughly examining the report of the Tire Retreading Institute, the Inter-Industry Highway Safety Committee has approved of the plans established by the Institute for the Master-Retreading of tires. In addition the Committee has commended the T.R.I. program so that retreading can be standardized giving the public further assurance of safety and security on the highways. Master-Retreads will deliver many additional safe miles for your tires at very little extra cost. Top quality tires, for instance, may be Master-Retreaded time and time again with complete safety.

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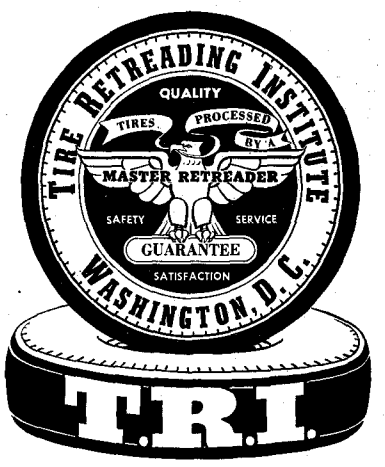

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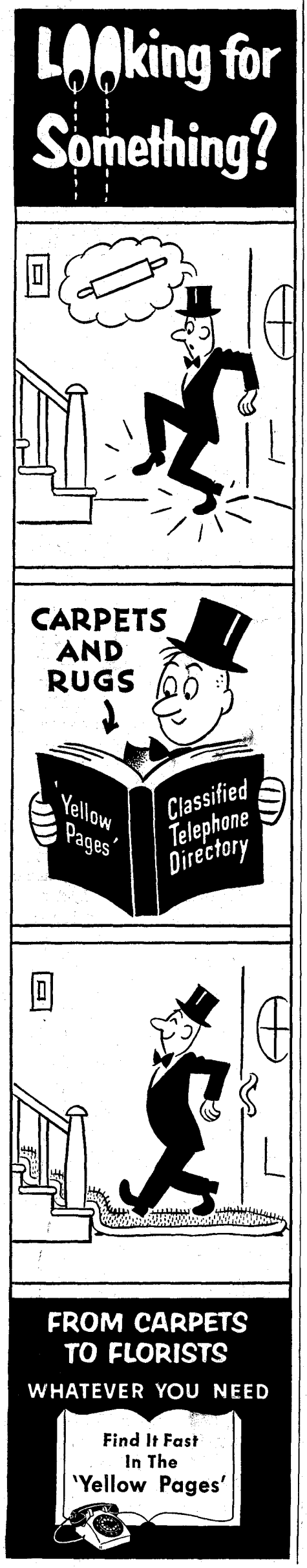

rolling a cigarette and the sure, slow smile on his lips as he licked the paper. Granjo turned and put the bridle on Hustler; anything to be doing something with his hands. He was terribly sorry Edith hadn't had time to finish what she wanted to say. A wild hope had sprung within him, but now, glancing at her from the corner of his eye, it died. She seemed as friendly toward Tote as she did toward him. Then he saw Tote take Edith's arm, and watched as they left the shade of the shelter.

He mounted Hustler and rode out into the infield. He figure-eighted the little stallion, giving him a chance to get warmed up. Then he heard the announcer, "Calf ropers—in the last go round—get ready, please."

And then the announcer made a short speech about the two stores in town which had put up the added money.

From where Granjo sat his horse he couldn't see Tote and Rufus rope their calves. The swelling noise of the crowd reached him and when the times were announced he tried to keep from adding them to the combined times, but he couldn't. When his name was announced he knew he'd have to gain three seconds on Rufus and four and a half seconds on Tote.

When he backed Hustler into the starting stall he looked down and his calf, standing with lowered head peering through a crack in the gate of the narrow chute, looked as big as a yearling. He could taste the piggin' string in his mouth. He looked down to make sure the end was tucked in his belt. With his right hand, holding his loop, he tugged his hat down. He waited until he felt Hustler standing squarely on his feet and then he nodded. The little gate opened and the calf bounded out. Hustler seemed to squat and at the exact instant the calf crossed the line and the timer's flag dropped, Granjo hit Hustler with his heels. The little stallion was in the air, making his first jump, at the snap of the barrier.

Granjo heard the crowd as he overtook the calf. It seemed only a matter of a few powerful jumps until the calf was in front of his right toe. Suddenly the calf bore to the left, under Hustler's neck. Granjo's spinning loop was whistling. He let it go and twisted his hand; in a split second he knew he'd have to take a chance. In one fluid motion he threw his loop, yanked it shut, and threw the slack high. As Hustler slid to a stop he had a sinking feeling. He'd roped the calf directly in front of the horse and he couldn't tell whether he had it around the neck or if the loop rode above one ear and would come off when the calf hit the end of the rope. Running down the rope, he prayed and when he came to the calf, jumping and bawling stiff-legged at the end of the silk Manila, he felt a surge of relief. He grabbed the calf's near front leg and with a powerful lift heaved him off the ground. He put the loop of the pigging string around the leg while the calf was still in the air. Crowding the calf's hocks with his right knee, he took the three turns around the hind legs, pulled his rope through in a hitch, and then threw both his hands over his head.

Going back to Hustler, he could have thrown his arms around the little horse's neck. He swung into the saddle and then for the first time he was fully conscious of the roar of the crowd.

Then they were all around him. He hadn't heard the time, but they were pulling at his legs and shouting.

He heard Rufus' voice. "Oh, what a catch! Tied the show's record!"

Somebody was pulling at his right leg, a man with a camera was asking him to do something. Granjo was in a daze. He felt a big grin across his face and tears pushed into the corners of his eyes. In spite of his excitement he sensed something was different; there was something that was out of the ordinary, and then he realized what it was. From where his calf lay struggling to the end of the arena, the space was filled with people. They weren't spectators; they were contestants. Bronc riders, doggers, trick riders, bull riders and the other ropers; they had all come out to give him a friendly whoop. Many of them stopped by his knee and thumped his leg or the toe of his boot and mumbled, "Nice going, Jo," or "Glad ya did it."

Granjo looked down at them through a haze, yet he was conscious of the wide smile on his lips. His piggin' string sailed through the air and landed across the swell of his saddle. He felt Hustler relax as the rope went limp; someone had let his calf up. Still shaking hands and nodding to friends, he slowly threaded his way out of the arena.

As Granjo rode toward the barn the heady exhilaration of success couldn't be quelled. He felt like singing. It was more than winning the calf roping; much of that, he knew, was luck in the draw of his calves, and a great deal of it was due to the powerful little stallion, now jogging toward the barn as quietly as if he'd merely been out for exercise. For the first time—now that there was little chance of being seen—Granjo leaned far forward in the saddle and rubbed the powerful bulldog jaws with his knuckles.

"You're it, little hoss. They came out, all of 'em, and just sorta paid their respects to us."

And as he talked he realized that was why he felt on top of the world; he had never seen the men from behind the chutes pay their respects in such a way, nor show their friendliness so frankly.

He was rubbing Hustler with a handful of straw when he heard a horse. Tote came around the corner on Pepe. He checked Pepe, almost as if he didn't want to ride up to the stalls, and then he walked his horse slowly toward Granjo, rode up to within a few feet of him and dismounted.

"Well, you lucked up, Injun. Or rather you stumbled onto the best horse I've ever seen."

His voice was flat and Granjo could see the nerves in the corners of his mouth working, making his face uncertain, as if for the moment he couldn't believe it had actually happened. Suddenly Granjo's temper left. He felt sorry for the man.

"You could 'a' rode the horse. You had the chance," he said, and then added, "Night before last, you still said you might. What happened?"

Edith's voice behind him said, "He wanted to and I wouldn't let him." She was coming out of the stall Granjo used as a room. Granjo was so startled he dropped Hustler's halter shank. He looked at Edith and saw that she had been crying, and yet the expression around her eyes was anything but sad.

Granjo felt foolish as he looked from one to the other. He was relieved when he heard Rufus' whoop at the end of the barn. The grinning roper loped up on his gray horse and did a comical, burlesqued imitation of a movie hero dismounting.

"Hey, White Lightning, take your hat off when you talk to Jo," he said, roaring with laughter at his own remark.

Suddenly Tote pulled out his wallet and threw some bills on the ground. He mounted Pepe and rode off.

"Touchy, ain't he?" Rufus said; then, bending down, he added, "Half of this is mine. Better pick up what I can. You might go to ropin' steady."

Then as he handed Granjo two fifty-dollar bills he said, "I'm puttin' my horse up. See you two down at the hotel. They're havin' a big wing-ding. Remember you picked up a saddle, too, along with all the money. They have to have a big presentation. By the way, Miss Edith, don't mess around, tell him whose calves he was practicin' on and whose idea it was." Then Rufus swung on his gray and loped off.

Embarrassment flooded over Granjo. Again he started to rub the blanket mark on Hustler's back. Edith walked around Hustler until she faced him across the little horse. Granjo avoided her eyes. He was thinking about the way Hustler, the morning he was practicing, would pull toward the right; as if he were familiar with his surroundings. Granjo's hand with the straw wisp was describing small, futile little circles.

"Were they your calves?" he asked.

"Yes."

"What were you going to tell me when Tote interrupted this afternoon?"

Edith searched his eyes. "I don't have to tell you now because—well, because of the way they all cheered you when you won. But because of my father I was mixed up. Sometimes I confused his actions with his being part—part Indian. That's why I didn't tell you about the calves. I thought the less we were together, the less people would talk. This afternoon I saw what they thought of a good guy doing a good job."

As she talked she covered his hand holding the straw wisp, with her own. Then she smiled at him. He realized he'd never seen her completely relaxed before. Quickly he dropped the wisp and ducking under Hustler's neck he came to her side. He looked down at her and she stepped closer to him.

After a moment she leaned back in his arms and smiled up at him. Then Edith said, "Perhaps we'd better get ahold of Mr. Ferris. We might have a story for him, just filled with human interest. Nothing about Indians though. Just a roper and rancher."

THE END

Home Town

By Melissa Nash

The town like a sea-deserted pool
Lies salty and clean and white.
And the tides come up and the tides go down
With never a mast in sight.
The trim little streets and the trig little homes
Bear the mark of a seafarer's care.
They are gone—those old captains who sailed the wide seas—
But the little town knows they were there.
It knows by the conch shell outside the front door,
By the set of rare china within.
It knows by the weather vane high on the barn
And the rooms all as neat as a pin.
The paint is still white on the snug little homes,
The wind from the ocean blows free,
But Time's tide has taken those captains of old
To a harbor beyond the Eighth Sea.

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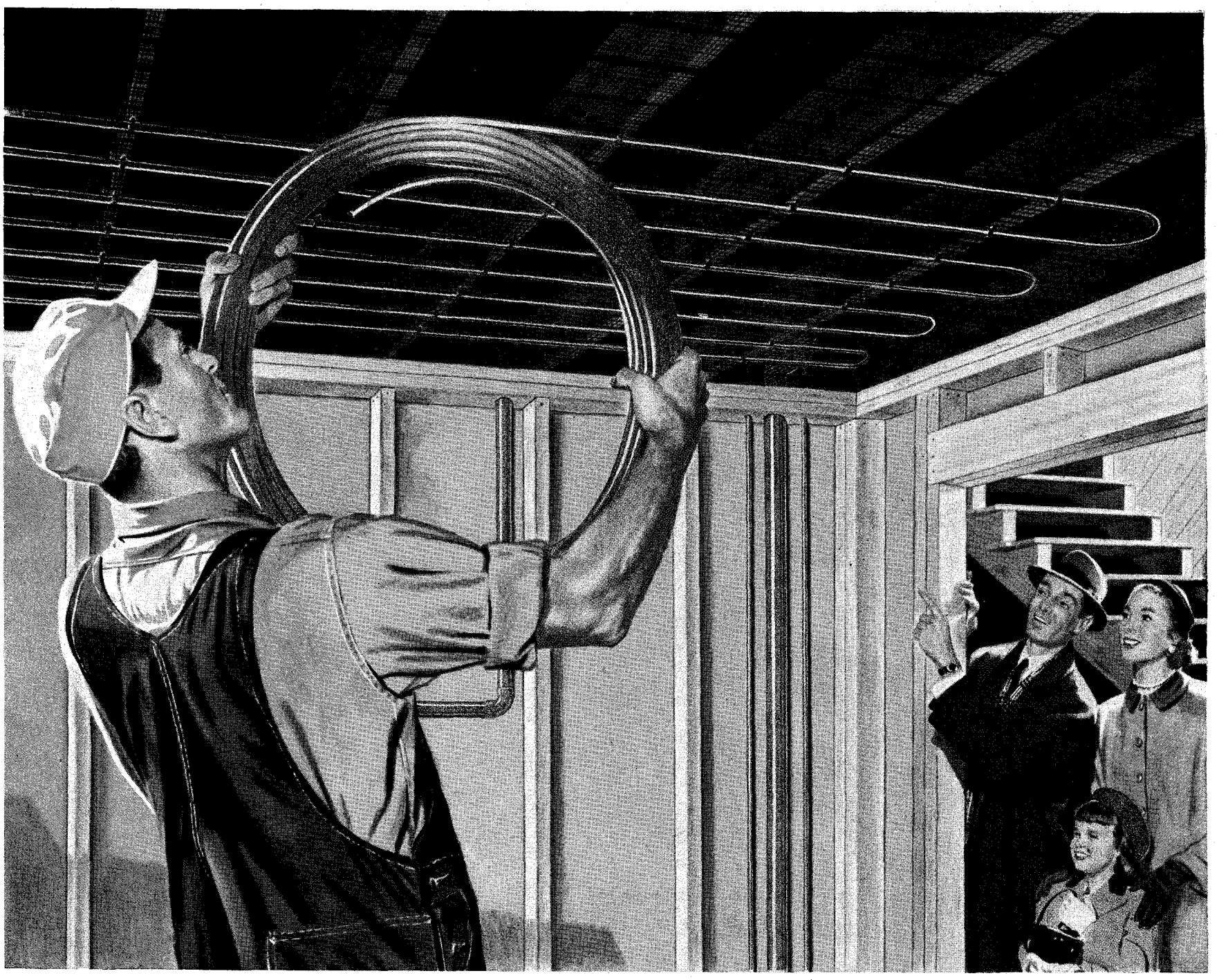

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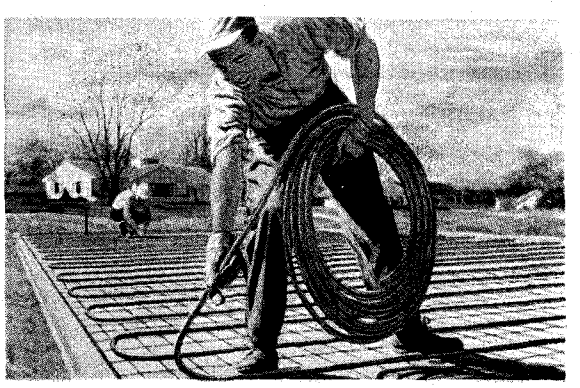

In floors, too, Chase Copper Tube for radiant heating gives comfortable, uniform warmth. Light in weight, flexible, requiring fewer joints, it's quick and easy to install.

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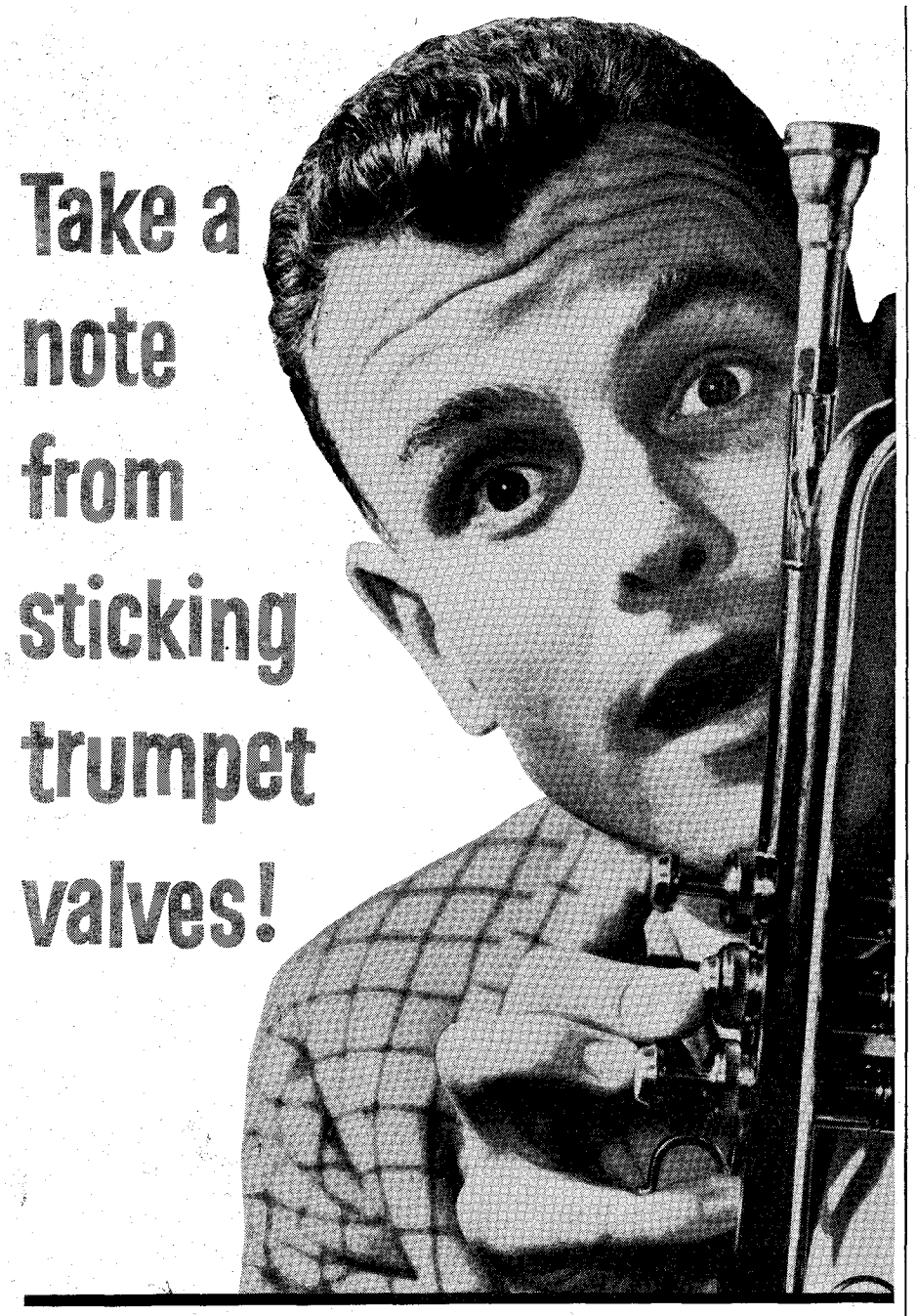

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Death in the Wind (Continued from Page 45)

said the other man was a character they call Frenchy, but I didn't know he was an illegal entry. Thanks for the tip."

"I think he saw someone out at Fawcett Point, Monday night," Brad said. "I was talking to a lobsterman down at the dock and he said Frenchy was spearing fish on the sand bank off Fawcett Point that night."

Lieutenant Gray straightened his hat and said, "We'll take a ride down to the harbor and pick that character up."

"He said if I went to the police he wouldn't talk, lieutenant."

"Oh, I think he'll talk," Vern Gray said. "If he's got anything to say, he'll talk."

On the way to the harbor in a police car, Brad sat silent between the lieutenant and a trooper who was driving. He rested his hand on his thigh and felt the watch through the cloth of his slacks.

Once Lieutenant Gray learned about the watch he would fasten on it and never let go. But the hands were stopped at 9:04. If Brad could prove he left the point before that time, the watch might help him; it would take the elasticity out of that estimate of time of death. The man who had set the watch hands knew what time the murder had been committed.

The police car stopped first at the Fisherman's Bar and the lieutenant went in to inquire about Frenchy. When he returned he said, "Nobody's seen Frenchy around all afternoon. Show me where that shack of his is."

"Beyond the boat yard. There's a dirt road leading there."

As the trooper drove along the road behind Strong's Boat Yard, Vern Gray said, "I saw Tom Childress in there, and he told me Frenchy did use his boat Monday night."

The shack was just ahead, spotlighted by the headlights of the car. The lieutenant got out, produced a flashlight and walked to the door. He pushed it wide open, played the beam, and called, "Nobody home! Looks like nobody ever was home!"

Brad got out of the car and went to the shack.

The beam of light had picked up the washbowl and pitcher on the table and was moving on, but Brad said, "Wait a minute. Let's see that table again." The beam of light returned to the pitcher and bowl. "There was some soap there before, and a razor and some mustache wax," he said. "It's gone."

The lieutenant moved to the table, opened its drawer and closed it again. "You suppose the guy cleared out?" he said, and moved about, investigating the room. "For a fact, he's cleared out. That's why he wanted to get five hundred bucks out of you, Mr. Davis. He was trying to shake you down for five hundred so he could get out."

He ripped the covers off the Army-surplus cot, turned back the thin mattress. The flashlight beam disclosed the rectangular shape of a photograph of post-card size. Vern Gray picked it up and turned the light on it. Over his shoulder Brad saw that it pictured a man and a woman in front of a backdrop of a painted forest. The man wore the uniform of a French soldier.

The lieutenant asked, "Is that Frenchy?"

"No, this fellow is a lot bigger. His face is more square."

Vern Gray turned the photograph over and said, "There's something written on the back. Some numbers. Looks like six, oh, three, two, nine, seven. I guess that last one is a seven. There's a funny little mark on it."

"It's a seven," Brad said. "Europeans cross a seven that way to distinguish it from the number one."

"It's written big and heavy across the whole back of the photo," the lieutenant said. "What do you suppose that means? A file number, maybe. Do you happen to know the guy's name?"

"No. Just Frenchy."

"Well, he won't get far," Vern Gray said "He can't speak much English, they say. We'll pick him up." He put the photograph in his pocket. "Let's get back to the barracks."

"I want to check in at a hotel and get cleaned up," Brad said. "And make some telephone calls, if I can find a telephone that's working."

"You can call from the barracks," the lieutenant said. "Mr. Davis, you disappeared for better than twenty-four hours. I'm not going to let you disappear again. Let's go."

Paula felt guilty because she had not confided in her father. But tonight he had attended a dinner meeting of the town finance committee, and when he returned a little after nine o'clock Pierre had already been put to bed and Porter Bellows, who had come too late to say good night to the boy, was waiting to play a game of chess with Horace. (Continued on Page 120)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now, that's what I call poise."

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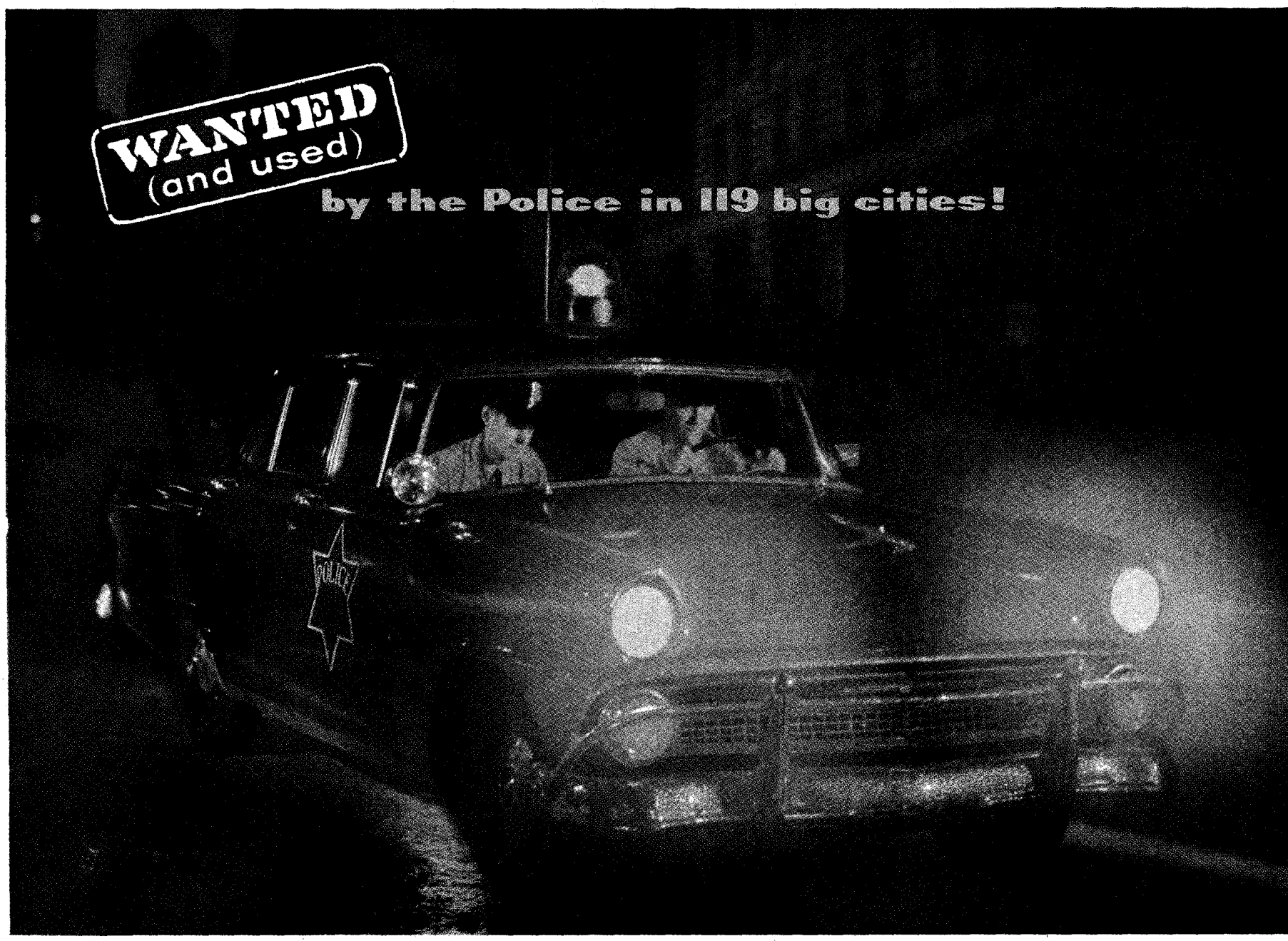

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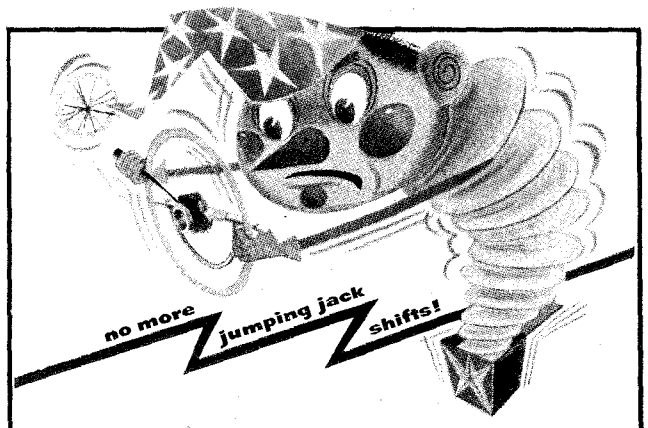

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(Continued from Page 118) Pierre had been excited and had talked a lot about his father, and Paula had tried to hide her worry. Bradley Davis had said he would get in touch with her as soon as he had talked to the Frenchman, but that was hours ago. She was forced to admit the possibility that he had only been bargaining for time, that he might be miles away by now.

Porter Bellows sat hunched over the chessboard, with his chin in his hand. There was an appealing quality about him that was emphasized by sorrow, Paula thought. He was a gentle, rather shy man, invariably courteous to women. Perhaps that had been part of the attraction for Ruth, whose personality had been very positive. Ruth had been an emphatic and strong-willed woman who would require for her mate either a strong, unyielding man in the image of her grandfather or a man of ungrudging compliance and uncritical understanding. Bradley Davis had obviously filled neither bill.

"Porter, I'm afraid it's checkmate next move," Horace Trent said. "Too bad. This isn't your night."

Porter's smile was rueful. "It never is my night, Horace," he said. "It was good of you to play with me, I appreciate it." He got slowly to his feet. "And I appreciate what you both have done. You've been wonderful to Pierre."

"We love Pierre," Paula said. "We like having him with us."

There came a heavy knocking on the front door. Paula went out into the hall. She saw the big shoulders of Alex Fawcett looming through the glass side panels of the entrance door, and as she opened it he cried out, "They got him!" The lamplight from the adjoining room made his eyes glint. "They got him, Paula!"

"Got who?"

"Bradley Davis. Vern arrested him a few minutes ago."

"Not so loud," Paula said sharply. "Pierre is upstairs."

She led the way into the living room, and as she closed the door Alex looked stiffly at Porter Bellows and said, "Porter, I owe you an apology. I lost my head this morning and I'm sorry. O.K.?"

"What was it you said about Davis?" Horace Trent asked. "Do you mean he's alive?"

"If he's not, they've got a zombie in that cell," Alex said. "Sure, he's alive. He was hiding out and I caught him."

"You caught him?" Paula cried.

"Down by the dock," Alex said. "I collared him and drove him to the barracks. I could see he wanted to make a break for it, but he didn't have the guts."

Paula remembered her father saying something about the shine that came into Alex's eyes when he won a big pot at poker. That shine showed now, and she did not like to look at it.

Horace Trent asked in a moderate, thoughtful tone, "Did Davis confess?"

"Do they ever confess?" Alex said. "No. He'll yell his innocence up until the time the juice hits him."

"Stop it, Alex!" Paula cried out.

"Stop what?"

"She means don't be so blamed vengeful," Horace said, with an irritated lift in his voice.

Alex's lips tightened and he met Horace's eyes steadily for a moment; then he shrugged his big shoulders and said, "If he killed her I'm not going to waste my sympathy on him."

"Let's remember there's an 'if,'" Horace said. "If you can tell us in an objective way just what happened, I'd like to hear it."

"'Objective,' the man says," Alex said, and grinned. "O.K., Davis made it to shore last night and crawled into a cottage down there at Oak Beach that belongs to you, Horace—the one you call Thalassa. He hid out there last night, but Muriel Parker saw him on the beach today and called the cops. He got away, but I caught him down at the harbor."

Horace had avoided looking at Paula, but now his glance shifted toward her, and away again.

Porter Bellows said gently, "I'm sorry to hear it. I must say I was pretty sure that Davis was the man, and I suppose I should hate him, but I feel sorry for him."

"Sorry for him?" Alex said. "He's a killer."

"That's precisely why I'm sorry for him," Porter said. "God help him. Why did he do it?" He turned his head away.

Alex stood gazing fixedly at Porter for a moment; then he took Paula's hand and said, "Want to walk out to the car with me? I want to talk to you."

She nodded, and as she went with him to the door he said, "I must say that was a funny way to take it. The guy killed his wife. You'd think he'd have blood in his eye."

"There's such a thing as compassion," she said tightly. "Hating Bradley Davis won't bring Ruth back."

"There's good, solid satisfaction in it, though," he said, as they walked to the curb. "I know how you feel about it, Paula. Davis is Pierre's father. But Davis never paid much attention to the kid. Ruth used to say he didn't give a damn about Pierre."

"Let's not talk about it," she said, with irritation. She jerked open the door of his car and said, "Get in, Alex, and go home." She sniffed. "My Lord, your car reeks of perfume."

"So that's it," he said.

"No, that's not it. Nothing's it. If you want to squire perfumed widows around, that's all the same to me."

"I don't care anything about Muriel Parker," he said. "I feel responsible for her, that's all. You're the one for me, Paula. You know that."

"Oh, don't be so—so ——" She broke off.

"So what?"

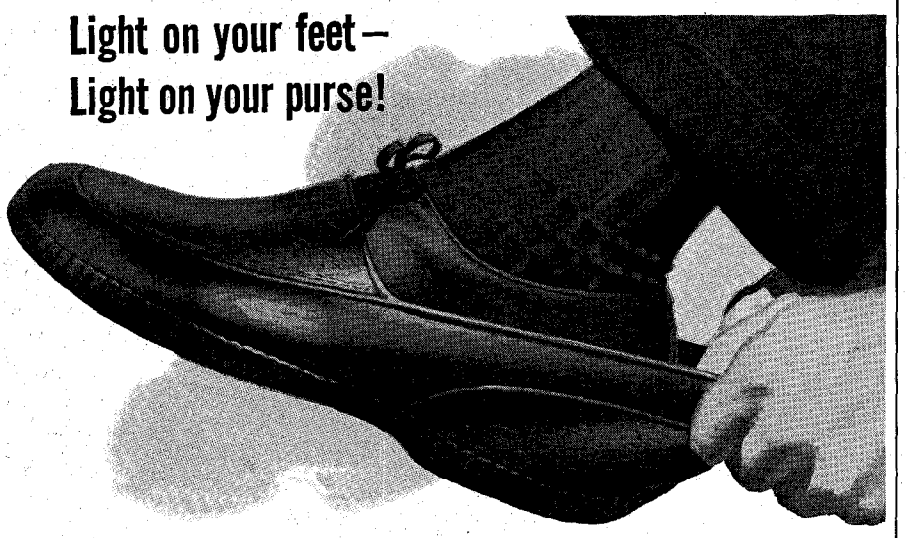
"So gross," she said.

He chuckled softly. "Honey, let me explain. I was in New Haven a while back. I ran into Mort Brewster and he had a little party going in his place and this redhead was there." He put his hand on her shoulder. "I only saw her that one night, at that party, and that's a fact. You're the one for me. You know that."

The hand was heavy on her shoulder, and confidently possessive. She moved her shoulder slightly until he removed his hand. Let him go back to his widow, she thought. She didn't care.

"I was knocked over when Muriel showed up (Continued on Page 124)

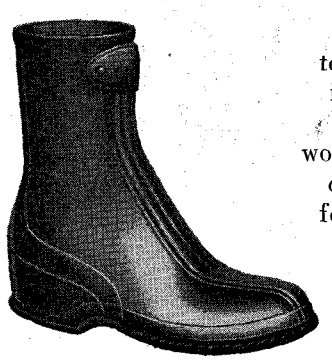
Light on your feet—
Light on your purse!



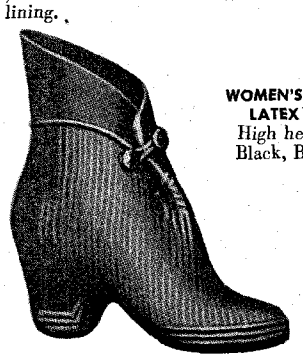
MEN'S U. S. FOAM LATEX SANDALS stretch way out and snap right back to perfect fit! Black, with Red Foam lining.

Make Light of Heavy Weather!

Icy snows or heavy rains aren't half so hard to take when your feet are dry and comfortable in the new, amazingly light U. S. Waterproof Footwear. Fabulous new "U. S." materials, wonderful new "U. S." styles and colors have changed the whole picture of stormy weather for the better. And "U. S." is not only light on your feet—but light on your purse!

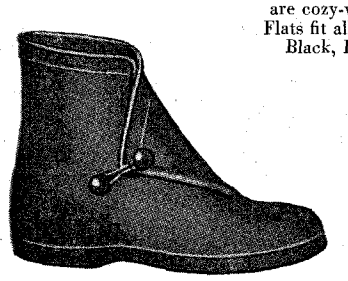


MEN'S U. S. HIGH KWIK RUBBER GAITER. Black, with fleece lining.



WOMEN'S U. S. FOAM LATEX GAYTEES. High heels or flats. Black, Brown, Red.

WOMEN'S U. S. *InsulAir* GAYTEES® are cozy-warm at zero! Flats fit all heel heights. Black, Red, White.



WOMEN'S RAINTONE GAYTEES. High heels or flats. Black, Brown, Red, Sand.

US RUBBER United States Rubber

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I like Zingo Shaving Lotion because . . ."

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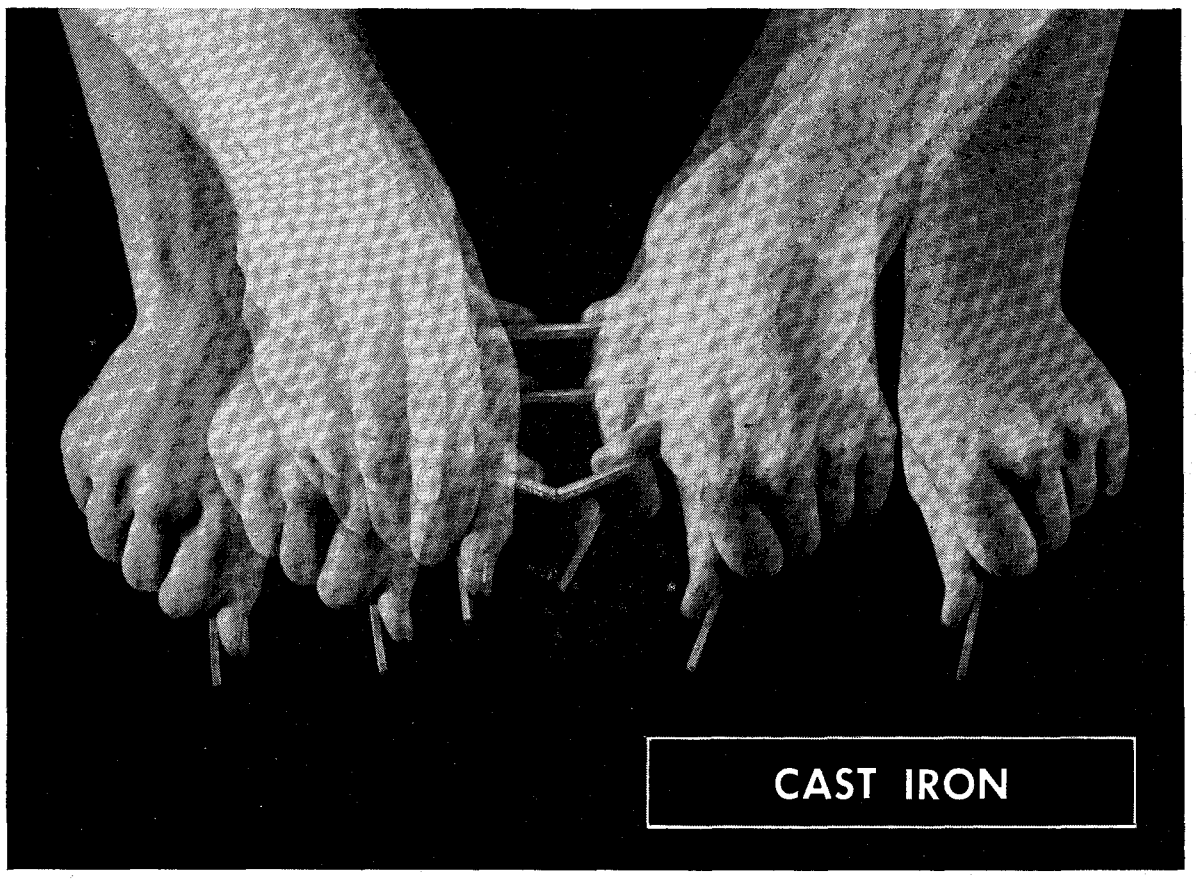
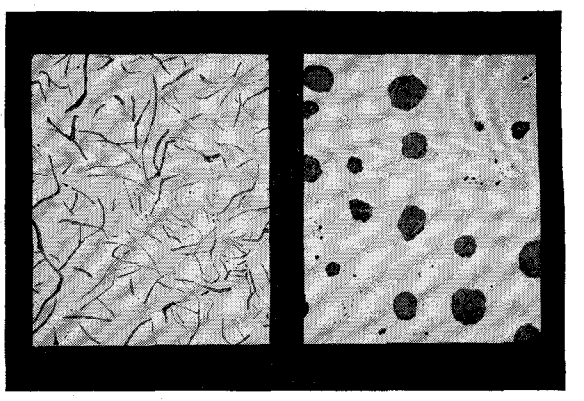
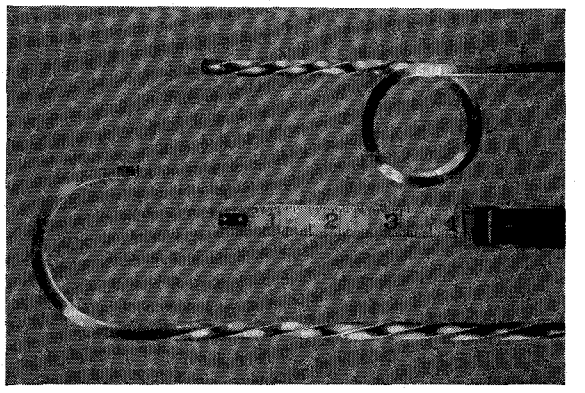


Repetitive flash photography makes it plain how ordinary (flake graphite) cast iron, when stressed, will break off short without bending.



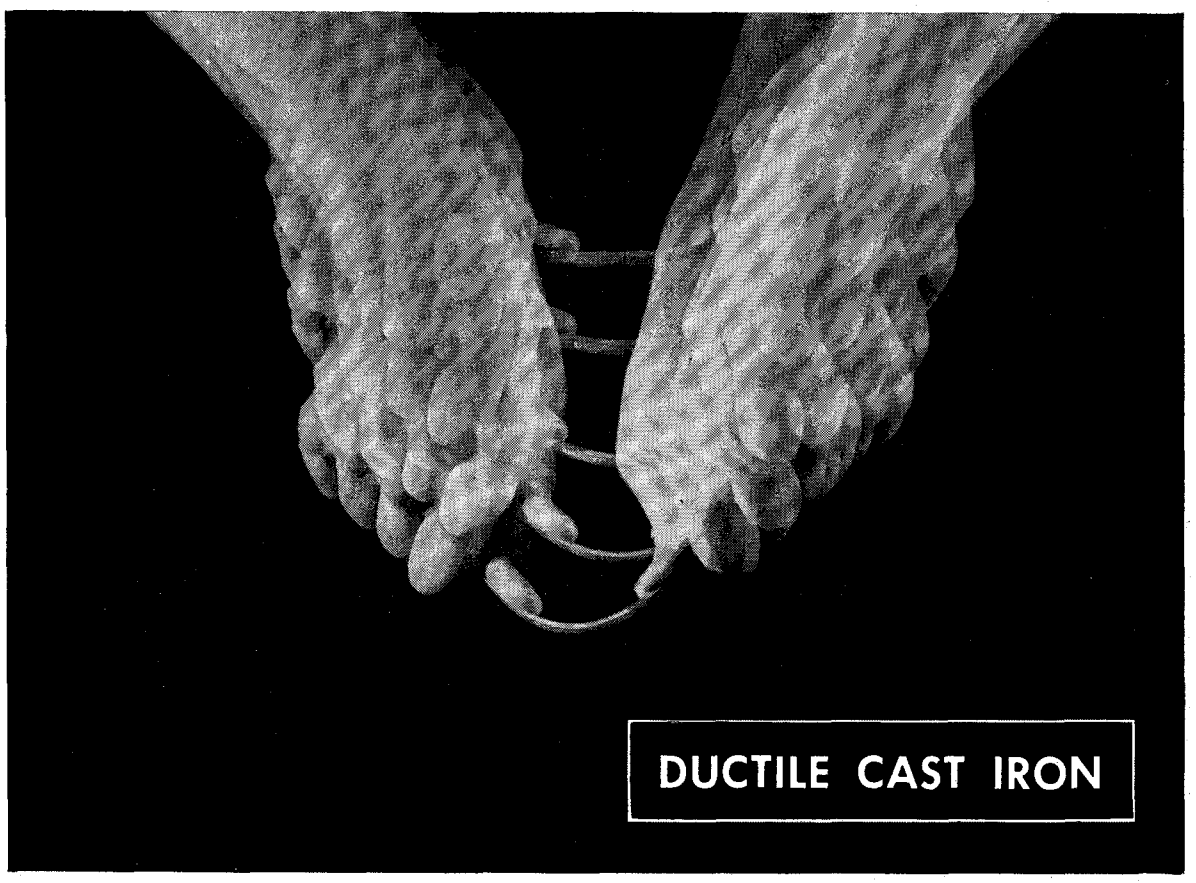
HERE'S THE INSIDE STORY on the difference between cast iron and Ductile Iron! In cast iron *(left above)*, the graphite is in flake form, making for brittleness. In Ductile Cast Iron *(right)*, it's formed into tiny spheres. This makes for toughness and strength.



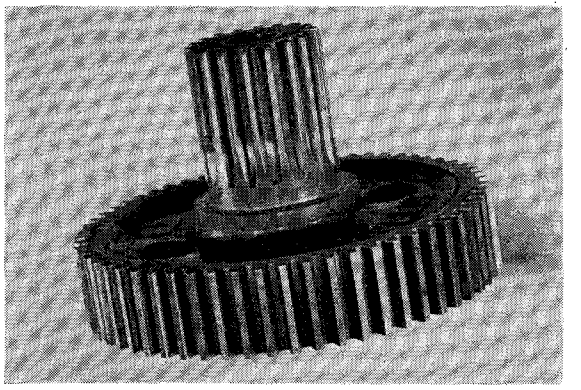
HOW Ductile Cast Iron can be twisted and bent without breaking, is shown above.

Slow-Motion Proof

that Inco-developed Ductile Cast Iron has exceptional ductility—can be bent like mild steel



Under the watchful eye of the strobe camera, Ductile Cast Iron bends and bends. No break!



TODAY, Ductile Cast Iron is a material of many varied uses. Everything from pinking shears to plowshares—washing machine gears to jet plane parts! And industry is rapidly expanding its uses of this economical cast material.

An Inco development, Ductile Cast Iron is a new material that combines the best features of cast iron and steel.

Like cast iron, Ductile Iron has good fluidity. It's easy to cast. It machines well.

Like steel, Ductile Iron is strong and tough *(the picture at left proves it)*. Its ductility is outstanding.

With Ductile Iron, industry is cutting costs on materials, production, maintenance. Write for "Ductile Iron, the Cast Iron that Can Be Bent." Maybe this booklet can show you how this new material, *greatest foundry advance in over a century*, can help you cut costs. The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 273d, New York 5, N. Y.

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Producer of Nickel, Inco Nickel Alloys, Copper, Cobalt, Tellurium, Selenium and Platinum, Palladium and Other Precious Metals.

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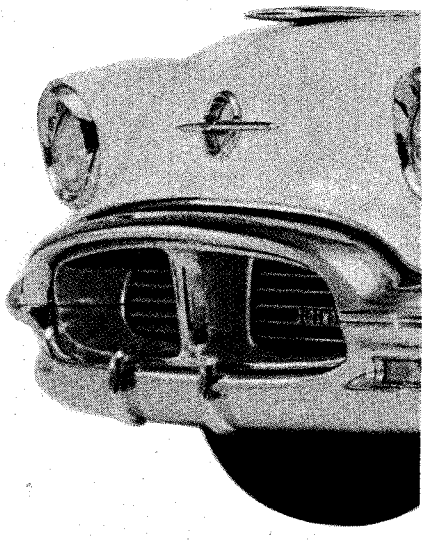
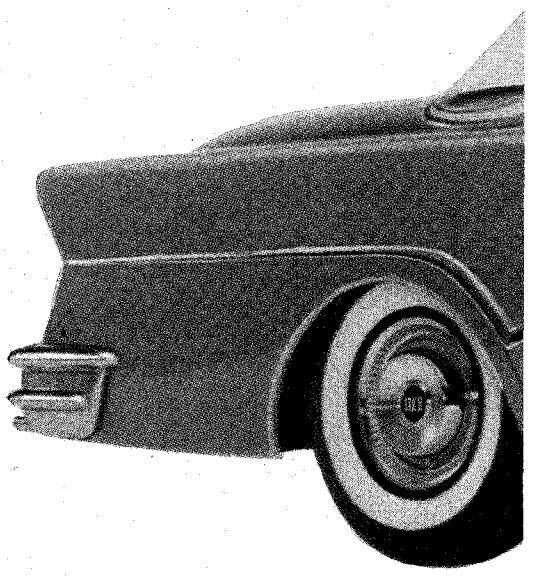
fashion foreword for '56



They've done it again!

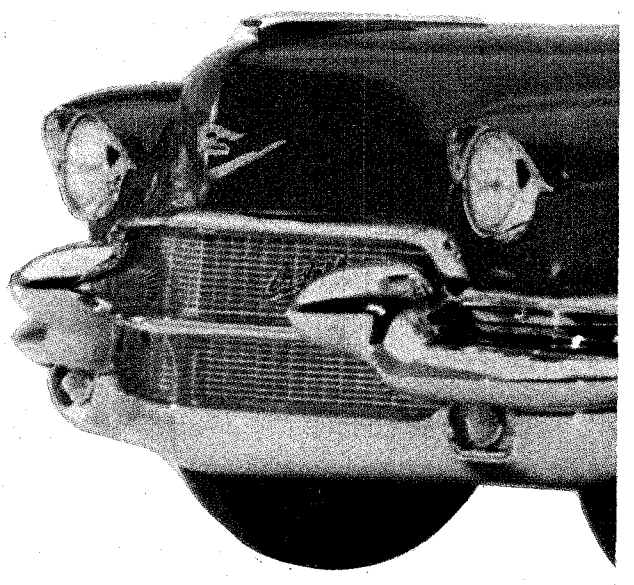
These photos make it pretty clear that our finger-on-the-future stylists — originators of the hardtop, the panoramic windshield and, most recently, the 4-door hardtop—have advanced automotive design many a fashion furlong further in our '56 Oldsmobiles, Buicks and Cadillacs.



And our engineers have also topped their former triumphs—as you'll discover when you visit your General Motors dealer to look these beauties over. They have come through for you with even more powerful, more economical high-compression engines, even smoother, more efficient automatic transmissions—plus a wealth of improvements in Safety Power Steering, Power Brakes and all the other GM-engineered contributions to car performance, safety and comfort — including air conditioning.

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC
All with Body by Fisher • GMC TRUCK & COACH

GENERAL MOTORS *leads the way*



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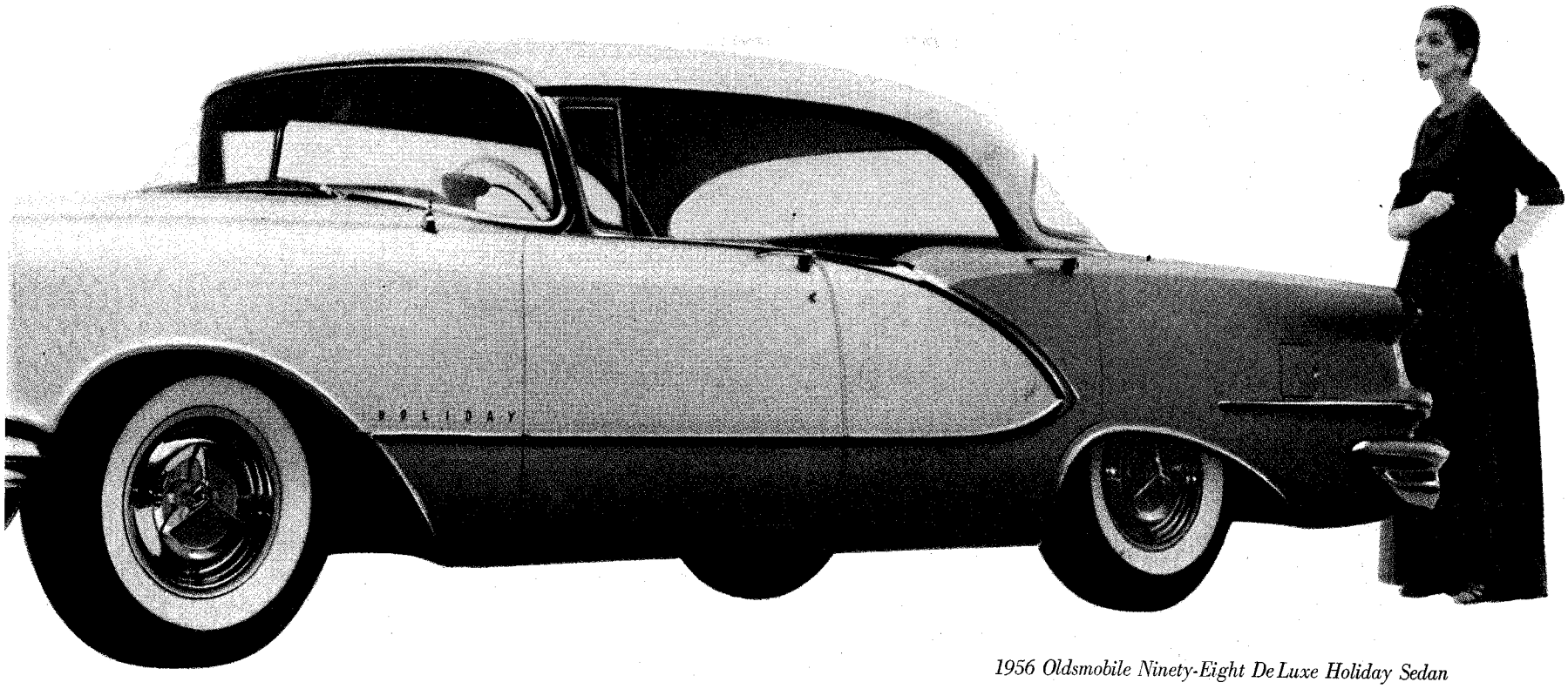
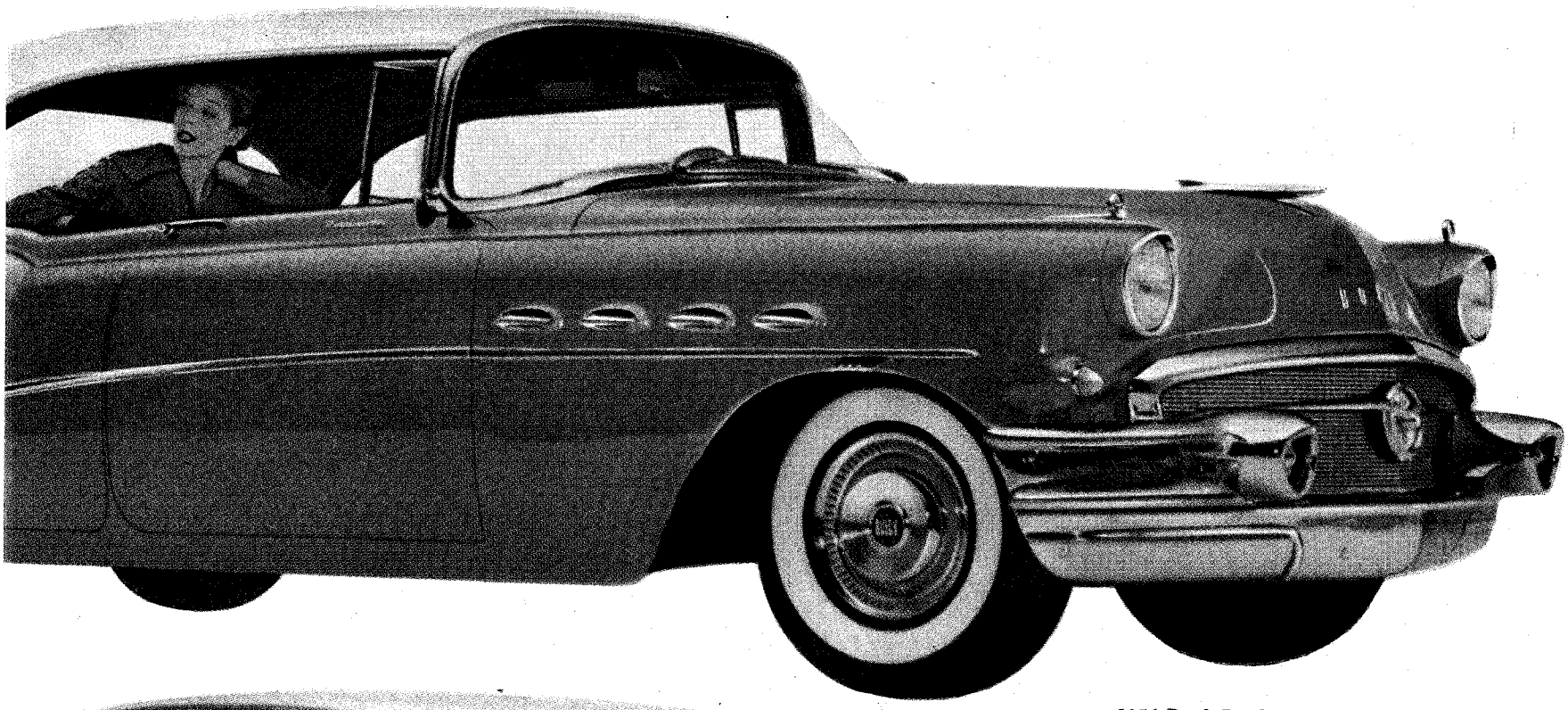


1956 Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight De Luxe Holiday Sedan



1956 Buick Roadmaster 4-Door Riviera

1956 Cadillac Sedan deVille

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(Continued from Page 120) here," Alex was saying, unable to hide the satisfaction in his tone. "I saw her just that one night in Mort's place in New Haven, and she was Mort's girl, kind of, and then she walked into my office three or four weeks ago and said she'd rented a cottage here. Naturally, I had to take her out now and then. Be reasonable, Paula. You've been playing hard to get, you know."

"It isn't necessary to explain," she said.

"But I want to explain. I want you to know the whole story. The kid's in a bad state. She's hysterical."

"That's about the last adjective I'd suggest for her," Paula said.

He said solemnly, "I've been seeing a lot of her the past few days because she tried to pull a suicide."

She stared at him, astonished and unbelieving.

"I went by her place Sunday morning," he said. "I knocked and I didn't get an answer, and then I smelled gas. I opened the door and found the gas jets open and every window in the cottage closed tight. She was lying on the bed unconscious, and I carried her out to the beach. She'd be dead but for one thing, Paula. It's bottled gas in that cottage, as you know, and the tank ran out."

"I guess I misjudged her," Paula said. "I thought of her as a gay young widow."

"She claimed it was an accident," he said. "She claimed she shut the windows because it was cold, and it's true there was a chilly north wind Sunday night, but all those burners were turned on, and I don't see how that could happen accidentally. Anyhow, I've been keeping an eye on her. Remember I couldn't make it on time for the poker game Monday? It was because I was out looking for her. She wasn't home and I tried all the bars, but finally I passed by her house about nine-thirty and she was there and seemed O.K. Pretty jumpy, but O.K."

"You never know about people," Paula said. "She puts up a good front."

"She hides her troubles," he said. "Look, Paula, are you busy tomorrow night? We might go find a little electric light somewhere and some dance music."

"Thank you, but no," she said. "I wouldn't think of leaving Pierre alone."

She walked slowly back to the house and met Porter Bellows coming out. He smiled at her and moved on to his car, with his head bent, his hands shoved deep in his pockets. Paula paused on the steps, with the south wind caressing her face, and thought of Bradley Davis in the primitive detention cage at the state police barracks. She remembered him aboard his yawl on Monday afternoon, deeply disturbed about Pierre, and the image returned of his haggard face as he stood in the cottage at Oak Beach, in his ragged pants and *maillot*, spreading his hands and asking, "Do I look like a murderer?" No, she thought, he couldn't be a murderer. He must not be.

Her father opened the door and said, "Come in here. I want a full report from you." He followed her into the living room, shut the door and said, "You've been less than frank with me, Paula."

"I know," she said. "I couldn't help it."

"You saw Davis there at Thalassa?"

"Yes, and I took Pierre to see him. Sit down, dad, and I'll tell you everything."

He took out his pipe and filled it, and she sat on the arm of his upholstered chair and told him everything.

"This is worse than I thought," Horace Trent said. "That watch is pretty damning evidence, Paula. Let me see it."

She shook her head. "I don't have it."

"You don't mean you gave it to him?"

She looked down into his unblinking eyes and got up from the arm of his chair. In the lamplight her face was very white and her eyes were icy blue and flashing. "Dad, he threw it on the table," she said. "He told me if I didn't believe him, to take it and go to the police."

"That sounds encouraging," her father said. "But maybe he's a good psychologist. You're a trusting, loyal girl, Paula, and I imagine he knows how devoted you are to Pierre."

"Maybe he is a good psychologist," she said. "Maybe he's even a murderer, but I don't think so. Everyone is ready to believe that he killed Ruth. The poor man needs somebody to believe in him." She felt a surge of indignation. "Don't be like Alex."

"I'm just trying to get at the facts," he said mildly. "The one important fact is that Ruth was killed. Porter couldn't have done it. He was here playing poker with me. Davis could have. He was seen out there that night by Pierre, and his watch was found in the water where Ruth was killed."

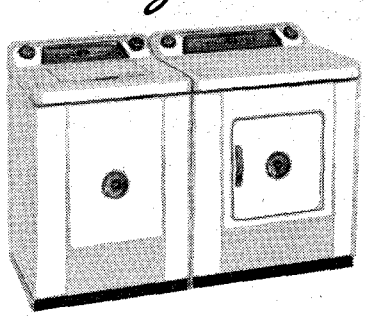
"I could have picked that watch up off the table and taken it to the police," she said.

"That's exactly what you should have done, Paula," he said. "And the first thing in the morning, you'll go see Vern Gray and tell him all about it."

She looked up and said, "Dad, I believe him absolutely."

Her father puffed his pipe, his eyes narrowed. (Continued on Page 126)

the Royal Pair



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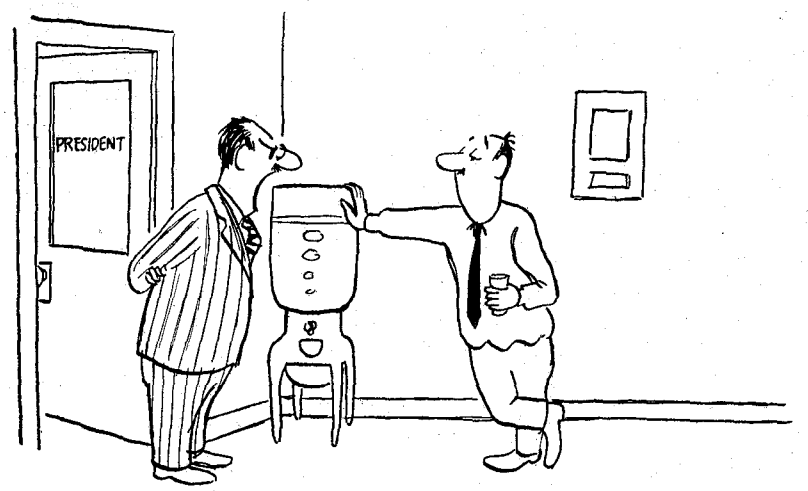
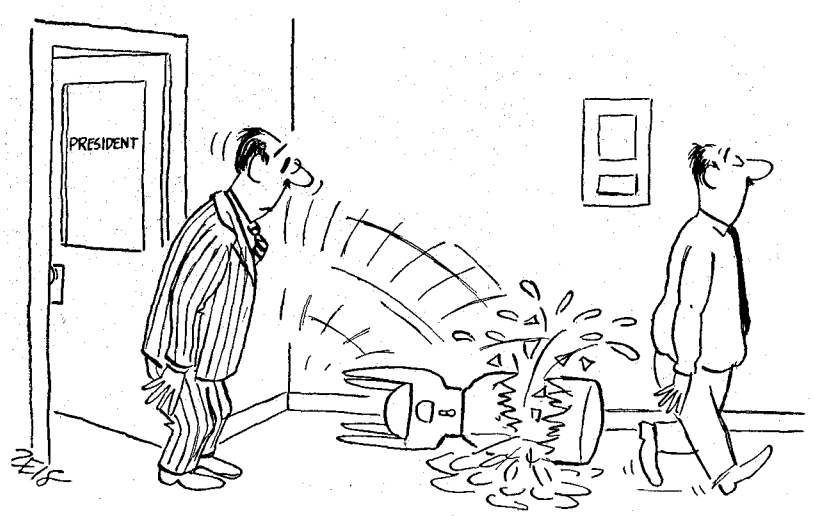
SPEED QUEEN



"I'm not paying you to hold up that cooler, Hinkle."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Peak winter protection

FOR YOUR ENGINE

Winter's around the corner—toughest time of the year for your valuable engine. So don't take chances—change to *New Mobiloil Special* now! It's the famous *year-'round* motor oil—your engine's *best* protection in *any* weather! It's free flowing for easy starts . . . cuts corrosive and mechanical wear practically to zero . . . gives your engine a big boost in knock-free power and gasoline mileage. See your friendly Mobilgas dealer for *New Mobiloil Special*. Also let him winterproof your cooling system—your *whole* car—with expert *Mobil Care!*

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Only the Sunbeam PERCOLATOR gives you all these advantages

- **Easy-to-set strength selector dial—for choosing the strength of coffee desired.**
- **Accurate thermostatic control.**
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The easy-to-see signal light goes out when the coffee is ready. The thermostatically controlled heating element then resets itself to keep coffee hot at perfect drinking temperature. Available in both 8 and 10 cup sizes. See your Sunbeam dealer.

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(Continued from Page 124)

"Then let's start with the proposition that he didn't do it," he said. "The next question is: Who did? Porter didn't. Who else could have? Ruth had only been married a few months, and a motive is hard to find in the case of a newly married woman. It breaks down to two motives that I can conceive of—jealousy or profit. The only ones who stand to profit, besides Pierre, are Porter and Davis, and if you consider jealousy you have to consider Alex Fawcett."

"Or Mort Brewster," she said. "He's here in Menasset, working for the light company."

"Alex didn't show up at the poker game until ten o'clock on Monday night," her father said. "What I think about Alex," he went on, "is that he would never care enough about any one woman to do anything violent. Maybe Mort Brewster would, but he'd have to be driven pretty far. It seems to me that it comes back to Bradley Davis."

"On the surface, yes," she said. "But there's something somewhere beneath the surface. I know it. I feel it."

He puffed his pipe, said, "Porter and Alex had a squabble this morning, I understand."

"That was a misunderstanding. That was hurricane nerves."

"Porter didn't think it was a misunderstanding. He was convinced that Alex had been searching Ruth's desk. He can't be sure whether he took anything."

She frowned. "But what could there possibly be in that desk for Alex to take?"

"It's there under the surface somewhere," he said dryly. "Feel for it."

"This is no time to be sarcastic, dad."

"Let's take a look into those murky depths together," he said. "Let's look back a couple of generations and we'll find another Alex who was a greedy, self-centered man. That was old Grandpappy Alex. He tried to operate a coastal steamship line out of this harbor and lost his shirt. His ship foundered and the channel he dredged silted over, and his brother, Cyrus Fawcett, sat back and laughed at him and went right on getting six per cent on his money. Along comes young Alex, and he takes a plunge out at Steamship Point, and I guess he's lost his shirt, too, just like his grandfather."

"I'm afraid he has," Paula said. "But who's laughing?"

"Cyrus," Horace Trent said. "He's still laughing."

"Why?"

"I think you know that Ruth put some money into that Steamship Point project, but maybe you didn't know this: the past week or so Alex has been borrowing every cent he could, mortgaging everything he owns, to raise some money, and I happen to know that Porter wanted Ruth to pull out of Steamship Point. Maybe Alex was buying her out. Don't you think old Cyrus would laugh pretty hard if he had bought her out, just before the hurricane blew the whole project into Long Island Sound?"

Paula shook her head. "I never heard anything about his buying her out. I think he would have told me."

"Porter dropped a hint that Ruth wasn't satisfied with the way things were going out at Steamship Point, but he didn't say why. However, I have some ideas on that. I've heard some whispers about what was going on out at Steamship Point."

"What sort of whispers?"

"I don't know the details of his deal with Ruth," he said, "but as I understand it, Alex put up the land and she put up a good part of the money. But Alex did the contracting on the job, and I hear that the bills ran kind of high. Alex is a greedy fellow, Paula, and my guess is he was milking that project for all it was worth."

"What if he was?" Paula said. "What does all that add up to?"

"It adds up to a lot of gossip," he said; "not a motive for murder. If you ask me, the man with the motive is Bradley Davis."

Paula turned abruptly to the door and said, "It's late. I'm going to bed." She went up the stairs, frowning, all the way. Her belief was emotional, she was well aware. But still, she did believe.

"Paula," Pierre's voice called, heavy with sleep.

She turned to his room. "Honey, can't you sleep?"

"Paula, is papa in jail?"

"Don't you worry, Pierre," she said fiercely. "We're going to get him out of there. We've got to."

"Can I help too?"

"Honey, of course you can help. Now you get some sleep so that we can put our heads together in the morning."

She picked up the pillow and fluffed it, and as she tucked it under his head something fell without sound to the floor. She picked it up—a photograph. It showed a blond woman and a man in the uniform of the French Army before a backdrop of a painted forest.

She asked softly, "Pierre, who is this in the photograph?"

He sat bolt upright and cried, "That's mine!"

"I know," she said. "I just wondered who it was."

His voice sounded low and trembling as he said, "*Maman* threw it away."

"Oh, it was hers?"

"Yes," Pierre hesitated a long time before he whispered. "It is my mother and my father, Paula."

"Your mother and father?" she said. "For heaven's sake, how do you know that?"

"I heard *maman* say so."

Paula bent over him. "She told you that?"

"She told dad-dee," Pierre said. "She tore it in two pieces and threw it away. Nobody wanted it, Paula. Was it wrong to take it?"

"No, darling, it wasn't wrong," she said gently, and kissed his forehead. "Now you go to sleep."

The detention cell was a cagelike structure in a wing of the state police barracks. Brad was the only prisoner, and he had slept comfortably. He had been questioned until after midnight, and Lieutenant Gray remained undecided, unsure of himself. He would not release Brad, but he put off making a formal charge, at least until there was some news of the Frenchman. He was permitted to hold a man for twenty-four hours for questioning, which meant that he had until the coming evening to let Brad go or charge him.

The breakfast from the kitchen of the barracks had been good, and Brad was sitting relaxed on his bunk, smoking a cigarette, when a trooper unlocked the door and took him to the lieutenant's office. The room was hung with banquet photographs, and in each of them, at the speakers' table, Brad saw the amiable face of the lieutenant.

Vern Gray smiled and said, "That's a big part of my job, giving out with the speeches, and the worst of it, I'd say." He brought his torso forward until his swivel chair arrived at a level balance, and said, "Not that I like this part of it. I don't pick up a man like you every day of the week, Mr. Davis. I've read your stuff from Europe and I remember when the marines were having a hell of a time in Korea. You were there and you stuck with them."

"That was my job," Brad said.

"That's what I mean," the lieutenant said.

"Is there any news about Frenchy?"

"We had an alarm out for a guy who might be riding a bicycle," Vern Gray said. "A little while ago I got a call from the Coast Guard. The pilot of the helicopter

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that was out looking for you all day yesterday spotted a bicycle in the marsh back of Oak Beach, down in one of those drainage ditches and out of sight from anywhere but the air. The pilot remembered it today when he saw our broadcast, and he notified us. We fished the bike out and we have reason to believe it belongs to the Frenchman. Looks like he ditched it and maybe hitched a ride on the Post Road."

A trooper knocked at the door and said, "There's a young lady here to see you, lieutenant. Wants to talk to the prisoner."

Lieutenant Gray moved to the door, and Brad heard him say, "It's Miss Trent, isn't it? Why do you want to see Mr. Davis?"

"I'm taking care of his little boy, lieutenant," Paula's voice said. "As a matter of fact, I have him out in the car and I hoped he might be allowed to see his father."

"I think we can manage that," Vern Gray said. "Just step in here."

Paula came to the door, and stopped short. "Oh, Brad," she said, and smiled shyly.

"You two can talk in here," the lieutenant said, and went out, leaving the door ajar.

Paula moved close to Brad and asked in a low voice, little above a whisper, "Did you tell him about the watch?"

He shook his head.

"My father insists that I tell him," she said.

He nodded. "I certainly can't ask you not to tell him."

"But how do you feel about it?"

He smiled. "I don't want to put you in the position of being an accessory."

"I'm willing to be an accessory to innocence," she said. "I can hold off telling him if you think it will help."

He moved a step toward her and murmured, "Are you really on my side now?"

"Haven't I always been?" she said. "Voluntarily or not." She smiled, and started to move away, but he took her hand and held it.

"You've been wonderful," he said.

His hand held hers insistently, his fingers tightening, and his voice dropped to a whisper. "When this is all straightened out ——" he said. "When I get out of here ——" The pressure of his hand increased, straightening her arm, drawing her toward him.

She took a half step and was facing him. She started to murmur something, lifting her chin, but her eyes closed and she swayed against him, and his lips met hers. He still held her hand tightly, and his other arm was around her, his palm supporting her head. There was an instant of compliant fusion; then she pushed him hard with her free hand and turned her head aside and whispered with something like shock, "My goodness, we're in a police station."

She moved away from him, fumbling with the catch of her handbag. She got it open and said, "I brought you something. Look at this." She turned, and held out the photograph. "I found this in Pierre's room. He told me it was his father and mother."

"His father and mother?" Brad said. "The poor kid never knew his father." He looked at the photograph, and at once went to the door and called, "Lieutenant, may I see you?"

The lieutenant was at the desk outside, talking to a man in a faded khaki shirt. He turned and walked toward Brad, carrying a bundle tied up in a shirt, with the sleeves knotted for a handle. Brad held out the photograph and the lieutenant put the bundle on his desk before he took it. He studied it, bent without a word to take the photograph he had found in Frenchy's shack from the top drawer of the desk, and compared the two.

He looked up and asked, "Where did this come from?"

"My son had it, lieutenant. That's all I know."

"His mother discarded it in a wastebasket and Pierre found it there," Paula explained. "See, it was torn and he pasted it up on cardboard. He told me he overheard his mother telling Mr. Bellows it was a picture of his father and mother."

"Well, is it?" Lieutenant Gray asked in a voice that sounded crisp and impatient.

"His mother died when he was born," Brad said. "Nobody knew who his father was. He was in a home for boys when we adopted him, and they hadn't been able to trace any relatives."

The lieutenant picked up his telephone and said, "Sergeant, see if the telephone is working out at the Bellows place. If not, send a car out there and bring Mr. Bellows here." He dropped the receiver on its cradle and turned to Brad. "About what time was it

(Continued on Page 130)

People are Like That

Women's reputed inability to arrive anywhere on time is a standing joke among men. But are they right to laugh?

Not at all, to judge by two private surveys. A New York City dentist who checked on the punctuality of more than 1000 patients found that women were late an average of four and a half minutes—but men usually were five minutes late. A physician who kept tabs for five months reported that women generally were prompter than men.

To the credit of the men, however, they usually admitted it when they were late. The ladies conceded nothing, and often argued that the doctors' clocks were fast.

Arthur Larsen

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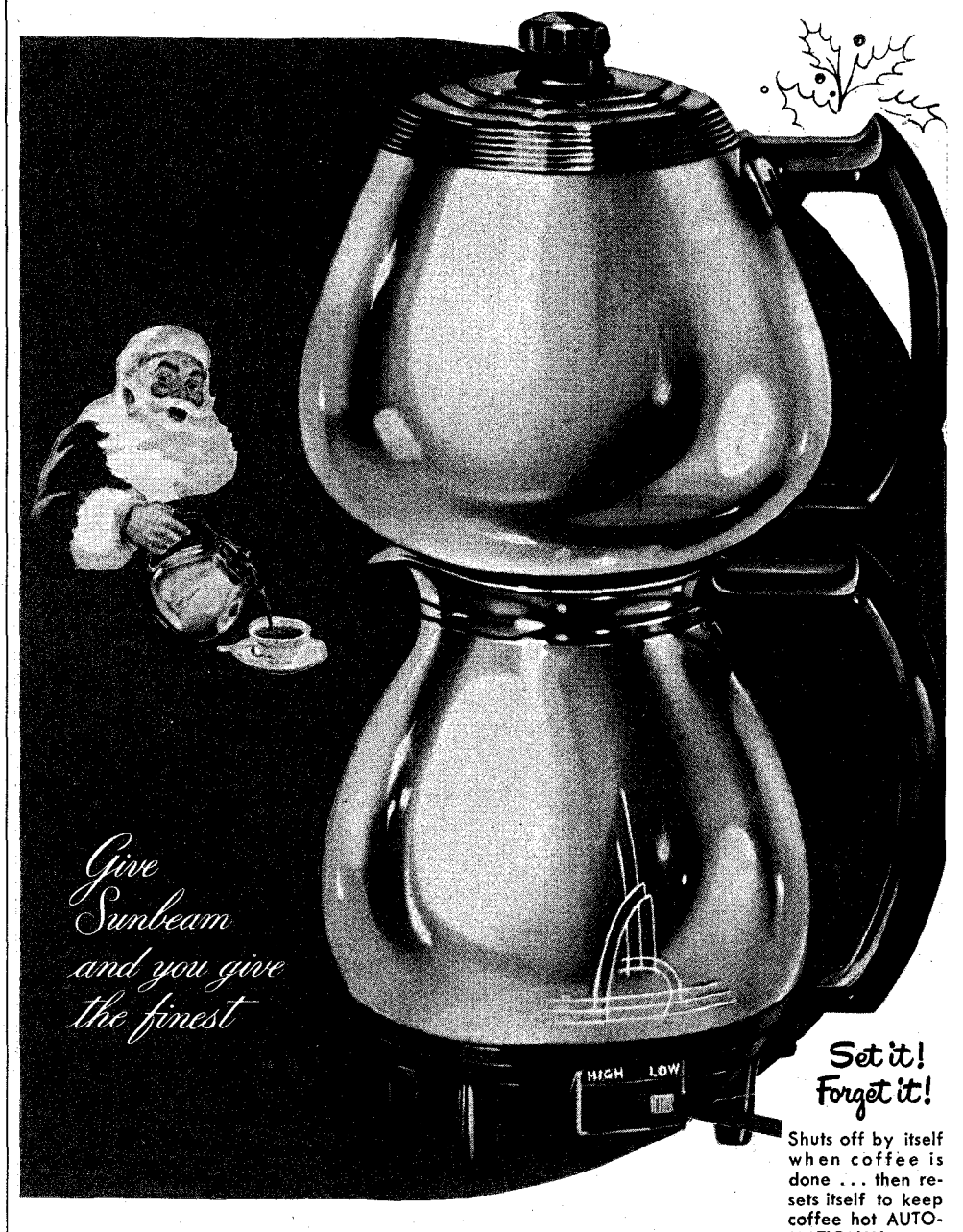
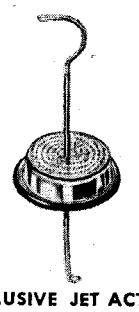


Set it! Forget it!
Shuts off by itself when coffee is done . . . then resets itself to keep coffee hot AUTOMATICALLY.

Sunbeam COFFEEMASTER is the finest automatic vacuum-type coffeemaker



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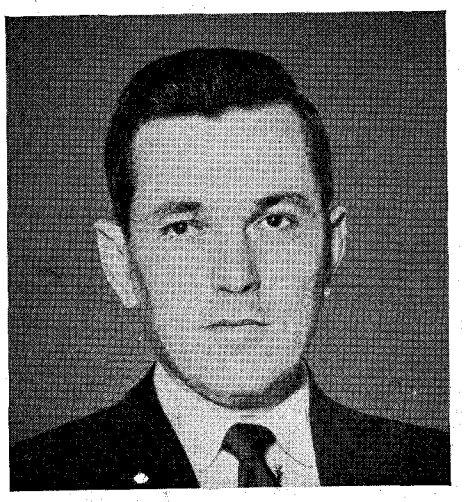
The best years are just ahead!



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PEACE OF MIND—"Many home-buyers say the longer they live in our houses the more they appreciate how quality-conscious we are in the selection of building materials. 'Gold Bond' means top quality—and peace of mind."
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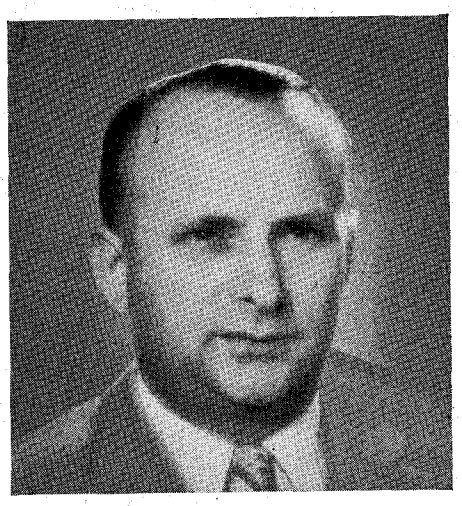

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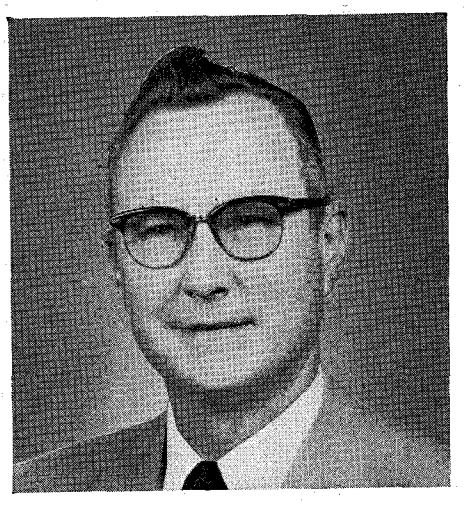

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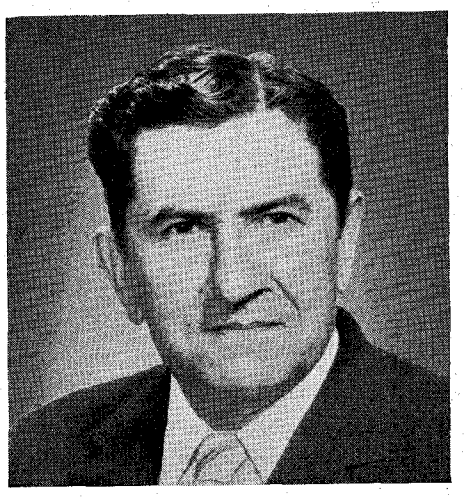

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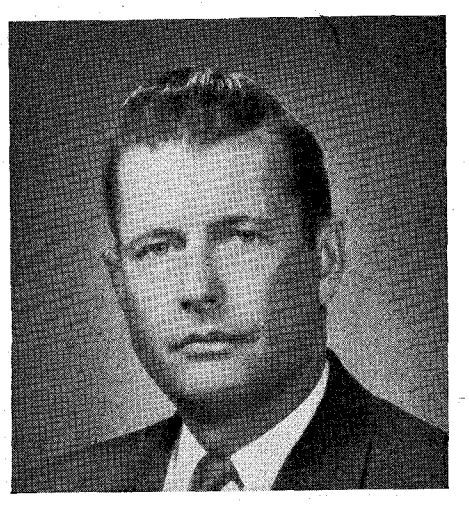

REPUTATION—" 'Out of sight' never means 'out of mind' with us. We've established a reputation for building a quality home at a reasonable price. It's a reputation we safeguard with Gold Bond building products."
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If you're paying rent—chances are you can afford a new home all your own. See the builder in your town who uses Gold Bond Building Products.

If, instead of paying rent, you put that same money into a home of your own, you'll make a wise investment. And you will get so much in return. A wonderful feeling of security. A lifetime home where your family can grow. And, best of all, the day will come when there will be no more monthly payments.

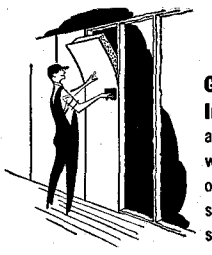
Today you can buy a new home with a small down payment, and, under the Federal Housing Act, the cost per month may be lower than the rent you now pay!

And, thanks to the genius of builders like those on this page who use new Gold Bond Products, the house you buy today will be more valuable, less expensive and easier to care for.

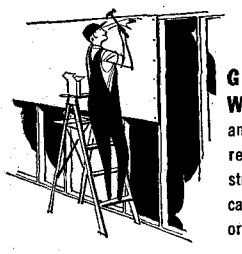
Your home, built with Gold Bond Building Products, will have better insulation. It will be warmer in winter and cooler in summer. Inside, it will have the rich warm colors of Gold Bond Velvet Paint. Outside, there will be colorful Gold Bond Asbestos Shingles that *never* need painting for preservation.

Don't put off enjoying the best years. See your local builder this week end.

THE BEST BUILDIN(



Gold Bond Rock Wool Insulation saves money, adds comfort. It keeps winter heat in, summer heat out. New Gold Bond Twin-sulation is the finest insulation that money can buy.



Gold Bond Gypsum Wallboard, made lighter and stronger by years of research, builds smooth, sturdy, seamless walls that can be painted or textured or wallpapered.

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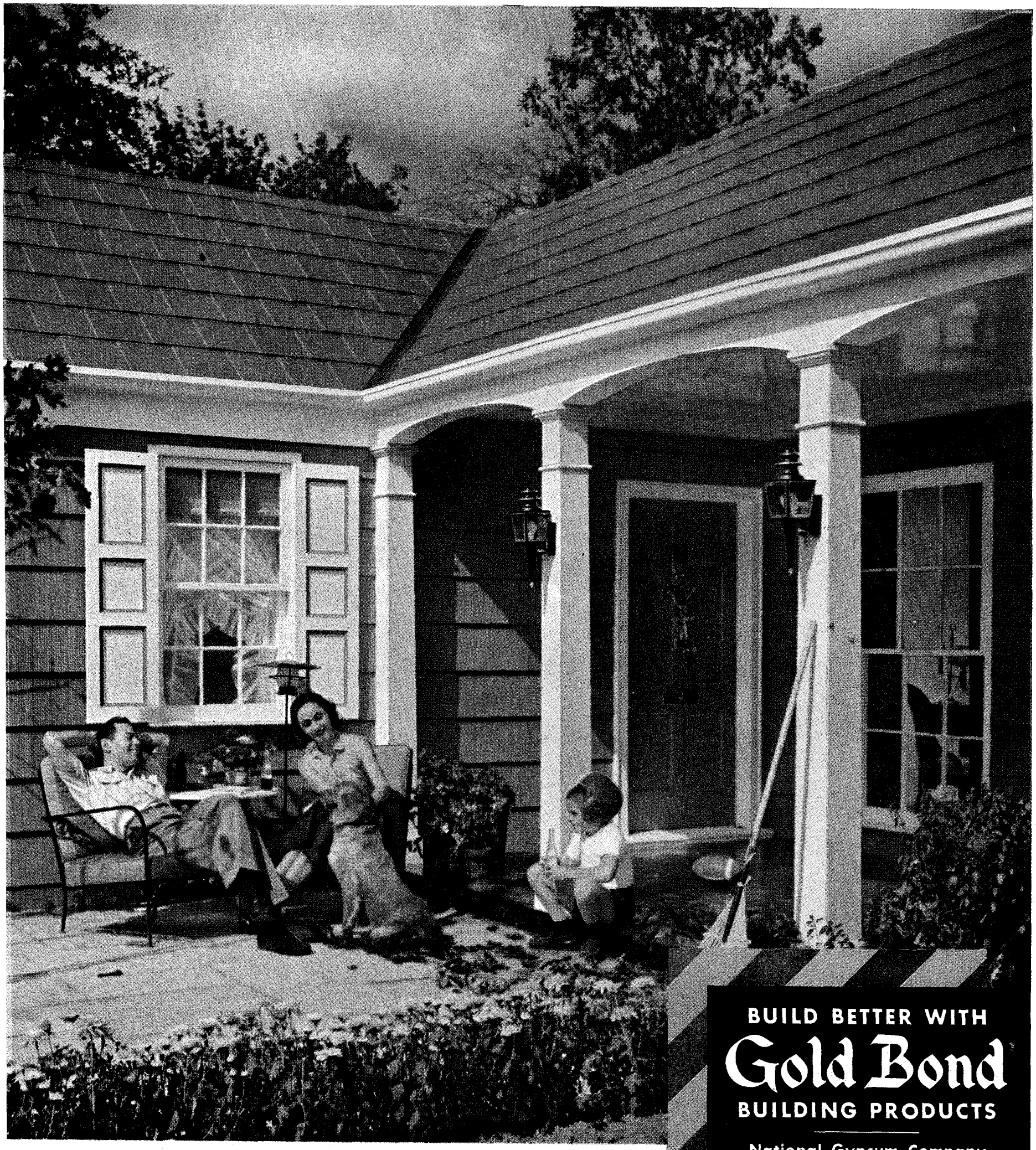

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National Gypsum Company
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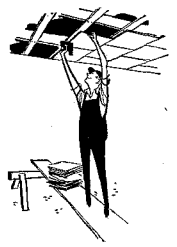
Gold Bond Plaster, applied over Gold Bond Metal or Gypsum Lath, makes smooth, strong walls that are fire-safe, last a lifetime. And the high quality never varies!

New Gold Bond Velvet makes painting easier than ever before. Made with latex, it glides on with brush or roller . . . has a rich, velvet finish that won't crack, chip or peel.



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(Continued from Page 127) that you talked to Frenchy on the beach yesterday?"

"I'm not sure," Brad said. "I'd say it was about half past ten."

"He never went back to the dock," Vern Gray said. "He wasn't seen there all day yesterday."

"But he must have gone back," Brad said. "Sometime last night between the time I left his shack and the time you and I went back there, he took away his things—his clothes, his razor, his mustache wax."

"If he did, nobody saw him, and if he did, where was he all day long?" Vern Gray said, "Look, I'll lay it on the line. So far as I know, you were the last one to see him alive."

"Alive?" Brad echoed.

"At low tide this morning Charlie Strong saw some clothes at the shallow end of that slip he dredged at his boat yard, not fifty feet from the Frenchman's shack," the lieutenant said. "A pair of pants and a couple of shirts. He just brought them here, and he says they belonged to Frenchy." Vern Gray's lips tightened and he said grimly, "Frenchy drove away from Oak Beach on his bicycle and just plain disappeared into thin air, but his bike was found hidden in the marsh. I'm going to have my men search every inch of that marsh. If the Frenchman is there, we'll find him."

"But I don't understand this at all," Paula said.

"Mr. Davis was at the scene of the crime and he had a motive," Vern Gray said. "His own son saw him quarreling with Mrs. Bellows, and after the hurricane he dropped out of sight for better than twenty-four hours. He told me that Frenchy had information about his wife's murder and that he had delayed reporting to me because he wanted to find out what the man knew, and pay him some money. But the man disappeared, and meanwhile his bicycle turns up hidden in a marsh and his clothes turn up two miles away, where they were dumped in the water. It's obvious they were disposed of by someone who wanted it to appear that the Frenchman had skipped out, and that must mean that the Frenchman is dead."

"Are you charging that Mr. Davis killed him, lieutenant?" Paula's voice was firm, her eyes alert.

"I'm not charging anything yet," Vern Gray said. "I'm just accumulating the facts."

"Then accumulate this," Paula said hotly: "I was with Mr. Davis at eleven o'clock yesterday morning, and up until eleven he was dressed like a scarecrow and only had one shoe. I think he would have been observed if he had gone around murdering Frenchmen in broad daylight and hiding bicycles in the marsh."

"What do you mean you were with him at eleven yesterday?" the lieutenant demanded.

"I was with him at eleven, and so was Pierre," Paula said. "He told me about a Frenchman who had information about the murder, and I drove him to the harbor to look for the man."

"Miss Trent, you were aware that Mr. Davis was wanted by the police," Vern Gray said. "Don't you see that if Davis did dispose of the Frenchman you very conveniently took him to the harbor, where he could wait until after dark to clean everything out of the Frenchman's shack and make it appear that he had skipped out?" He turned to Brad. "You saw the Frenchman at ten-thirty, you said, but it wasn't until eleven that you saw Miss Trent."

"I didn't leave Oak Beach, lieutenant. I didn't go near the marsh."

Vern Gray turned to Paula. "You said the boy was in your car, Miss Trent?" he said. "I'll get him. I want to talk to him."

The lieutenant strode out of the room, and Paula gave Brad a look of undaunted alliance. Her confidence was not shaken, he thought, and she had not told the lieutenant about the watch.

"It doesn't look as if I'm going to walk out of here right away," he said. "Will you do something for me? There's a lobsterman named Childress down at the dock, and I want to put a case of bourbon aboard his boat. I took his oars to row in from Coot Island and I made him that promise."

"I'll attend to it," she said.

Lieutenant Gray returned with Pierre. The boy's face looked drawn and tense. He took two slow steps into the room, stopped and said in a whispering voice, "Papa, I am so sorry."

"Things aren't ever as bad as they look," Brad said cheerfully. "Don't worry, Pierre. It will be all right."

Vern Gray said, "Pierre, want to sit up here on my desk?" He caught Pierre by the waist and hoisted him, and the boy sat solemnly on the edge of the desk, his legs dangling. "I want to show you something, Pierre," Vern Gray said. "Is this photograph yours?"

"I found it," Pierre said. "It was in the wastebasket all torn up. Nobody wanted it."

"But you seem to have wanted it, Pierre. Why?"

Pierre glanced at Brad and said shyly, "It is a picture of my mother, papa—my French mother."

"When you pasted it up on the cardboard, Pierre, did you notice if there was anything written on the back of it?" Vern Gray hauled out the other photographs. "Say some numbers? Like this."

Pierre looked at the figures 603297 written thick and heavy in pencil across the back of it, and said, "I used to make a cross on a seven like that."

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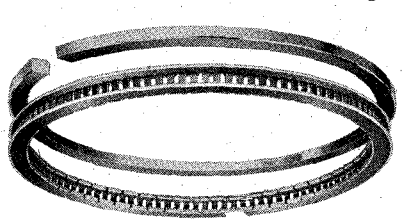

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THE STANDARD OF COMPARISON

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"Was there a number on this photograph you had?"

"No, there was no number," the boy said. "Is the number important?"

"It might be," Brad said. "It could be an automobile license, something like that."

"It's a file number, more likely," Vern Gray said.

"He wrote it there," Brad said. "To me every detail is important, lieutenant. There's an explanation somewhere of what happened to Frenchy and why."

A trooper opened the door and said, "Mr. Bellows is here, lieutenant."

"O.K., send him in," Vern Gray said. . . . "Miss Trent, would you mind taking the boy outside? There's a room just across the hall."

As Paula crossed the hall with Pierre, Brad saw Porter Bellows approaching like a man looking for a church pew, unobtrusive and soft-footed. His voice was muted as he asked, "You wanted to see me, lieutenant?"

"Come in," Vern Gray said. "Have you met Mr. Davis?"

Brad met Porter Bellows' eyes and both men nodded. The lieutenant sat down, and asked, "Mr. Bellows, what do you know about the man they call Frenchy?"

"Frenchy?" Bellows said blankly. "Who is he?"

"He works down at the dock, cleaning fish and washing dishes."

"I rarely go down to the dock, lieutenant."

Vern Gray passed him the torn photograph that Pierre had repaired and asked, "What can you tell me about this?"

Bellows examined it, shook his head. "What is it?"

"The boy has an idea it's a picture of his father and mother," Vern Gray said.

Bellows looked astonished. "You mean Peter? Where in the world did he get that idea?"

"Your wife tore that photograph in two and threw it in the wastebasket," Vern Gray said. "I understood that she mentioned it to you."

"No, it's news to me," Porter Bellows said.

Vern Gray got abruptly to his feet and went to the door. He opened it and called, "Will you and the boy come over here, please?"

Paula was holding Pierre's hand as they crossed the hall, and she still held it after the lieutenant had closed the door. Porter Bellows' smile was gentle and affectionate as he said, "Good morning, Peter. Did you sleep well? Do you feel all right?"

"I feel fine, dad-dee," Pierre said.

Vern Gray broke in, "What makes you think this is a picture of your mother and father?"

"*Maman* said so," Pierre said in a low, trembling voice. "I heard her tell dad-dee. A man gave it to her who was my uncle from France, but she tore it up in two pieces."

"Peter, I don't understand this," Porter Bellows said softly. "What man was that?"

"The man who walked in off the street and asked for money," Pierre said. "I heard *maman* tell you, dad-dee, and she was angry because I listened at the door."

Bellows shook his head and said in a tone of mild reproof, "Peter, your mother never told me anything like that."

Pierre's eyes filled with tears and suddenly he jerked his hand from Paula's and whirled away. He fumbled with the doorknob for a moment, got the door open and ran out into the hall.

"I'm sorry I've hurt his feelings," Porter Bellows said. "He's a sensitive boy and I don't like to catch him up on anything."

"I want you to take a look at this, Mr. Bellows," Vern Gray said, and put the duplicate photograph in his hand.

"But this is the exact same picture," Bellows said, looking up, with sunlight reflecting from the lenses of his glasses. "Where did this come from?"

"We found that in the Frenchman's shack down by the boat yard," Vern Gray said. "It tends to bear out what the boy said, Mr. Bellows. Maybe a man did go to Mrs. Bellows and say he was Pierre's uncle, and maybe he was Frenchy."

"I think my wife would have mentioned it, lieutenant."

"Pierre said she did."

"The boy was mistaken." Bellows pursed his lips. "Of course, it's possible that he heard Ruth talking to someone, but I doubt it."

"Then how do you explain the two photographs?"

"The boy spent considerable time at the dock," Porter Bellows said. "I imagine he would strike up an acquaintance with a man who spoke his native language, don't you? Maybe this Frenchman had these two photographs and gave one of them to Pierre and he built a little fantasy around it."

"Let's ask the boy, then," the lieutenant said, and left the office. When he returned he shook his head and said, "They've gone. There's a pack of reporters out there and they were taking pictures." He turned to Brad. "If the man should be Pierre's uncle, what would his name be?"

"Nobody knows who his father was," Brad said. "The family name of his mother was Donnier. She was Celeste Donnier."

Vern Gray wrote it down and said, "Well, many thanks, Mr. Bellows. Sorry to have inconvenienced you."

"No inconvenience at all," Porter Bellows said. "If you learn anything more about this, please let me know."

"Sure will," Vern Gray said.

As soon as the door closed behind Porter Bellows, Brad said, "I don't think Pierre would invent anything like that. Porter Bellows was lying."

"Well, why do you think I handled it the way I did?" Vern Gray demanded. "Maybe he is lying. But why?"

"So that he wouldn't be connected with the Frenchman in any way," Brad said.

"Why should he worry about being connected with the Frenchman?"

"I had this thought," Brad said: "Maybe he hired the Frenchman to kill his wife and promised the Frenchman to cut him in on part of the estate, as Pierre's uncle."

"That's a pretty desperate thought," Vern Gray said. "But I must admit it came to me too."

"Do you reject it?"

"Look, Mr. Davis, the first order of business is to find that Frenchman," the lieutenant said. "I think we'll find him before the day is done, and I have a pretty good idea where."

"Where, then?"

"My guess is that we'll find him in that marsh down by Oak Beach," Vern Gray said. "Dead."

"I don't think so," Brad said. "I think he's been paid off. That's why he disappeared."

TO BE CONTINUED

Veteran Showman

By SJANNA SOLUM

The gaudy carnival is over now,
The brilliant gold-and-scarlet canopies
All taken down; here on the naked bough
Remains no souvenir of gaieties.
Even the air is somber, desolate,
Deprived of music; the calliope
Of birds is stilled and listeners will wait
In vain for cricket orchestras. We see
A sky of pewter, innocent of wings
In aerial performance; we can find
No entertainment there which wildly brings
The heart's applause. All that is left behind
Is this gray squirrel capering up and down;
A drolly audience-conscious little clown!

"Greetings to the family!"

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Trail to Nome (Continued from Page 37)

calling me as I put on my parka and banged the door. It was cold outside, and quiet, except for the growl of the pack ice in the Nome roadstead. "And I always supposed pa was tough," I muttered.

Mom and pa had packed grub over Chilkoot Pass, built a boat on Lake Bennett and followed the ice down to Dawson City. Later they had gone on to Nome. He was supposed to be one of the two-fisted guys in Rex Beach's Spoilers. Many's the time I'd seen Beach in our parlor. And I'd seen pa rubbing shoulders with Jack London and Alec MacLean, the original Sea Wolf. "I guess nobody ever tested pa before," I said, and felt terrible inside.

Mary, with her red hair, green eyes and quick temper, was prettier than any of the dance-hall girls. I didn't think the man lived who could make her kitten-meek. And her only twenty. I liked most of the young fellows cluttering up our parlor, and when she settled on Rick, I thought I had a brother for sure. He had showed up in Nome a couple of years ago. He freighted with dogs, got acquainted, asked a million questions; then decided a small dredge could take out the millions the pick-and-shovel-thaw-the-gravel miners could never reach. He picked up options, formed a group of claims, then raised the needed money in Seattle. Pa had assembled the dredge when it arrived and was superintendent.

Now, as I plodded over the dirty snow, telling myself I didn't care, I knew I cared plenty. I went on to Tex Rickard's old place to get warm.

The new owner was my friend. He let me pan the floor sweepings for the gold dust the miners spilled. "About time you were in bed, Jerry," he said, but he let me watch the big poker game. The chips were twenty-dollar gold pieces. The highest stack was in front of Sport Buchanan, who was big, dark and smiling. Pa said he didn't look like a gambler, but he was sudden death in a big game. He smelled of fine whisky and expensive cigars. I always sniffed him when I could. I hoped to smell like that when I was a man.

There was a stir and Rick Tremper came in. I saw red. He was twenty-six, two hundred pound, six feet tall, blue-eyed and dark. But it didn't stop me from swinging a brass spittoon at him. "Stinker!" I yelled. Someone hustled me outside. I was so mad I upchucked. Then I went to see Buck Kaylor, who had bought Afognak.

His dogs were chained apart to keep them from chewing up each other. They had barrel kennels, but mostly they slept in the snow, tails over noses, or stood up, howling and looking miserable. Afognak greeted me with happy, whimpering sounds and I said the silly things dogs like. He leaned against me hard. And it was here pa found me.

I looked him in the eye and said, "Four-flusher!" I hoped he would clout me, so I could hit him back. The wolverine fur on his parka hood partly covered his face, but I saw enough to know my words had hurt. I was glad. He drew back his hand, then dropped it.

"You've lots of spunk, Jerry," he said, "but too young to have much horse sense. Let's walk." He put his hand on my shoulder. It felt good—like he loved me. I shook it off and felt mean. I needed it.

Pa made a couple of starts; then was quiet awhile. "I figured out how you feel Jerry. Just between us, Rick was wrong when he sold Afognak because he was old," pa said. "And time will decide whether or not he was wrong in letting me go."

"What happened?"

"I punched holes down to bedrock all over the group of claims. The values of the different holes varied. By drawing a sort of meandering line through the holes showing the greatest values, I figured out the course of the ancient creek. Rick wanted the dredge to follow the old creek, which would naturally make a big showing the first few seasons for the stockholders. I wanted to make a clean job of it dredging all ground as we progressed. The immediate return wouldn't be as great, but when we wound up the job, years from now, the total profit would be greater."

"That makes sense," I said.

"I stuck by my guns and dredged all the ground," pa concluded. "When this season ended, Rick figured how much bigger dividend he could have paid if I had done it his way. It got under his skin, and so he didn't renew my contract."

"What you going to do about it? Aren't you going to show him he's wrong?"

"Suppose we leave that to Mary," pa said.

"Mary?" I blurted. "She's just a girl."

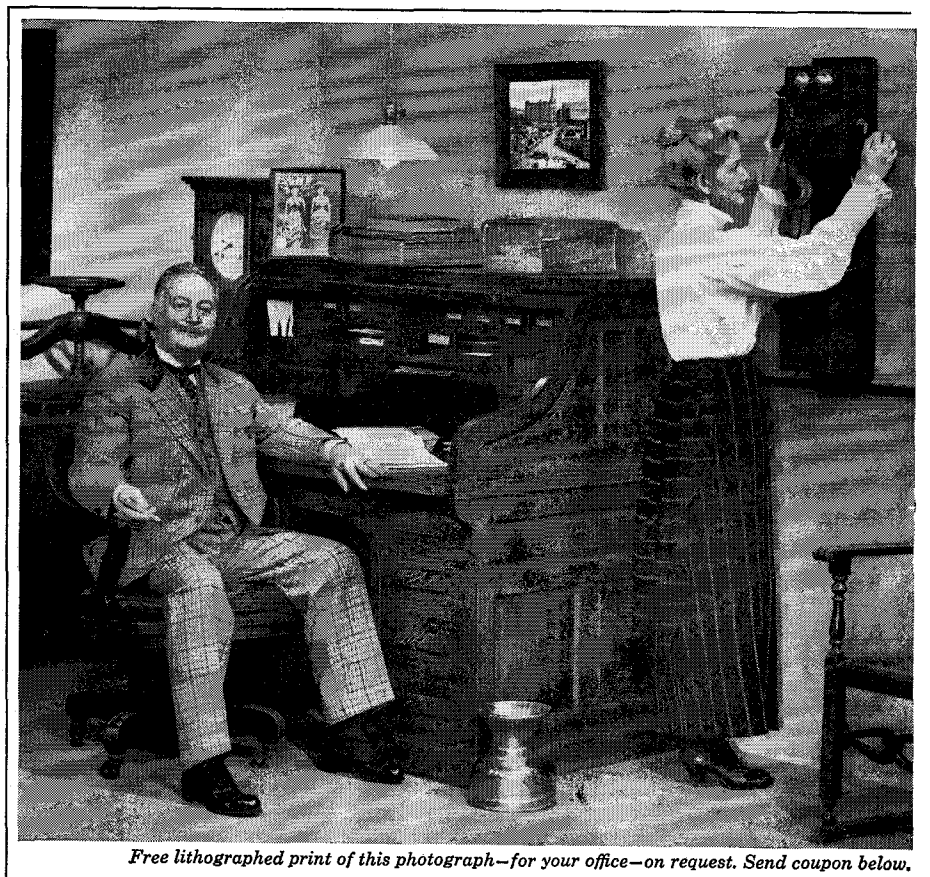
"Yep," pa said. "Yep. When a girl thinks a young cuss is worth it, she sometimes takes him in hand. Mary is mighty like your mother when she was twenty."

"Did mom take you in hand?" I asked.

He was quiet so long I knew he was hedging. "I was plenty skookum—strong—when I was Rick's age. I packed doggoned near two hundred pounds up the fifteen hundred steps cut in Chilkoot Pass ice, and didn't stop to rest," pa said. "Your mom had insisted on coming along, as you kids were in good hands. I treated her like a pet. Oh, she packed a little; held up boards when I was building the boat on Lake Bennett. And I let her steer in quiet water as we started down the Yukon. She claimed that when the family history was written, she didn't want to be listed as freight, along with beans and flour."

That sure sounded like mom.

"You've heard of Miles Canyon and White Horse Rapids," pa said. "They



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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claim the Yukon gets restless and turns over on its side. All boats stopped at the head of Miles Canyon while the stampeders either hired a pilot or sized up the water. 'You walk,' I told your mom, 'and I'll meet you below the White Horse Rapids.' She raised hell and put a roof over it. I left her holding an indignation meeting with four other young women whose husbands had told them to walk while they took the boats through."

"What happened? Who won?" I asked. Pa squirmed and changed the subject, then we walked back to Kaylor's. I wondered what happened at Miles Canyon. I knew mom would never tell.

Pa wasted no time getting down to business. "Mary sent me to buy Afognak, Buck," he said. "I've an idea she's putting together a team for the Dog Derby."

"I figgered Rick's gettin' too big for his britches," Kaylor said. "So Mary's gettin' a team together." He slapped his leg and laughed. "Now, I'll sell him on one condition—that when Rick tries to buy him back, she'll make him pay through the nose."

"Leave that to Mary," pa said.

Rick had a couple of drinks in his stomach and a chip on his shoulder when he showed up at the house the next day. He was sort of wary too. But the family greeted him like nothing had happened. He was puzzled. He looked at me, remembering the brass spittoon. I grinned. Then Afognak nearly wrecked the house getting to Rick.

"What you doing here, boy?" he asked.

"I bought him," Mary said. "As soon as I can decide on a number of Siberian Huskies I'm trying, I'll have a Dog Derby team."

"There isn't a team in the north that can touch my Malemutes," Rick said. "Young wheelers. Young swingers. Young leader."

"Young driver," Mary said, and Rick flushed. "When the chips are down, a little maturity and savvy is handy."

"Who is going to drive your—your fur-bearing rats?"

"Those are fighting words," Mary said, dangerously soft-spoken. "You'll eat 'em without salt or pepper. I haven't decided on a driver yet. Shall we go now?" She was all smiles, but the way she yanked on her parka told me she was seething. But Rick was off balance.

As they left for dinner at the hotel, pa grabbed mom and began dancing and singing Waltz Me Around Again, Willie. I thought it a good time to ask what had happened at Miles Canyon.

Mom laughed.

Pa got red in the face and said, "Time for you to hit the hay, Jerry."

During the next week Mary picked up eight or ten of the Siberian Huskies. Perky ears, tails up, full of pride and fight—and sort of dainty too.

Our parlor was a mess most of the time—harness, towlines, ropes, mukluks and trail clothing. Mary's team was mostly strange dogs. Strange dogs get acquainted by fighting. For a while she batted their noses with a frying pan to break up the brawls, then Afognak showed 'em who was boss and they settled down to business. Afognak was trained to be a loose leader. A loose leader is just that—runs ahead free of harness, picks the trail, sets the pace and occasionally runs back and nips the shirkers among the wheelers and leaders. But Mary put him in harness, to his disgust. "The moment you're loose," she said, "you'll go to Rick." Afognak looked at her in a way that makes you wonder how much dogs understand. The day he scented Rick ahead, Mary had a runaway on her hands for a time, then she managed to turn Afognak down a side trail.

As the starting day neared, the excitement increased. The smart money wagered by the Sport Buchanan crowd was on Rick. There was a lot of money on Bart Laidlaw, who had carried the torch for Mary until Rick showed up. When the rumor got around that Mary would drive her own team, Rick bought ten thousand votes at a cent each and cast them for Mary, hoping she would be elected queen of the carnival that is part of the Dog Derby week. Mary ended that in a hurry when she said she couldn't be queen and drive her team at the same time.

Rick couldn't get out to the house fast enough when he heard the talk. He had to have it confirmed. Mary confirmed it. "Good heavens, girl!" he yelled. "You don't know what it's like on the trail. Besides, an old leader and lightweight dogs in heavy snow."

"Mom didn't know a thing about Chilkoot Pass, Miles Canyon or the White Horse Rapids, but she did very well," Mary said. "Pa will tag along in case I play out."

"I'll have enough on my mind, beating Laidlaw and the others, without worrying over the antics of the bird-brained girl I'm going to marry!" he yelled.

Mary yanked off the engagement ring. "The fiancée problem won't bother you!" she said. "Here's your ring! Wear it in your nose for luck, you savage!"

"I don't know what's got into you lately," he growled. He whirled on pa. "Did you ever hear of a girl tackling such a fool stunt?"

"Yep," pa answered cheerfully. "And once in a while they get away with it."

"You're woman-ridden too!" Rick went into an icy-calm act and didn't bang the door.

"Three rousing cheers!" pa shouted.

"Mike, you haven't a lick of sense," mom snapped. Then she followed Mary into the bedroom. It sounded as if Mary was blubbering and beating the pillow with her fists. "There! There!" mom said. "It will all come out in the wash. You'll see." Pretty soon they both came out, laughing and drying their eyes. Mary hugged Afognak, but the dog was watching for Rick to come back.

Three days before the start, pa took sick. "I'll go with Mary," I said. "You're sick. Mom's too old for trail work."

"Not so loud," pa whispered. "If she hears that, she'll try it, Jerry." Then she came in with a hot whisky sling and blankets. Mary followed with a tub of hot water for his feet. Usually pa drank the whisky and objected to the blankets and tub of water. But this time he was a good patient—hopeful mom would get him in shape for the derby.

The derby regulations protect the betting public and the dogs. There are check points where drivers must show photographs of their dogs. This prevents the substitution of fresh dogs for those that play out. A driver must finish with all his starting dogs or he is disqualified. If a dog is sick, injured or dead, he finishes on the sled.

The day before the race mom heard Sport Buchanan had made Mary a 15-to-1 shot. She was indignant. "That's because Mary is a girl," she spluttered. "Mike, let's bet a thousand on Mary's team."

"Darned tootin'!" pa said. She shook a thousand dollars' worth of nuggets out of the family poke and took them to a stakeholder. Buchanan covered, then dropped the odds 10 to 1.

That afternoon mom checked over pa. "You're in no shape to put in three or four days tagging after Mary," she said.

"You could do it, mom," I said. I thought I was pretty slick to put it that way. "But you have to nurse pa. Why can't I go?"

"No," pa said.

"Just a minute, Mike," mom said. "Whenever anyone needs a good, strong, willing, intelligent boy to do a hard job, you look at Jerry and say, 'Now, when I was a boy ——' Well, Mike?"

"All right," pa grunted. "Take care of yourself, son."

Most of Nome was on hand for the start. Mary didn't show up until Rick was on his way. She was afraid Afognak would tie into Rick's young lead dog and start a free-for-all between the teams.

The big, heavy dogs were wearing moccasins to protect their feet. Mary's lighter dogs didn't need them. As the team came swiftly to the starting line, Sport Buchanan noticed this, and a shade of worry passed over his usually genial face. I could see he was thinking Mary's dogs might make much faster time on a heavy trail. He turned to Ongaluck, a Chinese-looking Siberian Eskimo. Ongaluck had spent several years on an American whaler and could speak fair English. He told Sport that Mary's team didn't need moccasins unless a dog's foot was hurt, and Buchanan nodded. Then we were off with the biggest cheer of all. She looked at the crowd and smiled. Golly Moses, she was pretty, with her coloring, eyes

(Continued on Page 138)

"Sorry."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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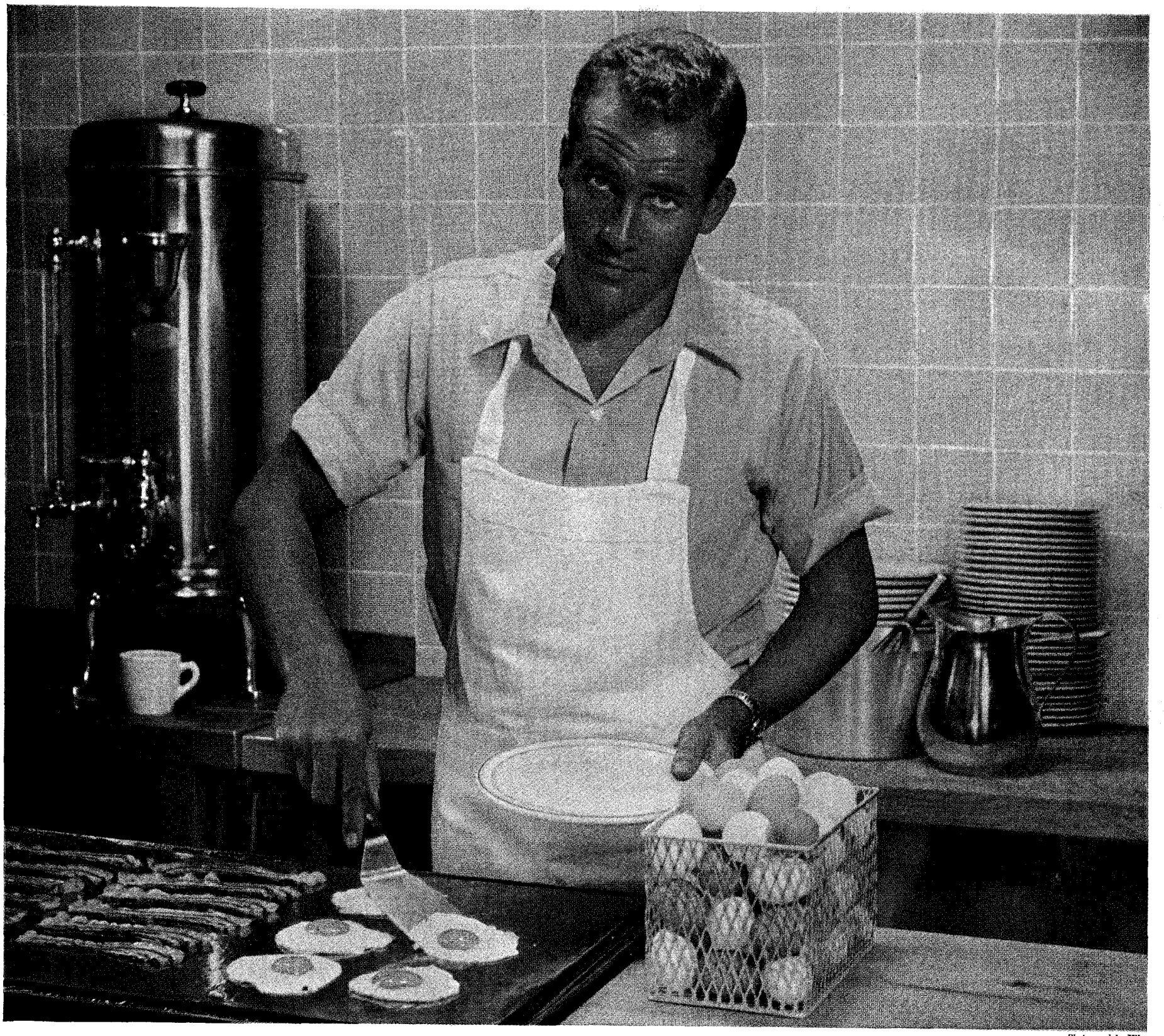

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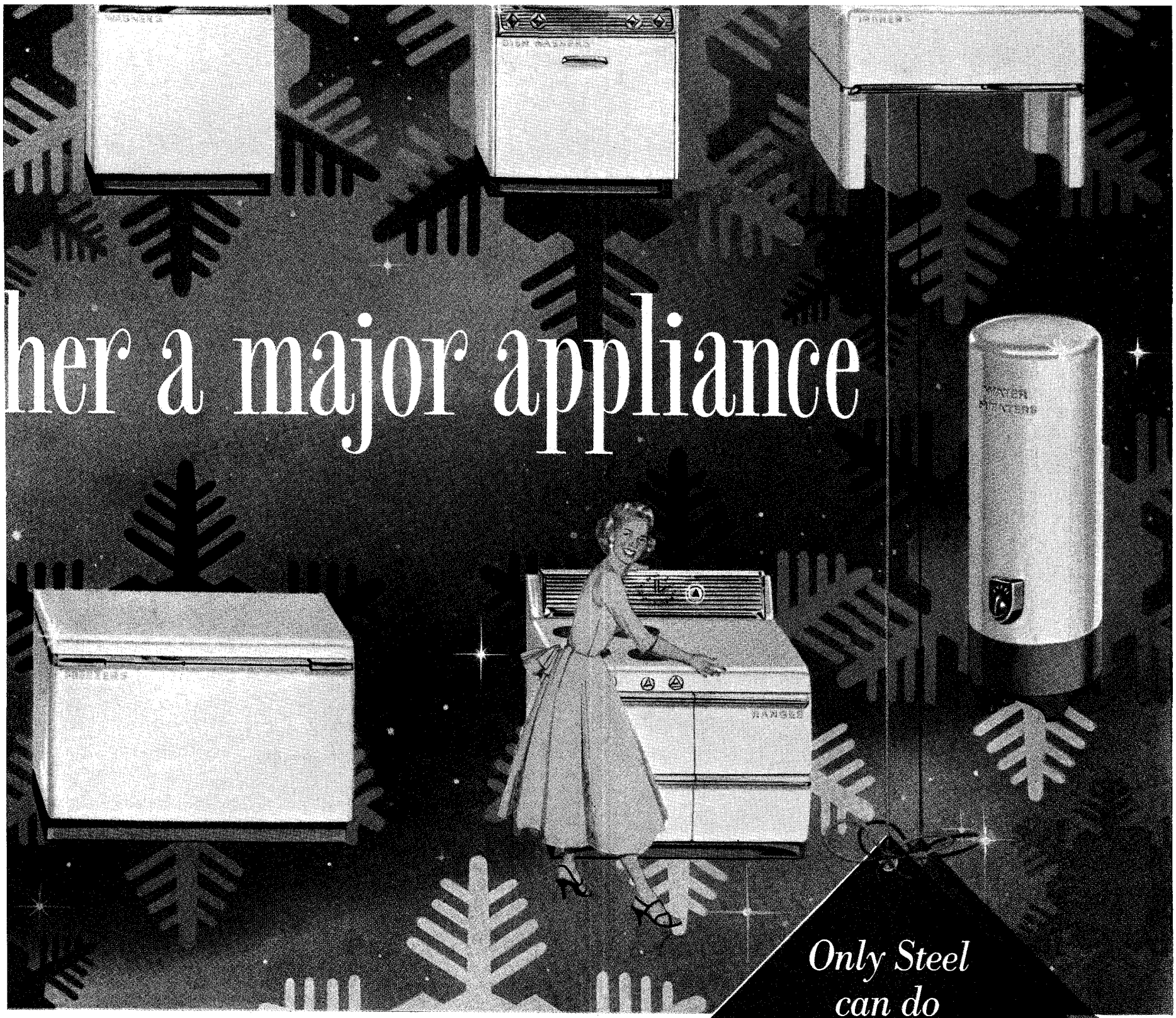

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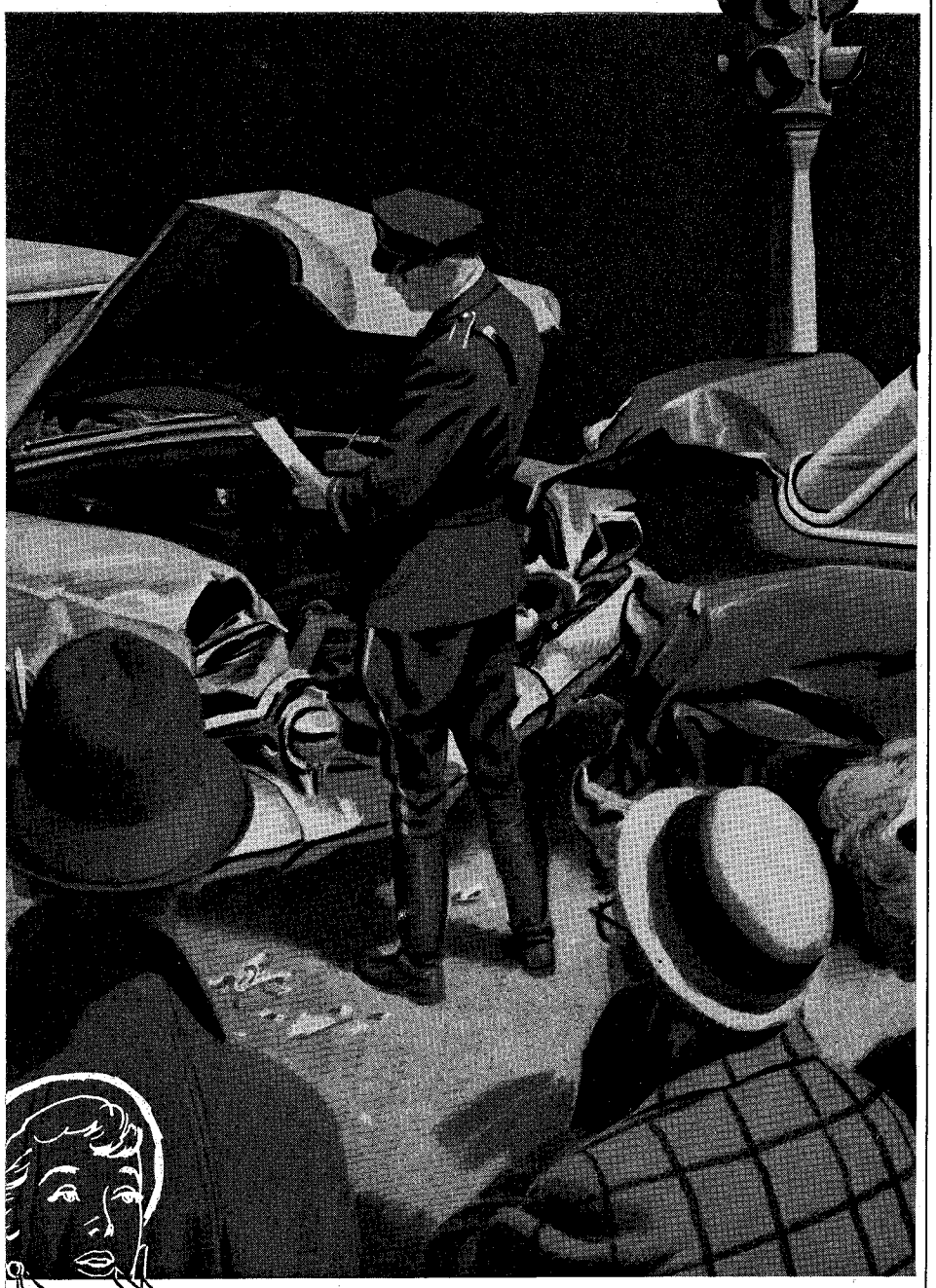
Not on the menu!



Thanksgiving dinner at Sally Norton's house was always a special event for the entire family. So, of course, Sally usually worried overtime about every detail of the meal.

It was the dessert that still bothered Sally while driving to the market for her holiday shopping. Mincemeat and pumpkin pies had always been the family favorites. But Sally had just seen a new plum pudding recipe. She was wondering if the change was a good idea when the stoplight turned red. The driver ahead slammed on his brakes. Sally *couldn't*. So she's having Thanksgiving dinner . . . served on a hospital tray.

How many accidents are *caused* that way? Far more than even the best drivers realize. In fact, safety scientists who analyze thousands of crashes annually trace the cause of most auto accidents directly to the driver's own mental attitude.

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(Continued from Page 134)

sparkling and face framed by parka-hood fur. Then Nome was behind us and the long trail stretched ahead.

She told me her plans when we made our first rest stop that night. "The trick is to spread your dogs' strength evenly over the entire distance, leaving a little reserve for the finish." We had fed the dogs a mixture of beef and mutton and were massaging their muscles and feet. She had planned on a four-hour rest, but there was a blizzard smell to the air and we hitched up to put more miles behind us. It wasn't long until we had overtaken every driver but Rick Tremper and Bart Laidlaw. Some were resting, working with their dogs or on the trail.

The trail followed the pole line, and reports on the different teams' positions went over the wire to Nome from the different stations. We rested again, and when we took the trail Rick and Bart were still the only drivers ahead of us.

"They don't like each other and are trying to kill each other off," I said.

"I don't think so, Jerry," Mary answered. "They won't let personal feelings interfere with their driving. They're too smart for that."

Later we saw Bart, and when we came up, he followed the rules—pulled aside and let the overtaking team pass. "Save some for the finish, Mary!" he yelled. She nodded and we went on. And that was the way we went into Candle, the turn-around point of the race. Rick was pulling out as we came in, and Mary kept upwind and a good block off the trail, so Afognak wouldn't scent him. The blizzard, threatening most of the way, was still holding off. "It comes suddenly in these parts," Mary said. She was in good shape, but the strain was beginning to tell a little.

It was snowing steadily when Afognak began speeding up, and we knew we were at last overtaking Rick. In a few minutes we saw him, clear of the trail and holding his lead dog, which wanted to fight every dog in the derby. It was then that I learned two people in love can be doggoned impersonal.

"Quite a race," Mary said.

"Sure is," Rick said. "Good luck."

The conversation might have ended there but for Afognak. He stopped, squatted down and looked happily at Rick.

"Afognak!" Mary's voice carried a commanding ring. "Mush!" She cracked her whip. Afognak wouldn't budge. She tried petting him, pulling him and pleading, without result.

Bart Laidlaw came up, swung wide, grinned and went on. "He doesn't recognize the bill of sale, Rick," Mary said. "He thinks he's your dog. Old as he is, he's eager to take on your leader."

"Hang onto my leader, Jerry," Rick said; then he bellowed commands at Afognak. The dog crouched, as if expecting a blow, but there was a plea in his eyes. Rick raised his hand to strike, then dropped it. "Can't do it," he said. "I'm afraid I don't know much about dogs."

Mary and I said nothing. We watched and it looked as if Afognak had him licked, but Rick wasn't giving up. "I think I've got it," he said suddenly, grinning. Afognak watched him as he took over Mary's sled. "Mush!" he yelled. Afognak now figured he was again Rick's lead dog. He jumped up and hit the harness. The sled began to move once more.

Mary swung Rick's team in behind. And when both teams had settled down, Rick dropped back. Mary ran ahead to her team. "A kind of mean way to outguess a dog," she said, "but it worked this time. But what of next time? If I try to stay in front in this part of the race, it will upset my schedule, and that I won't do."

"Trust to luck," I said.

When it came time to rest, she pulled out of the trail, and we heard Rick pass. He was downwind from us and Afognak didn't scent him. It was snowing real hard now. Visibility was less than a hundred feet. I guess I fell asleep after we fed and checked the dogs. The next thing I knew, Mary was shaking me. The Huskies were ready to go after the short rest. More and more we were sure we'd win.

I don't know when we lost the trail, but suddenly we were tumbling down a pitch and Mary worked desperately to keep the sled from overrunning the wheelers and breaking legs.

When we climbed out of a gulch, she said worriedly, "We've lost the pole line, Jerry."

This could mean serious trouble. There were thousands of square miles of frozen tundra in every direction and the storm might last for days.

"We'll swing to the left," she said. "I think the pole line is that way. We stick together. Understand? No wandering around, looking."

We were full of tension the next hour—into gulches and out. No sign of the pole line. The sky was spilling snow and the wind made eerie sounds.

"Afognak keeps easing toward the right," she said. "I'm giving him a chance to find the trail. He can't do worse than I've been doing."

He kept edging to the right the next half hour, and suddenly the world's prettiest sight loomed up—a warped, weather-beaten pole. I brushed the snow off the trail and checked on the sled-runner marks. "Two teams ahead of us, Mary."

"Bart and Rick," she said.

Bart hailed us after we'd covered a mighty tough mile. He looked like a snowman who had pulled off the trail for a rest. Then I saw his lead dog on the sled. He was breathing hard from anger and his voice was tight. "My leader running ahead. Suddenly dropped, whimpering. Blood stains on the snow. Porcupine quills in his paws. No porcupines around. I backtracked. Found this, planted on the trail." He held up a square of thick blanket studded with quills. "Planted to put the winning team out of business—yours."

"Mine!" Mary exclaimed.

"It figures," he said. "At the last check point you had overtaken every team but Rick Tremper's. Word went over the wire to Nome you'd probably take the lead soon. And you would have if Afognak hadn't turned stubborn. That put me ahead."

"But how could the gamblers act so fast?" Mary asked.

"Men sent out to key points could tap the wire," Bart said. "Hell, you can't see ten feet some of the time. Dog drivers wouldn't know they were there."

"You still have a chance, Bart," Mary said.

"Not with a dog riding the sled," Bart answered. "I'll stick around. Might find the swine who planted the quills."

What I saw in Bart's eyes just then scared me. I wondered what kind of punishment he'd deal out if he caught the man. We mushed on at a slow pace. We didn't want to lose the pole line again. The wind, which had been at our backs, shifted, and we bucked it awhile; then Mary stopped in a sheltered spot.

"Someone coming," I said. "Probably Rick."

But it was a driver named Olson. He wasn't in Rick's class, and Mary asked, "Where did you overtake Rick Tremper?"

"Didn't overtake him or anybody except Laidlaw," Olson answered. "Mighty easy to lose the trail. Well, good luck, I'm resting awhile."

We didn't go far. Mary stopped suddenly. "I've been thinking," she said.

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Remembering she was often two jumps ahead of others when she was thinking, I listened. "Rick's off the trail. Now, if Afognak could find him, why ——" Her voice ended on a happy, enthusiastic note.

"And we lose the race!" I yelled. "Win and you'll collect the winner's poke! Mom will rake in fifteen thousand of Buchanan's money! Lose the race and mom's out a thousand dollars!"

"I know! I know!" she said. "With a little spunk, this race might pay off several ways. Or I could finish with nothing. Rick's losing the trail might even be a lucky break. It's rather involved, Jerry. A crisis developed by degrees between Rick and me, and so ——" She stopped, figuring I was learning to catch on.

"Something like what happened between mom and pa at Miles Canyon?" I asked. She nodded. *Well, here goes the old race,* I thought; then I said, "Mom went into action and it turned out fine and dandy."

"You're a wonderful brother, Jerry," Mary said. "I needed that."

I thought she was going to kiss me. She settled for a quick hug; then turned Afognak loose. He hesitated, ears up, like he was asking a question. Mary waved her arm and he disappeared into the blizzard. Right then I felt lost and tired. She put a natural-

... ...

Inevitable

By Archer T. Spring

If and when we lose our
heads,
We find in almost any case
That, though our heads
may be restored,
We still have suffered loss
of face.

... ...

born leader at the head of the team, and we started.

It didn't seem at all like us. Everything was mechanical from then on—like we were looking at two people named Mary and Jerry who mushed, rested, looked after the dogs, and were afraid to take their eyes off the pole line.

When we neared Nome thirty-six hours later, folks yelled that we had a two-hour lead on the next driver, Rick Tremper. The crowd gathering at the finish started to cheer, then sort of groaned. Everywhere we could hear voices saying, "Mary's shy a dog. She's disqualified."

A hundred yards from the finish, she stopped. "I haven't finished, folks!" she shouted. "I'm still on the trail!" As the crowd caught on to her plan, there was a ripple of applause. We began working on the dogs' feet and muscles. We rested a little and ate the hot meal mom and pa brought us.

Someone yelled, "Just heard Afognak's bringing in Rick Tremper!"

"I gambled on that," Mary said, and pa nodded, his eyes on Sport Buchanan, who looked mighty happy until someone pointed out Mary's strategy and warned him it might pay off. Then his geniality was gone. He started down the trail. Pa knew he was up to no good.

"You aren't going anywhere, Sport," pa said. "Nobody's going to stop Afognak from crossing the finish line."

Buchanan started swinging. First his nose began bleeding, then he spat out a couple of teeth, and finally he was flat on his back. And pa was gently rubbing his right-hand knuckles.

Then we saw Afognak—leg-weary, tail dragging, head too heavy to carry much longer. The crowd's silence made the chills run up and down my ribs. You could almost hear it praying for him to finish. Or if he didn't, that Mary could get him onto her sled and beat out Rick, who was right behind the old loose leader. As Afognak passed us, Mary stirred her team into action, and cut in, finishing ahead of Rick. Then the crowd went wild. We headed home, Afognak on the sled.

Pa felt pretty slick. He had flattened a tough younger man in a good cause. "There's fight in your old man yet," he told mom.

"I've never doubted it," mom said proudly. "Why, Mike! You've opened up those old knuckle scars on your right hand!"

"How'd you get those scars, pa?" I asked excitedly.

"Didn't get 'em playing tiddledywinks," pa said.

"He got 'em knocking down chumps who tried to nickname him Swiftwater Mike," mom said. That left me wondering.

Rick Tremper came out that night. He looked uncertainly at Mary a long time, and Mary looked at him. They both smiled. "Bart Laidlaw caught the fellow, Ongaluck, who planted the porcupine quills. Bart sat him down on the quills."

"Punishment fits the crime," pa said. Mom and Mary nodded, but they shuddered and, never thinking, gently rubbed their behinds.

"Now, about Afognak," Rick said.

Afognak got to his feet and walked over to Rick for a little petting. "This dog's nose, or something, led him to me," Rick said. "No doubt of it. I was lost. He found the trail. Thirty miles from Nome he played out. I figured you'd hold off finishing, hoping he would show up, Mary. I owed him plenty and made a down payment with a ride on the sled, then lifted him off for the finish."

"You darling!" Mary said.

"A man can learn," Rick said. He turned to pa. "I need your savvy on the dredge next season. How about it, Mike?"

"I'll be there with bells," pa said.

"Mary, I'd like to buy Afognak," Rick said. "Name your price."

"Buck Kaylor made me promise you'd pay through the nose," Mary said.

"I'll pay," Rick said. Then they were in each other's arms, and mom was herding pa and me into the kitchen.

"Now, let all this be a lesson to you, young fellow," pa said to me. "It may save you trouble, but you'll probably be as bull-headed as the rest of us and learn the hard way. It won't be running Miles Canyon and the White Horse Rapids or the Nome Dog Derby, but it will sure as hell be something, and a girl will take you in hand."

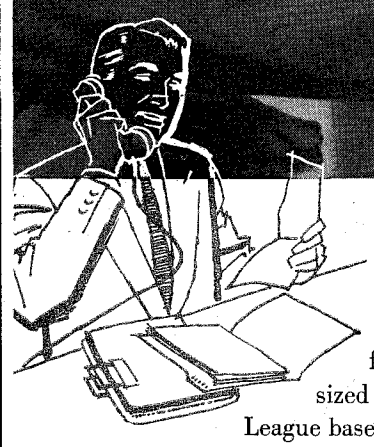
"Listen, pa," I said. "I'll soon be a man. My voice is low some of the time and the fuzz on my upper lip is turning black. I think I should be told what happened at Miles Canyon. No matter how disgraceful it was, it won't lessen my respect—not after seeing you handle Sport Buchanan."

He looked at ma, and ma looked at him. Then they laughed in the way it's good to hear married folks laugh. "Why, while I was sizing up Miles Canyon, your ma and four women whose husbands were treating them like pets held a meeting and organized. The first order of business was husbands. The next thing I knew, the four women were pulling the oars, your ma was steering and our boat was going through the canyon and rapids, hell bent. Me?" Pa gulped twice and swallowed three times, then said, "Me—I walked, and that started 'em calling me Swiftwater Mike, for a little while."

THE END

Whatever happens . . .

You're in good hands...



. . . with **Paul Freker**

Pittsburgh folks just naturally expect big things from Paul Freker. It seems he always has a man-sized civic project up his sleeve—like organizing Little League baseball or starting a Driver Education course in a local high school. He's a born leader!

Paul is a real leader in his business, too! As an agent of Allstate, the auto insurance company founded by Sears, he is a member of Allstate's Honor Ring sales group. His policyholders enjoy the kind of friendly, personal service only a man of Paul's caliber can give. Paul and his fellow Pittsburgh Agents offer a *better* value too. Allstate's rates are usually lower* than those of most leading companies. And Allstate is famous for fast, fair claim settlements.

There are over 2,600 Paul Frekers throughout the U.S. and Canada. There's one in *your* area. A different name—a different face, but the same enthusiastic interest in your insurance problems. Get acquainted with him and you'll know why, whatever happens, *you're in good hands with Allstate.* You can't buy *better* protection, why pay more?

ALLSTATE INSURANCE COMPANY

Agents offices in Sears stores . . . and in other convenient locations throughout the U.S.A. Also in Canada.

founded by Sears An Illinois corporation founded by Sears, Roebuck and Co. with assets and liabilities distinct and separate from the parent company. Home Office: Skokie, Illinois.

*In Texas participating policies are issued at standard rates.

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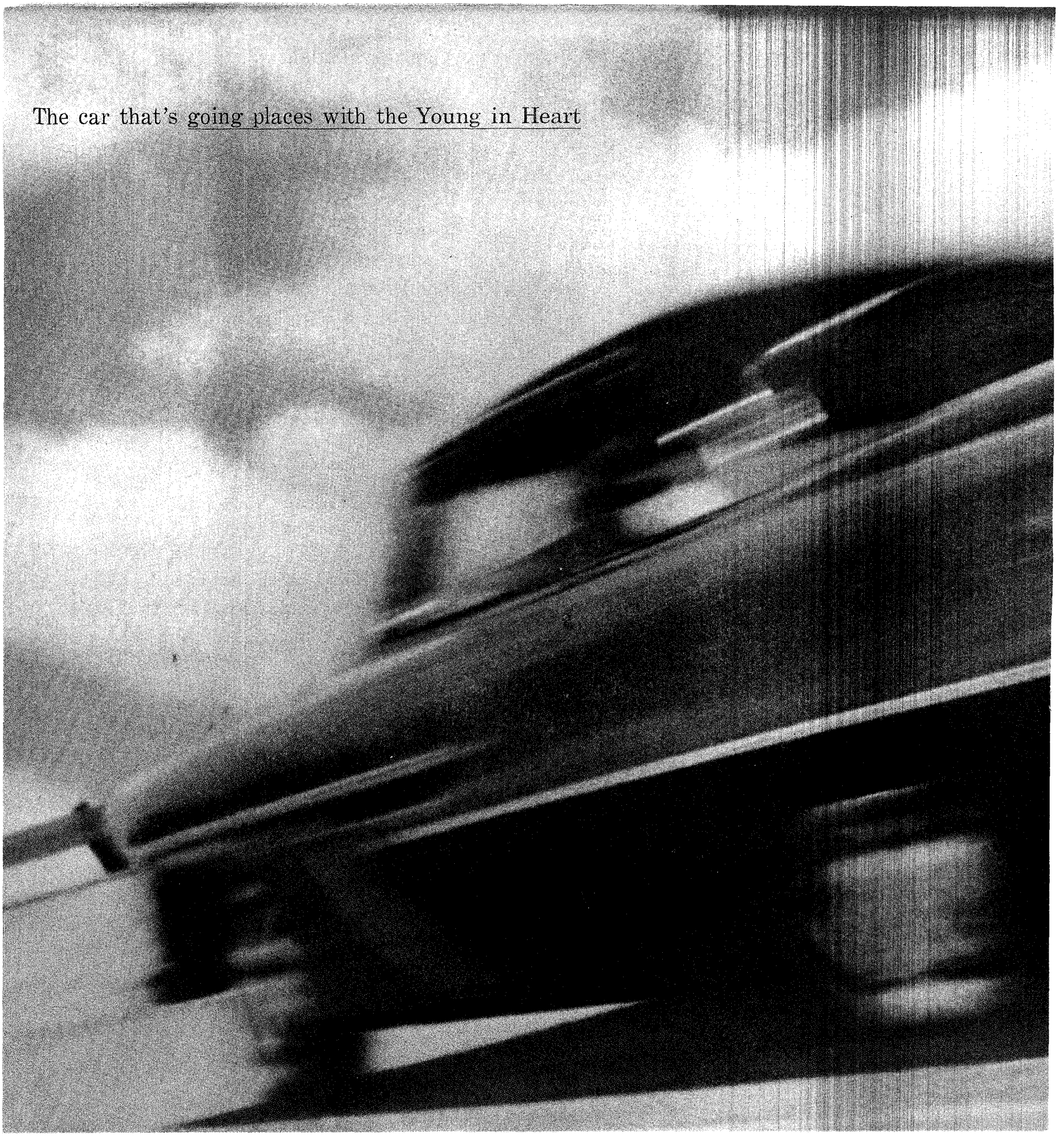
The car that's going places with the Young in Heart

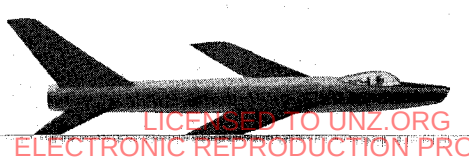


9.1 SECONDS AGO THIS PLYMOUTH

Now, a great new Hy-Fire V-8! 90-90 Turbo-Torque plus PowerFlite, for top thrust at take-off... rapid-fire getaway... split-second, safer passing!

Forget all past ideas about what *any* car can do! Just touch Plymouth's Push-Button Driving control . . . press the throttle . . . and feel that automobile come alive!

You have a swift, exciting sense of taking off as your thrust instantly ahead. There's a forward push of the seat against your back . . . then your Plymouth moves out front, so sleekly and swiftly that your only sense of



ALL-NEW AERO

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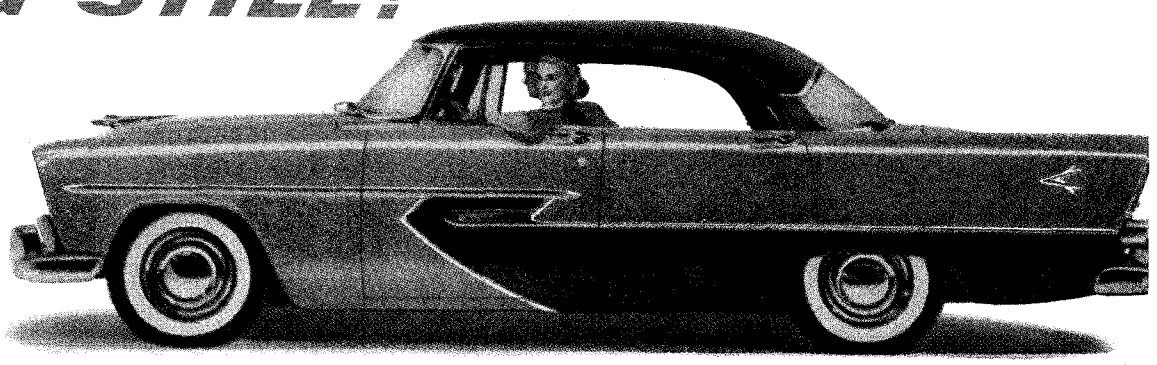
Actual Test Track photo of ***Plymouth Belvedere*** *4-door Hardtop Sport Sedan. 28 other new models, including exciting new* ***Suburban*** *line of station wagons in three low price-ranges.*

VAS STANDING STILL!



notion comes from watching other cars dropping behind.

The secret is in Plymouth's exclusive *90-90 Turbo-Torque* performance . . . a new way of turning higher engine power into greater *go-ahead* power. You enjoy more *thrust* when you want it . . . split-second, safer passing. New V-8 or 6 engines, with PowerFlite fully automatic transmission plus exclusive *90-90 Turbo-Torque!*

YNAMIC PLYMOUTH '56

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What airline tempts your taste the most? ——→

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This is My Story (Continued from Page 29)

"I hate to do it, because it's making me an extra hundred a month and my wife's got a little sponsor coming along."

"Don't be too quick to do that," Whitbeck said. "We've got lots of officers, and you're not an Academy man, so your chances of going far in this branch are not bright. If I were you, I'd get out."

"How can I?" I asked.

"I'm a Coast Guard officer," he said, "so I'll only tell you one thing; don't send a boy to do a man's job. Good luck."

I thought about what he'd said, but I couldn't figure it. I found out the answer by accident. About once a week, the late Governor Ritchie, of Maryland, came to our station to address his constituents. It was my pleasant chore to present him on these occasions to the radio audience. One day, during a conversation, he discovered that I was in the United States Coast Guard, and it alarmed him. "Why," he said, "that means we could lose you here at this radio station. They could send you to sea."

"Yes, governor," I said, "they certainly could, and the chances are if I don't do better with my radio engineering work that's what will happen." I told him about my conversation with Commander Whitbeck, and about how he'd said, "Don't send a boy to do a man's job." I asked, "What do you suppose he meant?"

The governor laughed and said, "I'll see what I can do." The next thing I knew he'd arranged an appointment in Washington for Mr. Mahone, the president of WFBR, and me to see Rear Admiral Billard, head of the Coast Guard. When we went into the admiral's office, he said cordially, "Glad to know you, Godfrey!" Then he asked: "What do you want to do? I've looked up your record and it's one of the best. You finished first in your class at Bellevue and we are proud of you for that. Here on my desk are the papers I am about to sign which will commission you an officer in the Coast Guard. Is that what you want?"

At this point Mr. Mahone made a short speech about my future as a broadcaster, emphasizing that it would be to my best interests to give up the Coast Guard if I could, but adding that I felt I owed the Coast Guard a debt for my education. "It's up to you, Godfrey," the admiral said kindly. "I've listened to you on the radio and you're good. I think you'll go places; or you can stay in the Coast Guard and we'll be delighted to have you, and commission you as a line officer, an ensign."

The commission would have meant more money: a salary of $125 a month. I'd be an officer and a gentleman and I'd have a "career." But Jack Whitbeck had warned me that, as young as I was, I was too old to begin as an ensign. All of the ensigns already in the outfit would be senior to me in point of service, and all of them were five or six years younger than I—so what chance would I have to get ahead? Still there was the admiral, looking at me and asking if I'd made up my mind. "I don't know, sir," I said. "A lot of people say I've got something promising in broadcasting."

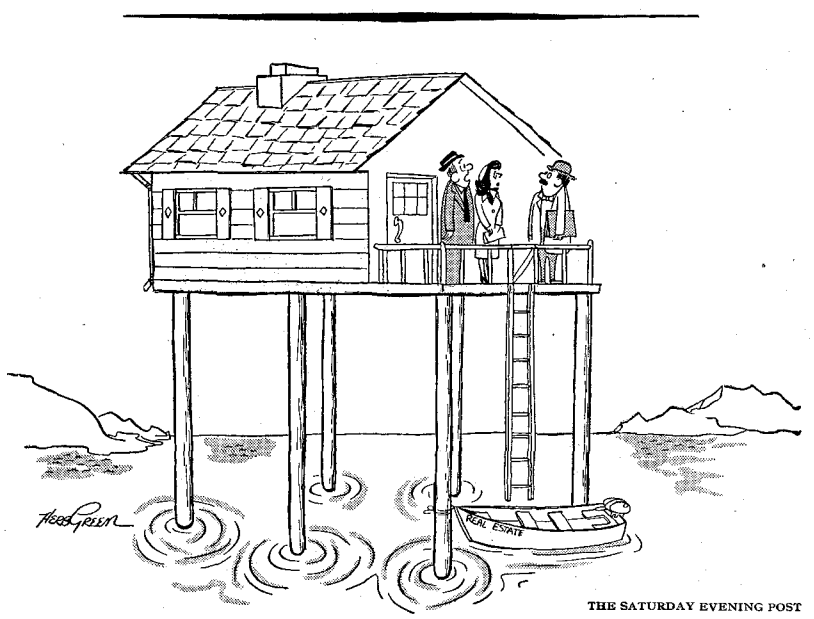
"Yes," he said, "I think you've got something promising, too, and I think you would be well advised not to shut the door on it. I'll wash out the three years of service you owe the Coast Guard for the education we gave you," he added, "and your special-order discharge will be in the mail tomorrow morning. So God bless you, and remember the Coast Guard kindly."

If he sounds like a nice guy, he was. That's why I still talk about what a grand outfit the Coast Guard is. They could have loused me up good and they didn't. I went back to Baltimore, got my discharge, and went to work at WFBR full time. My salary was twenty-five dollars per week plus what extra money I could squeeze out of sponsors for "artist" fees—five dollars for this program, three dollars for that, seven dollars and fifty cents for another, etc.

That Baltimore station was about half the size of the first floor of an ordinary home. There were three rooms: the control room, the little box where I held forth, and another studio which was big enough to hold a small band; that was all.

We had three or four engineers—one was always on duty—and two announcers. We had a chief announcer and a program director. Pretty soon I was given both of the latter jobs blended together. And there was a pianist on call, my old friend Chester Mahl, so that if we wanted to rest the machines that spun the records, Chester would play for fifteen minutes. And we had a combo called the WFBR Trio to play what was called "luncheon music" and "dinner music" and occasionally to accompany a soloist. The present distinguished conductor of the Washington National Symphony Orchestra, Howard Mitchell, was the cellist, and his wife, Alma Metcalf, the violinist. But most of the time there were just me and the engineers. I was the program director, the announcer, the receptionist; I was everybody.

Among other things, I learned how to conduct auditions and pick talent for the airwaves. I (Continued on Page 146)



"This wasn't exactly what we had in mind when we said we wanted a house overlooking the water."

⟶ It's United Air Lines with the finest food aloft!

What a treat those Mainliner meals are!

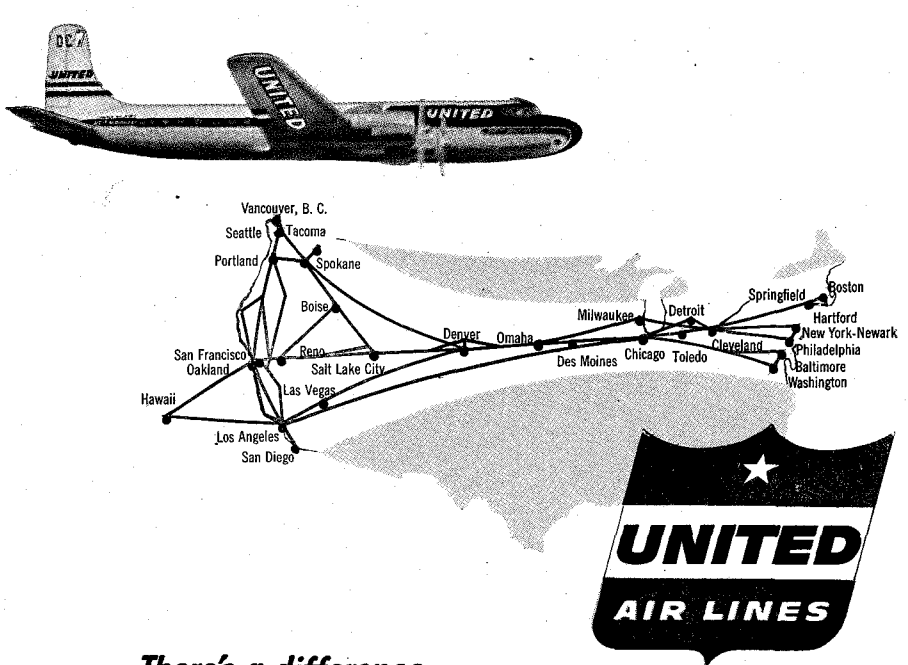
And for good reason, too! United buys the finest, freshest food from all over the country. It is prepared by famous chefs in United's own modern, spotless kitchens and put aboard just before flight-time. Kept fresh and hot – or cool and crisp, according to the dish – by special equipment developed by United, your food is table-served to you *just* the way you like it.

Take a look at this tempting Mainliner meal, one of a variety of delicious menus:

LOBSTER COCKTAIL WITH CRACKERS
ROAST TENDERLOIN OF BEEF BUTTERED SUCCOTASH
WALDORF ROLL
TOSSED GREENS AND AVOCADO SALAD WITH LEMON DRESSING
PEACH SHORTCAKE
COFFEE, TEA OR MILK AFTER-DINNER MINTS

Colorfully served with gleaming silver and spotless linen, your Mainliner meal is a treat for your eye and your taste. And it's all included in your First Class fare!

Meals like this—accompanied by United's equally outstanding speed, comfort and dependability in flight—add up to an unforgettable experience in travel enjoyment. For reservations, call or write United Air Lines or an Authorized Travel Agent.



There's a difference

Copr. 1955, United Air Lines

when you travel in the Mainliner® Manner

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R-18

ee the New Stor-Mor Freezer *Plus* Refrigerator at your dealer's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
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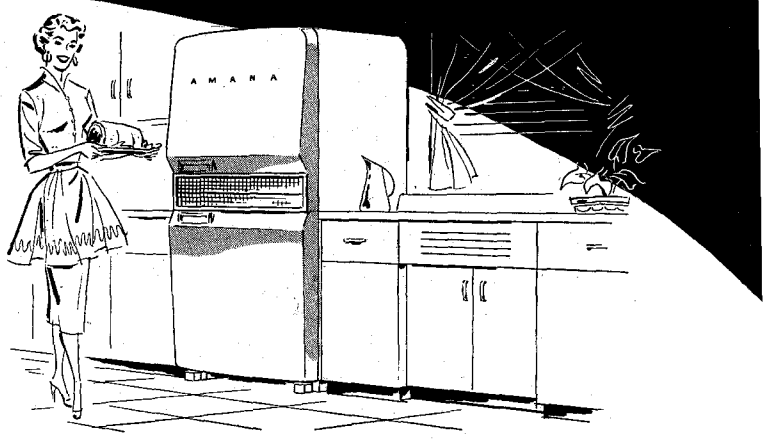
the genuine Stor-Mor Food-Freeze plus a Superbly Roomy Refrigerato

combined to fit *right in your Kitchen!*



✳ Here is a genuine Amana food freezer—not just another "freezer" compartment. Its roomy 8.5 cubic foot capacity holds 297 pounds of frozen food alone!

✳ Here is superbly spacious refrigeration space, equal to a conventional 12 cubic foot refrigerator!

✳ Here is Automatic Temperature Control for both freezer and refrigerator!

Now, for the first time you can get *genuine* Amana quality in a magnificent Stor-Mor Food-Freezer, *plus* a generous big-family size refrigerator! Combined in a single compact unit for the ultimate in kitchen space-saving and convenience. A combination of refrigeration, food storage, and freezer features that makes *conventional* two-temperature refrigerators seem obsolete.

Check the advanced Amana features of this superb unit. *Constant automatic temperature control* means no frozen foods in the refrigerator; no *half*-frozen foods in the freezer! Completely *automatic defrosting*, plus *controlled humidity*, in the refrigerator! And every inch of space is usable, easy to-get-at!

Naturally, you get traditional Amana quality in the roomy, 8.5 cubic foot freezer section. All shelves *plus* top and bottom, are *true* freezing surfaces! Quick-freeze seasonal bargains, super-market specials, fish and game in season. Enjoy them in *any* season! Shop less frequently . . . end menu-monotony forever!

FITS EVERY HOME! Large or small, house or apartment—this new Amana Stor-Mor combination fits *any* average kitchen. Brings real super-market convenience to *any* size family!

BIG SPACE BONUS! Old-fashioned freezing compartments, ice trays, meats, desserts, and leftovers don't steal valuable refrigerator space. Food-packing tests by certified home economists prove the new Amana combination gives you refrigerator space equal to conventional 12-foot refrigerators . . . plus freezer space for *297 pounds of frozen foods!*

SMALL FAMILY SIZE! Economical Amana Model FPR-14 holds 220 pounds of frozen food, and gives you roomy refrigerator space equal to conventional 10 cubic foot model!

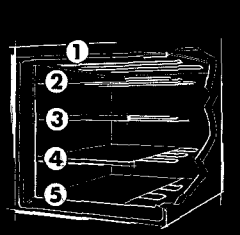
See your dealer. Ask about the Amana Easy Purchase Plan. Learn how *Amana's Plan for Better Living* applies to you and *your* family.

LOOKING FOR FRESH MENU IDEAS? Ten cents brings you 64-page "Meal Magic." Write Ann MacGregor, Amana 5, Ia. for your copy!

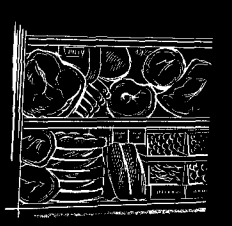
BE SURE TO SEE PHIL SILVERS IN "YOU'LL **NEVER GET RICH." CBS TELEVISION NETWORK.**

TUESDAY NIGHTS. SEE YOUR LOCAL PAPER FOR TIME AND STATION.

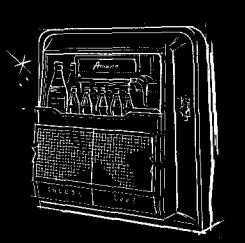
EXCLUSIVE POLARAMIC DIAL CONTROL protects precious foods always! Fully automatic cold maintains even 0° temperature in your freezer, yet permits no freezing in refrigerator ever. No frozen milk, rock-hard butter!



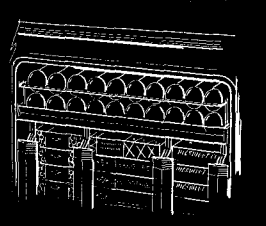
FIVE AMANA-MATIC FREEZING SURFACES! All shelves, *and* top and bottom of Amana freezer section are prime freezing surfaces. It's exclusive with Amana! All foods are stored on, or directly below, a solid freezing plate!



NO SPACE-WASTING BASKETS in sparkling new Amana combination! Reach in, take what you like without fuss or trouble. It's easier this way. Better too, for food is in constant contact with Amana-Matic freezing surfaces!



JUMBO-SIZED STOR-MOR DOOR! Food at your finger-tips! Big bottle space! Butter-keeper, crisper drawers, cheese, egg sections. Exclusive 3-qt. Beverage Pitcher pours from door, or can be removed for table use!



AUTOMATIC PACKAGE DISPENSERS! 20 cans of frozen fruit juice concentrate snuggle in Stor-Mor freezer door. Easily adjustable food racks fit all standard packages! *And*, both Amana doors open with easy-push handles!

Amana®

"BACKED BY A CENTURY-OLD TRADITION OF FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP"

AMANA, WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF FOOD FREEZERS, BRINGS YOU AMERICA'S FINEST QUALITY HOME REFRIGERATION PRODUCTS

AMANA REFRIGERATION, INC. • AMANA, IOWA

Producers of food freezers, freezer-refrigerators, air conditioners

Available throughout the world

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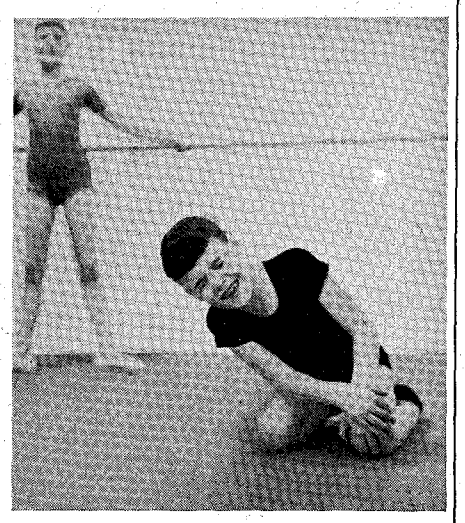
(Continued from Page 143) auditioned at least a thousand different voices at WFBR. You've never heard such sour notes and sad performances as some of those which came to our ears in that studio. The funny part is that the performances of many people who audition right now, today, are still just as bad. We audition over 400 people a week for my Monday night Lipton Talent Scout TV show and we're lucky to get three a week we can use. Sometimes we haven't got our three acts as late as Saturday morning before the Monday show, and have to go out and find another.



For larger cuts, burns, abrasions...

use the dressing your doctor uses...

sterile—sealed in individual envelopes

Johnson & Johnson

My big job was trying to keep the program filled. We sent a listing of our program to the papers every day and a big part of our list consisted of the words: To BE ANNOUNCED. Those three words meant we didn't have a thing scheduled, and it was up to me to fill those gaps without cost.

One church or another usually put on a morning devotional program, and after that ladies would step up to our mike to speak for the Ladies' Aid or the Bible societies or for the SPCA. These talks helped fill out the mornings, but in the afternoon there were long periods when all we had was TO BE ANNOUNCED. It was to fill those gaps that I first began fooling around with records. I'd ask the engineer, "What have we got next?" and he'd say, "It's a To-BE-ANNOUNCED, kid. Get out the records." I'd get them out and sit at the little turntable with a carbon mike in front of me and only a sheet of glass between me and the engineer, and spin them.

Two and a half years later, working for NBC in Washington, I became the country's first disk-jockey, but at WFBR I just put records on the turntables and announced the titles like anyone else. Oh, I played around a little bit with a touch of humor here and there; for instance, I'd pick up a record and say, "Because of difficulties beyond our control, the program which was listed 'To BE ANNOUNCED' will not be heard. We offer, instead, a fifteen-minute musical interlude."

That worked so well that I began to list them that way in the printed programs for the newspapers. Instead of just TO BE ANNOUNCED, I'd alternate with MUSICAL INTERLUDES. It looked better in print. Sometimes, very late at night, I'd offer fifteen minutes of ukulele solos instead of the usual musical interlude. What horrible fare that must have been!

But I was very new at the broadcasting business—as, for that matter, was everyone else in those days—and for the most part I took it all very seriously.

My wife Kay had gone to Boston to live with her aunt. After our baby boy had been born to us, Kay wanted to go away for a while and take the baby with her. I had married a wonderful girl. She's still that, and is very happily remarried and lives the quiet, dignified kind of life she wanted.

Curiously enough, a great many of my stanchest supporters and good friends are newspapermen and women. From the very beginning some of them have been not only "nice to me," as the saying goes, but through their columns and feature stories extremely helpful. For instance, in Baltimore, there was Betty Snyder. Betty wrote a column for the Baltimore Sun. She represents one of the many turning points in my life, and she was an ace. In September or October of 1930, I was pulling down ninety dollars a week at WFBR, when Betty said to me, "You ought to get out of this town and get into the big time. Your station isn't even on a network, for heaven's sake."

"How do I go about this?" I asked.

"Leave it to me," she said. She got in touch with Vincent Callahan, who handled public relations, publicity and sales for NBC in Washington, and arranged an appointment for me. I went over to Washington to see him and he turned me over to Kenneth Berkeley, program director of NBC's Washington station, WRC. In turn, Berkeley introduced me to the station's chief announcer, Herluf Provensen. Provensen auditioned me, O.K.'d me and offered me a job. I was to get fifty dollars a week—quite a comedown from the ninety I'd been making in Baltimore—but Betty had convinced me that it was important to be on the staff of a station which belonged to a national network. So I pulled up stakes and moved to Washington on the first of November, 1930.

At first all I did was "punch locals." You know: when the NBC chimes went bong, bong, bong, I was one of those who intoned sweetly "WRC in Washington." Only it wasn't quite that simple. Provensen didn't want just a plain statement of fact. He wanted drama—stark, staring drama in every syllable, so that sometimes, I think, in trying to please him I must have sounded like a Harvard sophomore. I'll bet if I could hear some recordings of my broadcasts in those days I would die of mortification. It must have been awful: a broad "A" here, a New England twang there, and a Southern drawl in the middle! I would walk up to the mike at the sound of the chimes and say, "This is WRC in Washington," as if I were Lady Gotrocks' butler announcing the arrival of Her Grace, the Duchess of Keester.

During that first year in Washington, I was one of a handful of local station announcers. The pay was small, but that didn't matter. I had little cards printed that read, ARTHUR GODFREY, ANNOUNCER, NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY. And I never failed to give you one of those cards either. We had to audition for every extra show we got and, of course, when one of us was chosen by a sponsor to announce a new program, all the rest of us hated his guts. We were as dispensable as fleas and everyone knew it but us.

Every once in a while some misguided soul would write us a fan letter saying, "You are my favorite announcer. Please send me a photo of yourself." We would carelessly leave such letters on the station manager's desk where he would be sure to find them. We would go over to Harris & Ewing and pose for "portrait studies"—you know the kind: pipe in hand and shirt open at the throat. And we would listen to the big network announcers and dream of the day we could do a show like that.

In New York, NBC employed a woman named Vida Ravenscroft Sutton. Her job was to coach announcers in diction. It was the custom in the industry to give a diction award every year, and the NBC announcers had been walking away with this prize. Alwyn Bach, Milton J. Cross and the late John B. Daniels had won it. David Ross, of CBS, got one too. The winner was usually made much of on a special program and handed a good commercial program on the network, for which he was paid extra, so that the award was worth striving for. I was one of the nominees in 1931, much to the annoyance of my confreres. Miss Sutton came to Washington to coach me personally, but her efforts were in vain. I just couldn't learn to quit d my g's.

We poor local duffers got very few c at network announcing except during daytime and very late at night when audiences were small. One never knows who's listening to the radio, however, so when we did get a network show to announce from Washington, we would be very conscious of that diction award. We did Army, Navy, and Marine Band concerts, the National Farm and Home Hour, and we presented political analysts such as William Hard, now one of the editors of Reader's Digest; Merle Thorpe, then editor of Nation's Business; and David Lawrence, now of U. S. News and World Report.

Before a program of that sort, all of us characters would gargle, or we'd go to the men's room and spray our throats; then come out and bite our nails until it was time for us to go on and speak our piece. On the air we'd say, with overwhelming charm: "From our Washington studios, in the nation's capital, the National Broadcasting Company takes great pleasure in presenting Mr. Zilch. Mr. Zilch!" I did that many a time and I am sure that I, personally, was the biggest stuffed shirt and the silliest ass ever heard on anybody's radio.

Before he became sold on strategic-bombing, Naval Reserve Commander Godfrey was a carrier-aviation enthusiast. At left: Vice-Admiral A. M. Pride, USN.

Most of the time, for presentations like that, the "Continuity Department" supplied the script. But for the military band concerts, we announcers were privileged to write our own material. Since most of the music was pretty long-hair and none of us knew anything about it, we found the descriptions of the selections printed in the record catalogues extremely helpful. I'm sure many of you recall the tedious "interesting anecdotes" about the composers which always preceded the musical selections.

At first, I used to copy them out of the books verbatim, but after a while I began to make up stories about the composers myself. Many's the time that I acquainted the listeners with the little-known "fact," for instance, that Ludwig Van Beethoven wrote his Sonata Pathétique whilst cruising down the Rhine in an old birch canoe presented to him by a descendant of Pocahontas. So inattentive, or perhaps uncaring, were my listeners that to this day no one has bothered to dispute me. We were all convinced that nobody ever listened to any of those programs except the engineers in the control room.

Consequently, we tried to put more and more allure into our voices. We used to practice for (Continued on Page 148)

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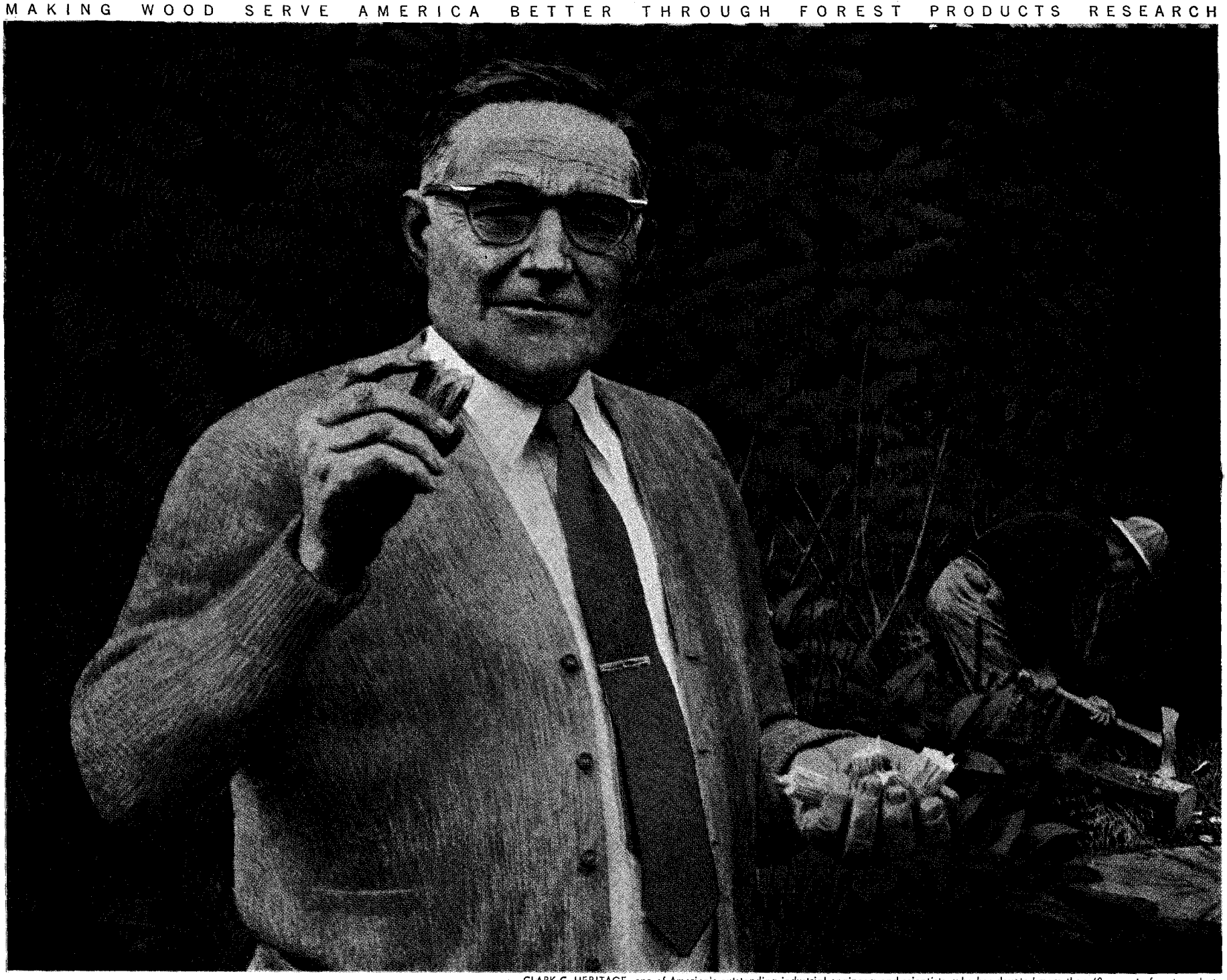
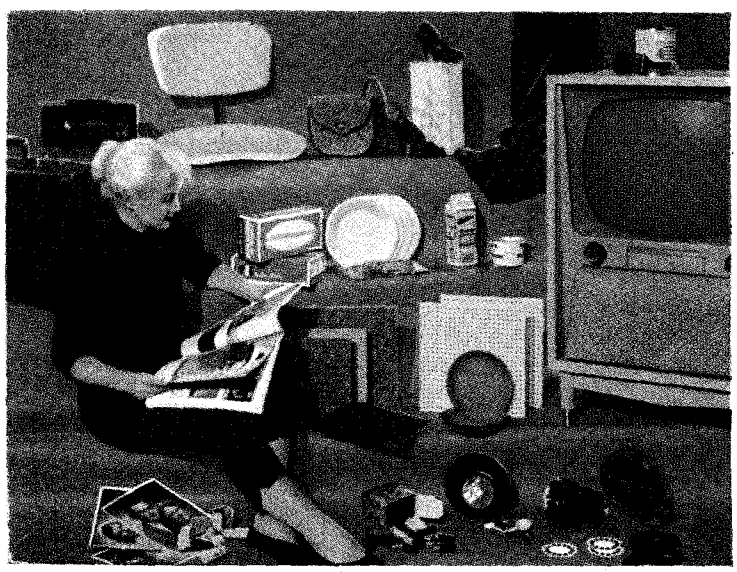
MAKING WOOD SERVE AMERICA BETTER THROUGH FOREST PRODUCTS RESEARCH



CLARK C. HERITAGE, one of America's outstanding industrial engineers and scientists, who has devoted more than 40 years to forest products research. As director of Weyerhaeuser development activities (1940-1955), he guided research programs in whole-crop utilization . . . as well as in pilot plant and commercialized production, processing and marketing of new products using wood, wood fibers and chemicals.

solving the riddle of wood...nature's miracle material

Wood, wood fibers and wood chemicals flow from tree farms into more than 4,000 different building materials, products and packages, each contributing in its own way to our standard of living.



Today, scientists and tree farmers are partners in forest products research . . . working to expand the economic usefulness of wood. Typical of the men who have contributed much to advancement in this field is Clark C. Heritage, development engineer and scientist who says, "The longer we work with the technology of wood, the more amazed we are at its remarkable composition, its versatility and its use-potential. Through applied industrial research, scientists and engineers have already developed more than 4,000 products from this miracle material. Included are such diversified items as lumber, plywood, pulp, paper, textiles, cellophane, felts, cork, glues, plastics, explosives, insulation and chemicals."

Advanced research will result in more new forest products for use by people and industry everywhere. Such extensive development programs are economically practical...because a perpetual supply of wood is being grown by America's 7,000 tree farmers on more than 37 million acres of privately owned forestland.

All timberlands owned by this company are managed as tree farms. *For a free booklet on modern industrial forestry, write us at Box A, Tacoma, Washington.*

Weyerhaeuser Timber Company

WEYERHAEUSER

4 SQUARE

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(Continued from Page 146) hours pitching our voices very low so they would sound sexy and intimate. We'd cup the right ear in the right hand, so that we could the better judge the tone. We would contrive, in conversation with ordinary folk, to back up into a corner of the room, so we could hear our voices rebounding off the walls as we impressed one and all.

It is difficult, of course, to go back a quarter century and try to remember one's feelings accurately, but I'm sure of one thing: I was deadly serious about everything. My colleagues were kind to me, but condescendingly so. They were a bit on the snobbish side, being college bred and all, and it bothered them that I seemed to prefer the companionship of the engineers in the control room, whose language I spoke, of course, fluently. Among other things that fascinated me was the old-fashioned Morse telegraph circuit with which the network in those days conducted its inter-organization communications. I took a trick at it now and then, just for the fun of it. You will recall that I had been a pretty good operator in the service and to this day there's nothing I enjoy more than to sit down with a telegraph key and have a bull-session with another operator. The other announcers, of course, didn't understand what we were saying in code and it irked them.

Incidentally, I owe a lot to my friends, the radio engineers—the old-timers and those who work with me today. They taught me microphone technique, which one certainly needed in those early days when we had nothing but carbon mikes. Knowing their problems, I tried to make their work easier for them. I learned to work one of those old mikes so that an engineer never had to touch his gain-control but once during an entire harangue. When we'd go off on remote jobs, instead of playing big-shot announcer and riding in a separate cab, I'd go along with the engineers and help them lug the heavy gear around and hook it up and test it out. They appreciated that and helped me a great deal in return. They do it to this day even, although I can't lug any amplifiers any more. One of them will sidle up to me and whisper: "Watch your p's, Mr. G. You're really poppin' 'em today," or "Get a little bit closer to that mike, Arthur: I'm not getting enough presence." Sound engineers and TV cameramen: long and happily may they wave. Little do folks know how often they make an artist out of a hopeless ham!

But I guess the greatest contribution to my career that I got from that first year with NBC in Washington was poise. Since I was but a year removed from being a rough-and-ready enlisted man, an official of any rank scared the hell out of me—at first. Dear old Governor Ritchie of Maryland had been the first dignitary with whom I'd had any acquaintance at all and he was such a charmer that he made anyone feel at home in five minutes. In Washington, however, it wasn't very long before I was shaking hands with and welcoming to our studios three or four senators and perhaps half a dozen congressmen a day and, occasionally, even the Vice-President of the United States. Now and then the Chief Justice came in, and cabinet members, and always, of course, the government bureau chiefs. I soon learned how to chat with men like that and make them feel at home, so that they were more at ease during broadcasts. (Continued on Page 151)

You want the ones that look better longer . . .

the ones that have **BONDERITE** under the paint

Because today's appliances serve you so long and so well, *lasting* fine appearance is more important than ever.

To assure permanence for lovely paint finishes, manufacturers of quality appliances use Bonderite. This scientific base for paint anchors the finish, blocks corrosion, and prevents creeping finish failure around the scratches and bumps that occur in daily use.

Make sure you get this appearance protection in the appliances you buy. Ask the salesman, "Is this appliance Bonderized?" And look for the red and silver Bonderite seal, assurance of enduring finish beauty.

**Bonderite, Bonderized—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

PROTECTED BY Bonderite PARKER RUST PROOF CO. QUALITY CORROSION RESISTANT

The Bonderite Seal is a Mark of Quality

Since 1915 Leader in the Field

1915 40th year 1955

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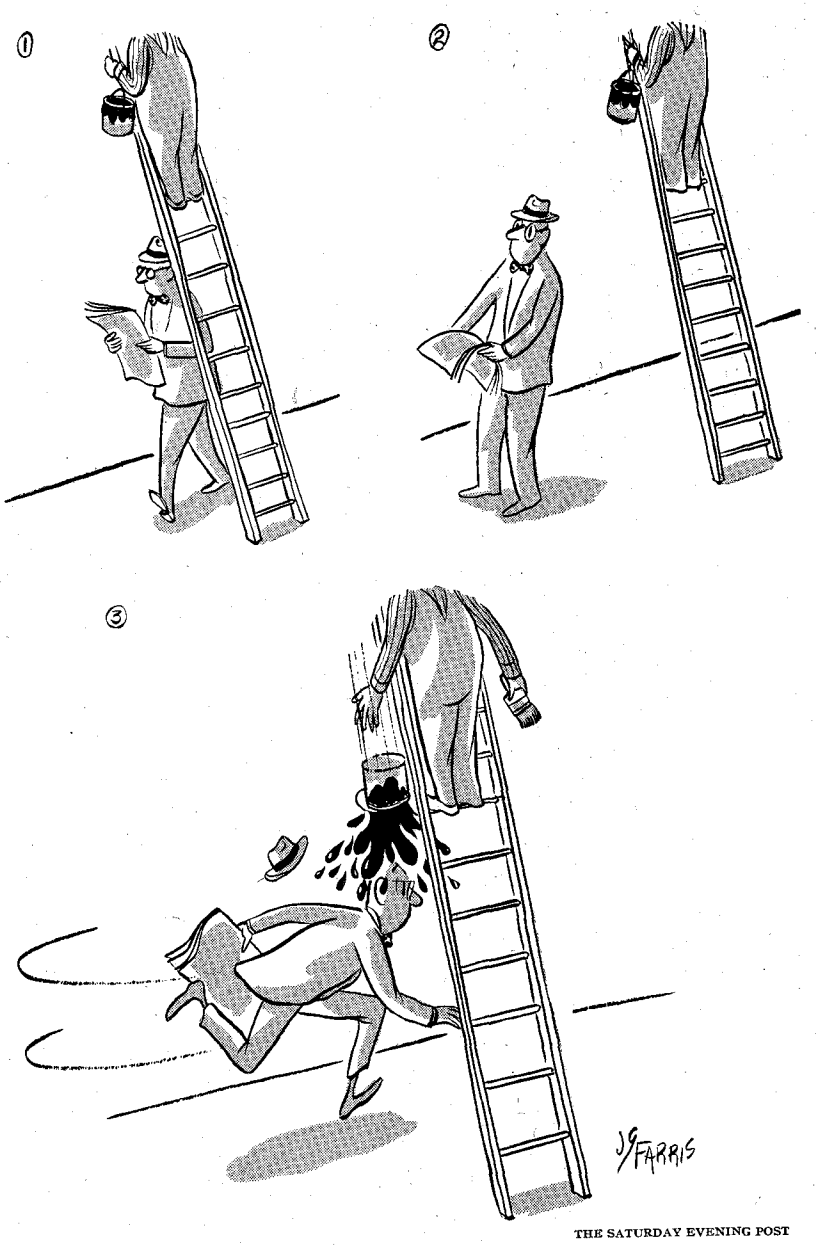

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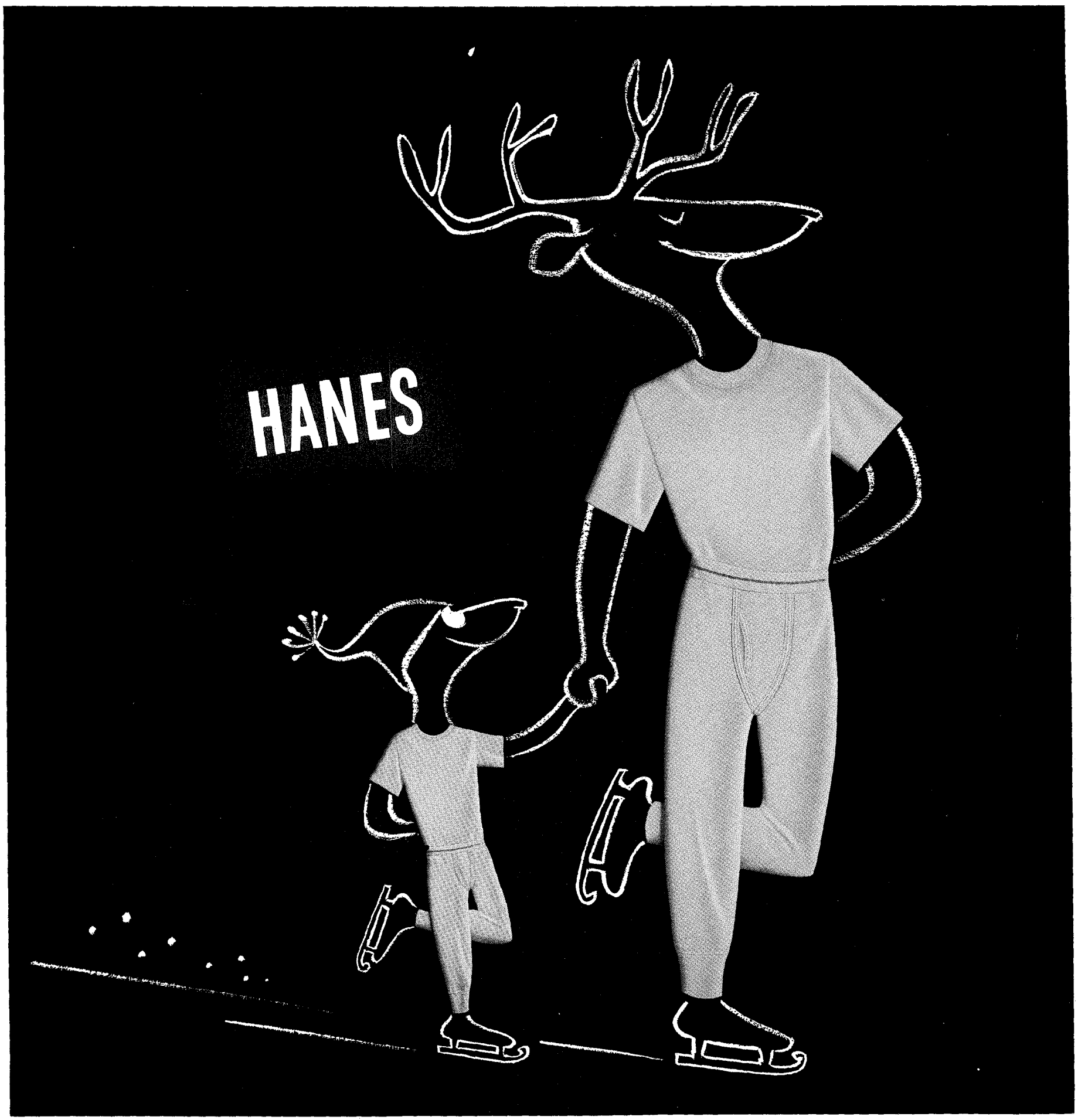

every family has men who'd like Hanes

"Buck" up! No need to pay high prices for underwear!

Hanes Wintersets are knit for in-and-out living, they're soft and absorbent and . . . best of all . . . every time you buy 'em, you save "doe."

Why? Because Hanes buys its own cotton, spins its own yarn, knits its own cloth—thereby eliminating many outside costs that you normally pay for.

Hanes underwear is knit of long-staple, combed cotton. And . . .

- heat-resistant elastic gives added washability
- Nylon at the T-shirt neckband stops sagging
- 'tween-weight knit gives indoor and outdoor comfort
- shrink-resistant treatment insures long wear
- exclusive cut gives gentle athletic support

Nothing "fawn"-cy about Hanes prices: T-shirts, $1.35 to $1.45 (boys', $1). Ankle drawers, $1.75 to $1.85 (boys', $1.29 to $1.35). See your dealer today and look for that famous red label. If he doesn't have Hanes, he can get it for you. Remember, to get more than you bargained for, be sure the name's . . .

•

HANES

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO., WINSTON-SALEM 1, N. C.
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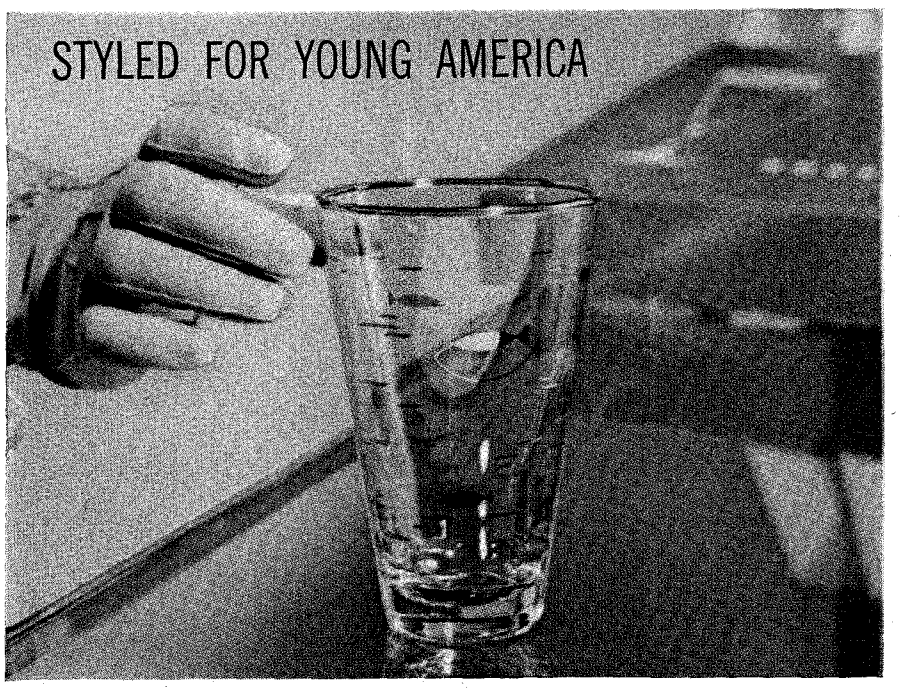

Because you want glassware that's **different** . . .

And as **right** on the terrace as the dinner table . . .

Libbey brings you **Continental Inspired** Stylings—cued to today's casual living

So lovely . . . so completely different—Libbey's new Hostess Sets with Continental Inspired stylings. This striking glassware fits any occasion—be it a Buffet, a Snack, or a Dinner Party. The sparkling new designs are gay and modern, yet still in the classical tradition to go with almost any table setting.

Even though this ultra-smart glassware looks expensive, it isn't. Sets are so reasonable (about $3.50* for a packaged set of eight tumblers) that many families are buying several sets—one to use regularly, one of another design for an occasional change, and still others for gifts.

As with all of Libbey's Hostess Sets, "Continental Inspired" glassware is prepacked, eight of a kind in a beautiful gift carton. These Hostess Sets are easy for the retailer to stock and display, and they make it just as easy for the customer to buy and to store.

The convenience of the Hostess Sets, the continuous flow of new designs such as Continental Inspired patterns and the quality assured by Libbey's famous Safedge guarantee are another example of Owens-Illinois' creative teamwork. This same combination is responsible for the quality found in all Owens-Illinois products:

*Slightly higher in South, West, and Canada

Duraglas containers • Metal and plastic closures
Kimble laboratory glassware • Libbey Safedge glassware
Plastic containers and fitments
Glass block • Kimble television bulbs
Plywood • Kaylo insulation
Kimble and Hemingray insulators

LIBBEY SAFEDGE GLASSWARE
AN (O) PRODUCT

OWENS-ILLINOIS
GENERAL OFFICES · TOLEDO 1, OHIO

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(Continued from Page 148)

One big lesson I learned from them was—the bigger the man, the less stuffed is his shirt. I learned how to argue with a man intelligently without incurring his wrath. If I was scheduled to introduce an official on the air in the evening, I'd make a point of reading up on him and his subject so that if opportunity offered, I could discuss it with him. This not only flattered and interested him but it made a lot of good friends for me—that is, when these people were competent and on the level. Sometimes by this method I'd catch a blow-hard who was reading a speech prepared for him by someone else and who actually didn't know much about his subject. At first, I was disillusioned and depressed when I'd find a guy like that, but after a while I learned that such people usually don't fool the voters for very long, and I felt better. I was delighted and intrigued to find that a great majority of the men in power, in government and business, came from beginnings as lowly as mine. I studied these men carefully—tried to find out what made them tick. They taught me a great deal.

So, I was still feeling my way along, still trying to develop into a good announcer, practicing diction, enlarging my vocabulary as we went through the summer of 1931 and approached the fall. As I recall it, due to the depression, two salary cuts had been put into effect—first a ten per cent, then a five per cent cut—but I was drawing perhaps fifty-five or sixty dollars a week, and it was all take-home pay then, if you remember; there was no Social Security or withholding nonsense in effect as yet. The extra money, which brought my earnings up to that level, was special fees paid by local sponsors for extracurricular activities such as singing somebody's theme song, doing special commercial material, and so on. Those were bad times: money was scarce and jobs were not to be had. I often signed the station on the air at seven A.M. and signed it off that night at midnight. And I loved my work.

Then, on the twenty-sixth of September, 1931, I got hurt. It was an automobile accident which proved to be the most significant turning point in my life. Not because it put me on crutches for years, not because I've never been without pain since, not because I'm still badly crippled, but because during the months I lay abed I did a lot of listening to the radio and a lot of thinking. That thinking changed everything for me.

I was driving along the old Riggs Road, between Mount Rainier and northwest Washington, D.C., on my way to Congressional airport out Wisconsin Avenue, where I often flew a Franklin Glider. We used to launch it by auto tow at the end of a 2000-foot rope, casting the rope free when it was straight up and down over the tow car. It was noontime. I had done the late shift the night before—had slept until eleven or so—had breakfasted and felt like a million dollars. The boys at the airport had called me, saying: "Come on out. It's a beautiful day and the wind's just right for gliding." I jumped into my two-door 1925 sedan and set out.

Riggs Road was narrow, but it was fairly straight for a stretch, and soon I was bucketing along at about fifty miles an hour. I saw a truck approaching, but I gave it no special attention. The truck was on its side of the road and I was on mine. When we were something like a hundred feet or so apart, however, the truck suddenly swerved out of control and smashed into me, head-on.

It happened so quickly I didn't even have time to touch the brake. I just sat there holding the wheel in both hands—listening to the glass crashing and tinkling all around. I was told later that the two men in the truck cab sailed over my car into the bushes and luckily only scratched their faces. I remember seeing the motor come in through the instrument panel and come to rest sizzling and smoking on the seat beside me. I felt no pain and I remember saying some silly thing like "Holy catfish!" Then I looked down at my left hand. Blood was spouting out of an ugly gash across the back of it and up my forearm around to the elbow. I thought: *Boy! I'd*

How's Your Pioneer Instinct?

This flat instrument of handwrought iron, measuring more than a foot in length, was used in a process important to the growth and welfare of the early United States. It has an edge along one side and a hollow handle like a socket. Can you name it and its use?

It was called a:	It was used to:
SLATE CUTTER	Split quarried slate into shingles.
BLUBBER SPADE	Slice strips of blubber from whales to make oil.
BUSHWHACKER	Clear underbrush around early settlements.
BUFFALO SKINNER	Peel the hides from buffaloes.

Barlow Bridges

CORRECT ANSWER:

A blubber spade, or flensing iron, used on a long pole handle to strip the fat from whales after harpooning them.

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"Tune-up in a can"

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CASITE
YOUR FAVORITE MOTOR OIL DOES A BETTER JOB WITH CASITE ADDED
FOR ALL ENGINES - OLD OR NEW
Smoother Performance
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OR Double-Your-Money-Back!
FREES STICKY VALVES AND RINGS

Frees sticky valves and rings...

Gives smoother performance and quick starts...

or Double-Your-Money-Back!

Summer-weary engines need a "pick-up" before winter duty begins. Tell your serviceman you want a fast, low-cost Casite Tune-Up. A pint through the carburetor air intake or in the gas tank will free sluggish valves and rings—restore pep and power. Your engine will have that s-m-o-o-t-h feeling again.

A pint in the crankcase will keep your engine clean and free-running. And, with Casite in the oil, you are assured of quick starting regardless of how cold the weather. You avoid battery drain and annoying delays.

Casite makes cold oil flow faster, too, so lubrication starts at once and "start-up" wear is greatly reduced.

Casite is America's favorite "tune-up in a can"—over 120,000,000 cans sold to date.

Get Casite today—get fast results—or "Double-Your-Money-Back!" At service stations, garages, accessory stores and car dealers everywhere.

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Casite • Wear Reducer • Piston Rings • Oil Filters • Spark Plugs

CASITE another outstanding automotive product by HASTINGS

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better get that to a doctor!—reached around with my right hand to open the left-hand door—and felt the first blinding, blazing flash of pain. Apparently the door flew open just as I lost consciousness—the police officer who picked me up found me lying in the ditch beside the wreck, which miraculously remained upright.

It is now obvious that had I been wearing a safety belt such as we use in our airplanes, I probably would have sustained only minor injuries. The tendon of my left thumb was severed and that gash across the back of the hand and the left arm was caused by flying windshield glass. That was the only laceration, except for a slight cut on my forehead and some gravel and dirt that were ground into my arm when I landed in the ditch. The rest of the injuries were due to the tremendous force and shock of the sudden stop. Had I been wearing shoulder straps, I probably would have got away with some black-and-blue marks on my collarbone.

The report of the initial medical examination was really something: four ribs broken; a spontaneous pneumothorax—that means a big hole in the lung—which, of course, collapsed it, causing a comparative vacuum on the right side and thus pulling my heart out of position over to the right side of my chest; both kneecaps were completely smashed; the right hip was badly dislocated, with several chip fractures of the acetabulum (hip socket); the left femur was driven completely through its socket, and there was a total of twenty-seven miscellaneous fractures throughout the pelvic bones. Naturally, I was in severe shock—which they didn't know too much about treating in those days—and it was about a week before I knew anything.

When I came to, I thought I must be lying in my bier—for the room was piled high with flowers—from radio listeners, God bless 'em. I hadn't dreamed so many people knew my name. I was encased in a plaster cast which covered most of me from just below the armpits down to my knees, and my left arm was in some kind of traction lash-up. I was stretched out flat on my back and couldn't raise my head. I thought my legs were gone. I asked the nurse: "My legs are off, aren't they?" She said: "Oh, no!" She grabbed my toes, but I couldn't feel anything. She had to get a mirror so I could see my feet before I'd believe her.

Up to that time, I never knew there were so many kind people in the world. Listeners sent me enough fruits and candies and other goodies to keep the whole hospital supplied. Flowers came fresh every day and get-well-soon cards by the hundreds, from all over the United States—and me just a punk little announcer on the Washington outlet of NBC. I never have gotten over it. Moreover, it gave me, for the first time, some notion of the enormous power of radio.

The newspapers also spread the word, printing daily bulletins. Jimmy Chinn, of the Washington Evening Star; Don Craig, of the Washington Daily News; dear old Andy Kelley, of the Washington Times (he's dead now, God rest him!); Madeline Ensign, of the Washington Herald; and John Heiney, of the Washington Post—all wrote feature stories. I never got so much space again until twenty-five years later when I let Julius La Rosa go. But how kind they were to me then—those columnists!

I've told you how I woke up one night and found a nurse kneeling at my bedside praying in my ear, begging me to hold on. I asked the doctor about that later. I told him I thought it must have been a dream. "That was no dream," he said. "That girl is a student nurse. She prayed every night for you while you were unconscious." I'm sure that it was because of the loving care I was given by the doctors and those student nurses that I survived.

I wish you could have seen those original X-ray pictures! They looked as if somebody had taken a bunch of dog bones and pitched them into a basket. I'll never know how they put that pelvis back together. I was under ether, of course, while they molded, pushed, pulled and worked at it for hours. Afterward, the surgeon told me I had enormous vitality. He said: "Obviously you have lived a very clean life, Arthur."

I chuckled a little over that one and made some corny remark, but I *did* seem to have terrific powers of recuperation. And I've never forgotten that a lot of earnest prayers were offered in my behalf—which, of course, are what really did the trick.

And there was Scoop Russell, the NBC vice-president in charge of the Washington office. Through his kindness, I never had to pay a nickel of the hospital expense or doctors' bills. NBC paid every last dime and kept my salary going just the same. Scoop and his wife and children are our dearest friends today. He was to be a great benefactor again in still another way, about which I'll tell you later, but right now I want to digress a moment for a little story about Scoop—a story that really tickles my funny bone.

About a year ago, "Pat" Weaver, the very capable president of NBC, held a big banquet in New York for his company's twenty-five-year employees. During the course of the evening this one and that one was introduced, extolled and presented with a medal as a brief résumé of his career with the company was read. Thus: "Joe Blow, now vice-president in charge of rest rooms, started with the company in 1929 as an usher, rose to be captain of the 'head,' to chief bellboy, to clerk, to office manager," etc., etc. At the close of the evening, Pat Weaver himself rose to present Scoop with his medal, saying: "It is my honor to present this award to the only man in the company who has never made any progress. He started as vice-president in charge of our Washington office and is still there in the same job!"

Actually, the importance of Scoop's job and his stature and prestige in the company have grown mightily during the past quarter century, but I have a lot of fun kidding him about being the perpetual vice-president.

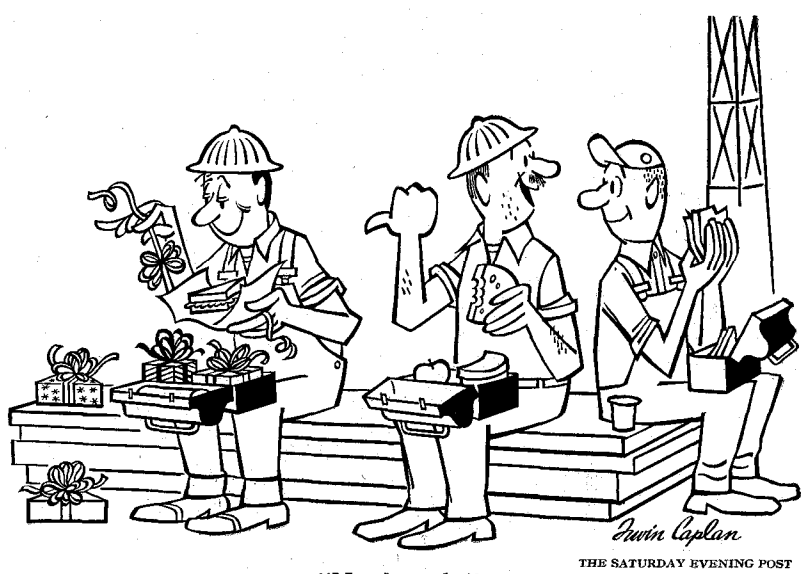
So—to get back to my own story—for weeks and months I lay there in that hospital in that cast in such a mess that the best the doctors could give me to hope for was a lifetime in a wheel chair. They told me I'd never walk again.

This is the third installment of Arthur Godfrey's story. Next week he tells how he laid down the law to child radio fans, and thereby began to catch on.

The mouth
is a gateway of infection . . .
Keep it clean!

When colds are prevalent it's just plain common sense to gargle

sparkling red
the mouthwash that does good-tastes good



"Newlyweds."

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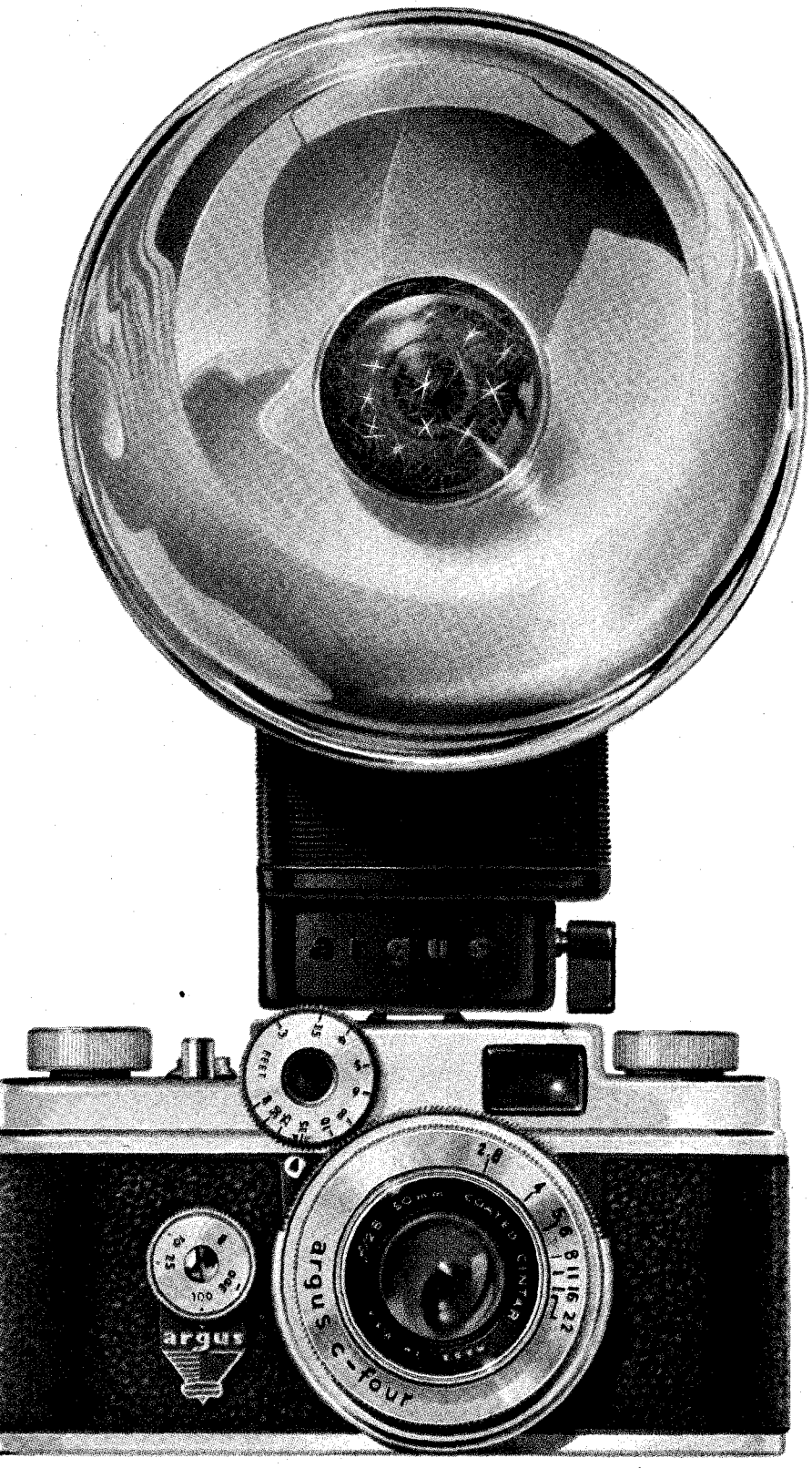
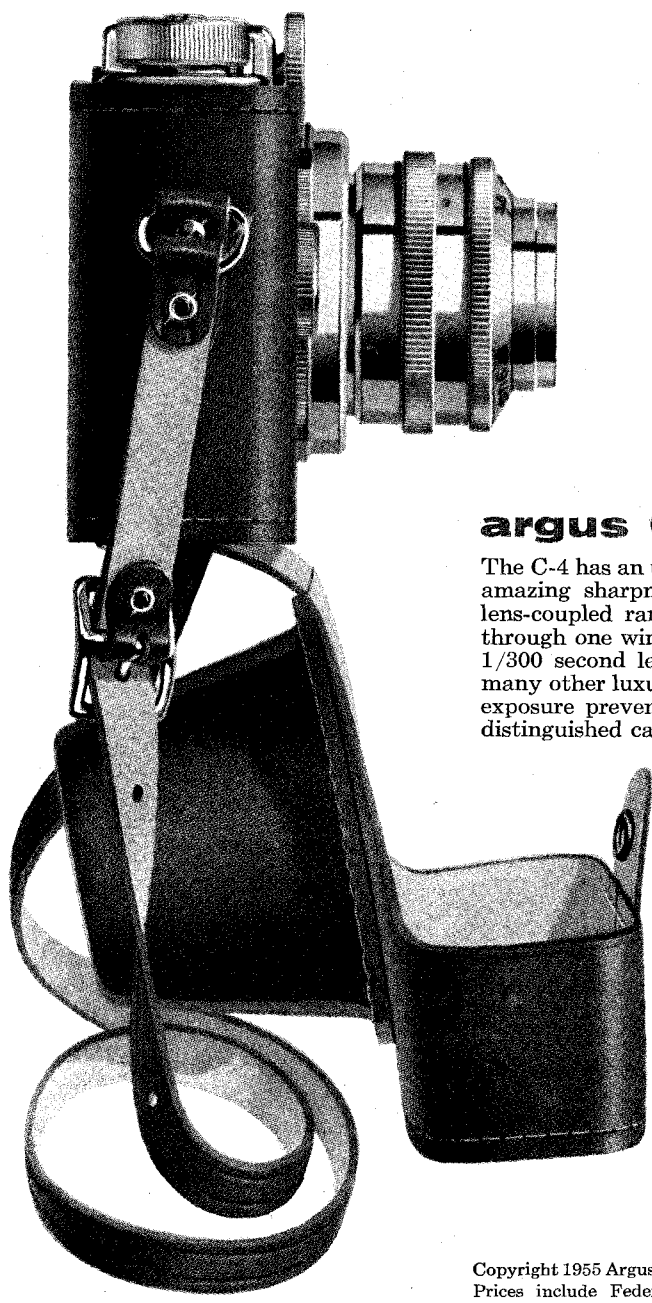
America's most distinguished 35 mm camera

A surprising number of people who could—and would, if necessary—pay any price for a camera, prefer the Argus C-4. For in terms of results, the C-4 produces pictures that only the most costly cameras can equal. From hair-trigger action shots by blazing sunlight to subtle portraiture by soft twilight, the C-4 performs with the versatility that marks a truly fine camera. Yet it is priced far below those few cameras in the world which can be honestly considered its equal. If you want superb results, and appreciate the picture-taking ease that only a true precision product can bring you, there is really no reason for owning any other 35mm camera than the distinguished Argus C-4.





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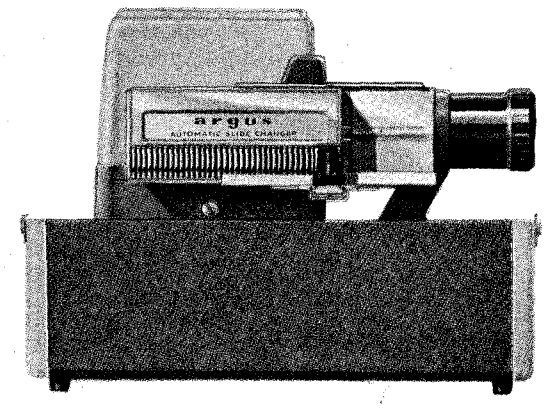
The C-4 has an ultra-fast Cintar f:2.8 lens that gives your pictures amazing sharpness even when they're taken in dim light. Its lens-coupled rangefinder-viewfinder lets you compose and focus through one window. A super-accurate shutter with speeds up to 1/300 second lets you take thrilling action shots. And you get many other luxury features: built-in flash synchronization; double exposure prevention; Color-matic settings; many more. See this distinguished camera at your Argus dealer's today.

now only **$84.50** *flash: $7.50—case: $7.50*



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Just push-pull the automatic changer lever and show all your slides in glorious color without touching them once. Silent power blower and special heat-absorbing lens keep your slides cool. Fingertip device centers your picture. **$66.50**

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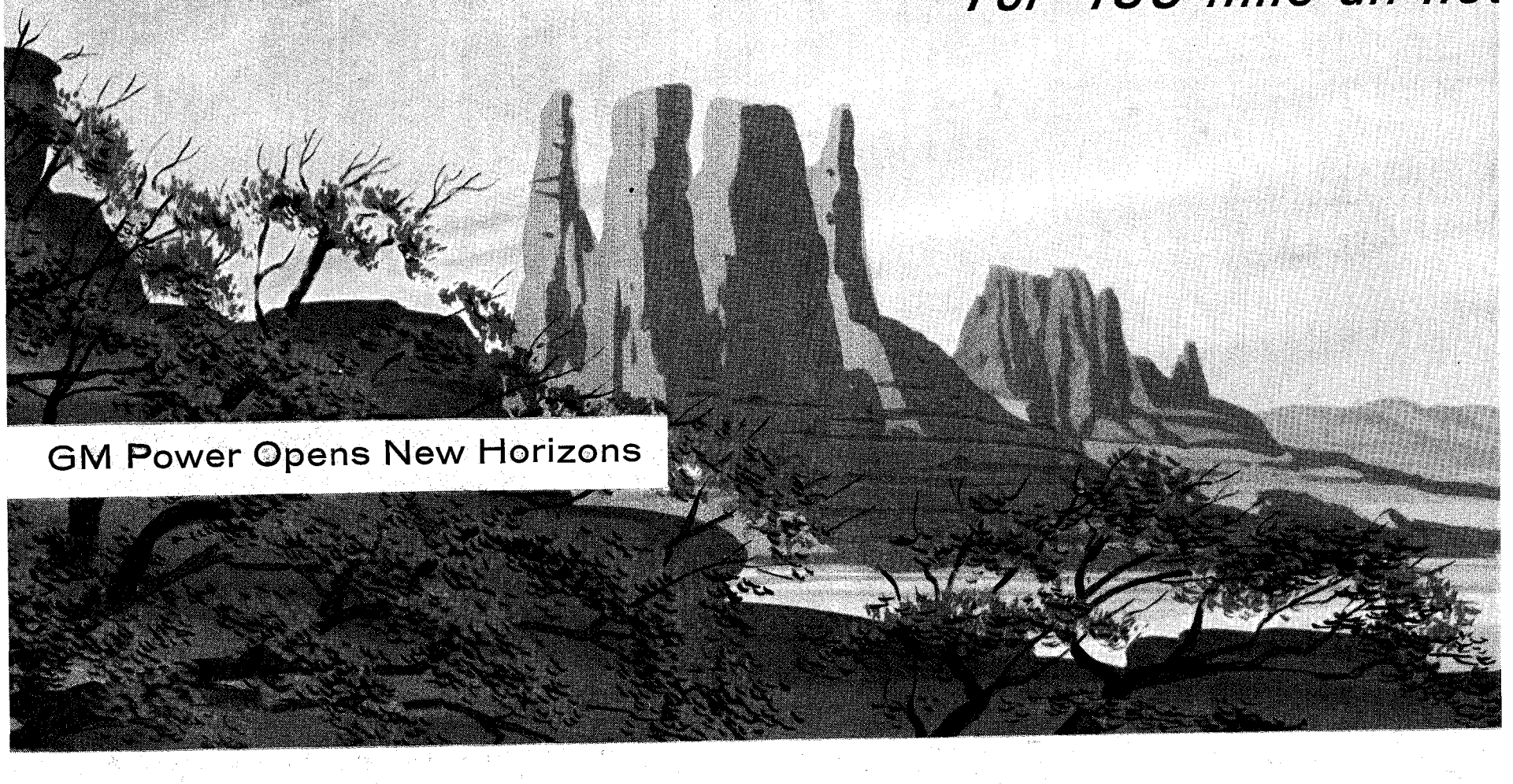
America's Leading Airline

Chooses Allison Turbo-Pro

For 400-mile-an-ho

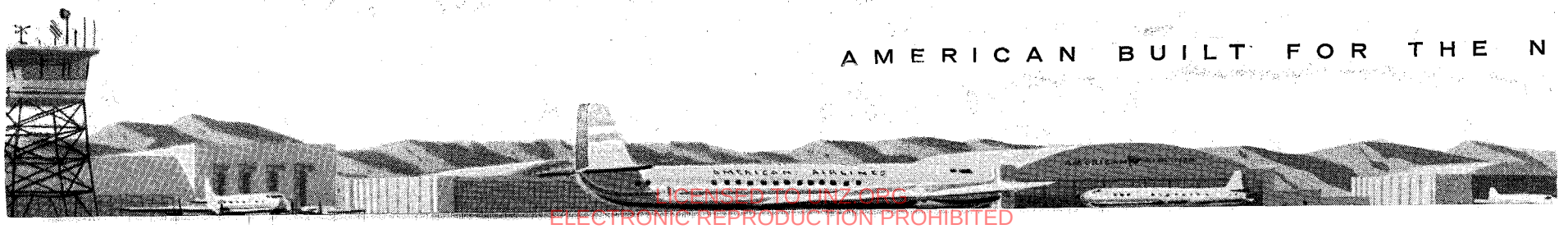


AMERICAN AIRLINES has chosen modern, powerful Allison Turbo-Prop engines for its fleet of all-new turbine-powered Lockheed Electra airliners.

These new luxury-type passenger transports will set standards of speed and comfort unapproached by any airliner flying in commercial service today.

The Allison Turbo-Prop was chosen because it is the most advanced aircraft engine available here or abroad, offer maximum horsepower per pound of engine weight and minim fuel consumption. It was the first Turbo-Prop certified for comm cial use by the Civil Aeronautics Administration.

And with these powerful Allison Turbo-Prop engines, the Lockh Electra will give you the fastest, most comfortable flights you h ever experienced—cruising at more than 400 miles per hour.



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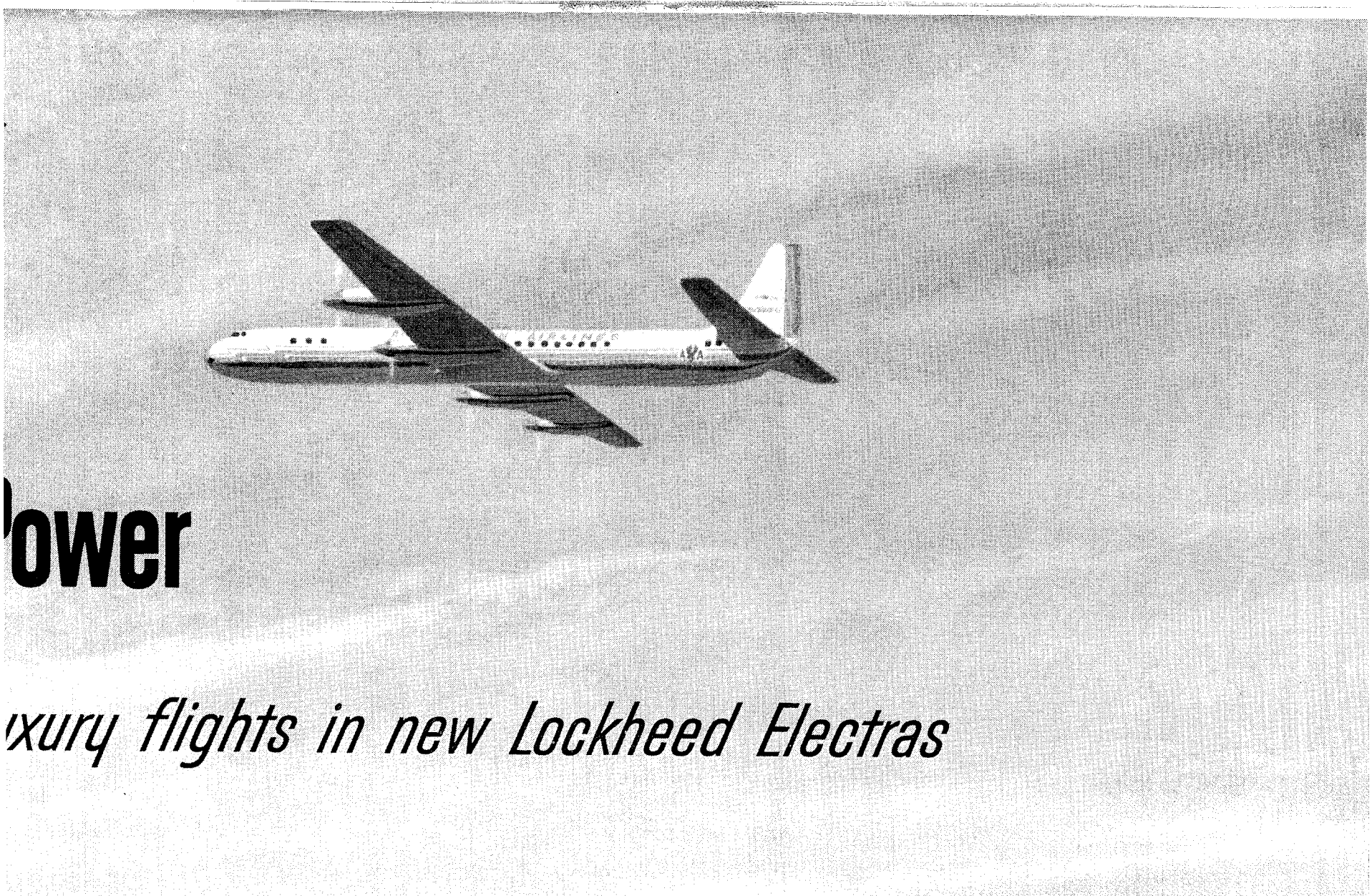
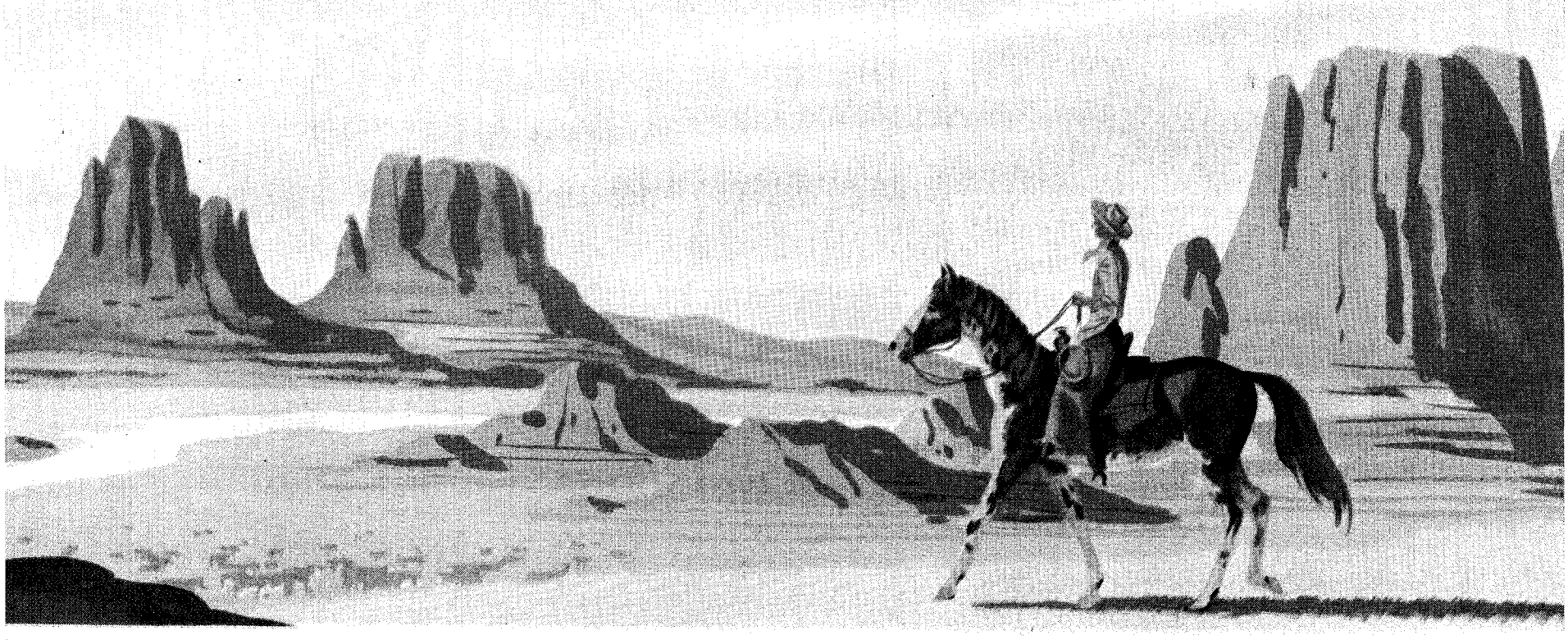


Power

ıxury flights in new Lockheed Electras



ıneral Motors salutes American Airlines on this important step. ɜ are proud of our association with Lockheed in this outstanding ıntribution to the progress of American-designed and American-ılt aircraft.

The Allison Turbo-Prop engine is backed by more than seven million hours of turbine engine flight time—experience where it counts most—in the air!

SON DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS • Indianapolis, Indiana

ALLISON

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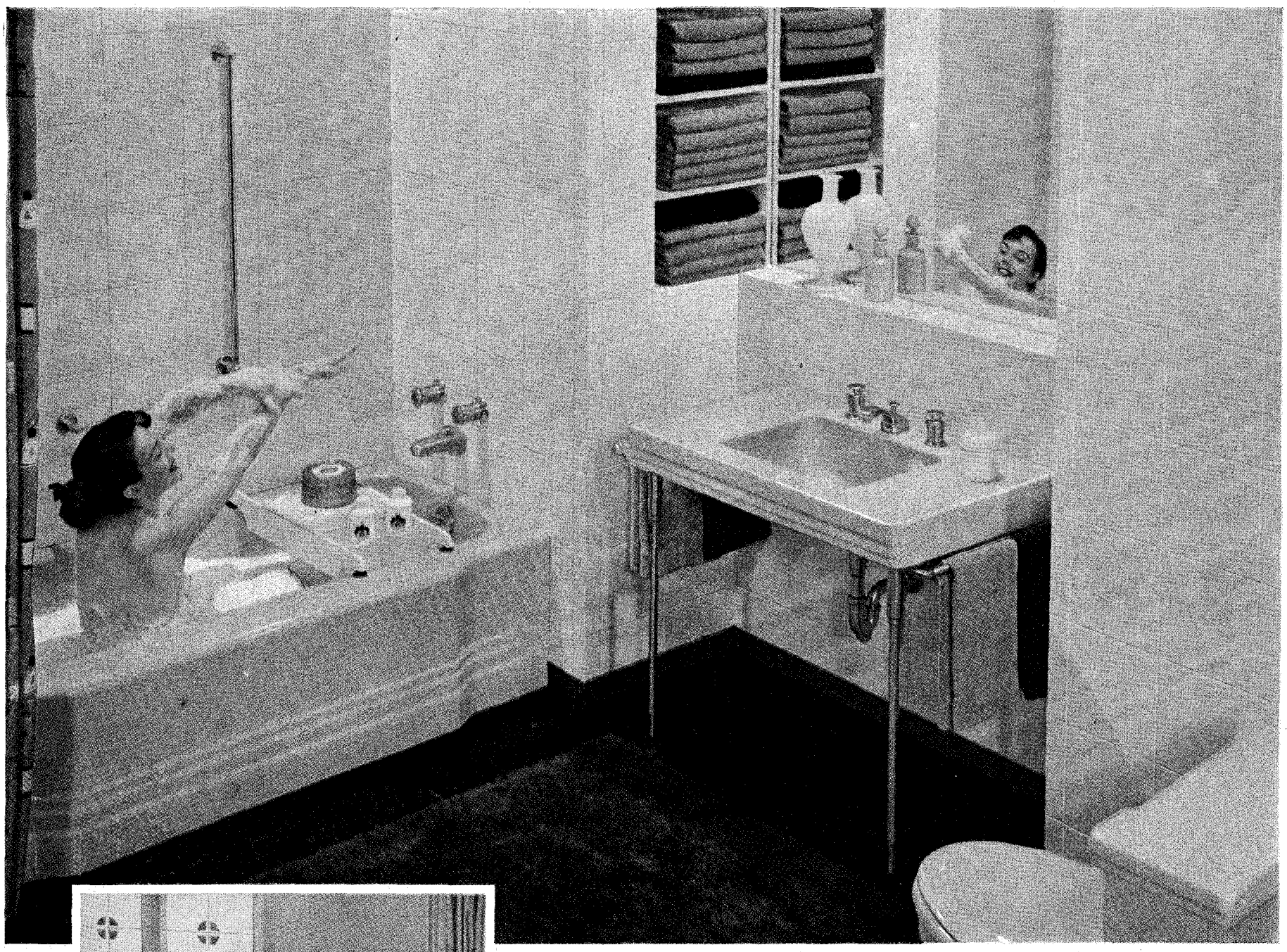
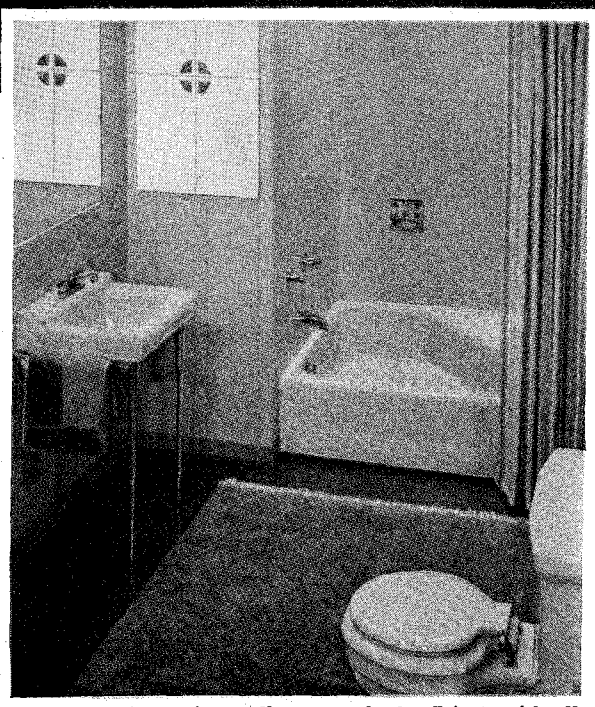


Brand-new Monogram fittings add extra smartness to this beautiful American-Standard bathroom. It costs as little as $4.43 a week.*



An extra bathroom in small space only 6 x 7 feet—with all the quality, beauty and color of modern American-Standard plumbing fixtures. Pay as little as $2.42 a week.*

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Please send me your Bathroom Planning Book. Enclosed is 10¢ in coin to cover handling.

I am modernizing ☐ building ☐

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If you live in Canada, send to: Standard Sanitary & Dominion Radiator, Ltd., Box 39, Station D, Toronto.

Enjoy the extra convenience of two modern and beautiful American-Standard Bathrooms

Look to American-Standard for *real convenience* and *quality* in a modern, attractive bathroom. In the room above notice the roominess of the handsome Symphony lavatory, made of vitreous china . . . and the large 5½-foot Master Pembroke bath of satin-smooth enamel fused to rigid cast iron.

There's *more convenience* in an extra bathroom, too . . . and you can probably have one. For there's a variety of types and styles of American-Standard bathroom fixtures to fit your needs. One of these is the square Restal bath, shown at the left. It serves as both shower receptor and regular tub, in space measuring only 36 x 38 inches.

And in both bathrooms, you can now add a final touch of beauty with the new American-Standard Monogram fittings. They offer colored handles and can be personalized with your own initials. Or choose the new Quality fittings, notable for their fresh, attractively-modern design.

For more information see your American-Standard retailer. He is listed under "Plumbing Fixtures" or "Plumbing Supplies" in the Yellow Pages of your 'phone book. Or mail the coupon to the left for a copy of the helpful, illustrated idea book. Plumbing and Heating Division of American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corporation, Pittsburgh 30, Pennsylvania.

*PLUS INSTALLATION

AMERICAN-Standard
BATHROOMS

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He Gave His Kidney to His Brother

(Continued from Page 33)

responsibility for Richard, though they were the same size and age, began to worry about how Richard would get along. Richard did all right and he was soon promoted to second-class petty officer.

The death of their father in May, 1951, after a long illness, brought the boys home on emergency leave. It was a sad reunion after their first separation. But the boys themselves were in good health and they returned to their stations for two more years of duty. Their discharges were due late in 1953.

Because of the death of their parents, my husband, Leander, and I invited them to come and live with us and our small daughter, Louise. Ronald, who had become a sergeant in charge of a VHF radio station in Germany, arrived in Northboro early in November. We were expecting Richard within a few weeks.

Then one morning a letter arrived from Richard saying he was in the Public Health Service Hospital in Chicago. He had been serving on a vessel in the Great Lakes. In his physical examination for discharge it was discovered that he had extremely high blood pressure. This came to him as a complete surprise, as he had never been bothered by any symptoms indicating hypertension. When he was sent to the hospital for a thorough checkup, the doctors found he had Bright's disease, or chronic nephritis.

Now Richard's letters at this time indicated he did not fully realize the seriousness of his trouble. A young man who had enjoyed good health most of his life, he was inclined to brush this off as something he'd lick in a hurry. He said he didn't feel very sick. Just a bit weak. What irked him most of all was being kept in the hospital.

But we knew that he was in for a difficult time. I recalled how very sick my grandfather had been with Bright's disease. He had become weaker and weaker and had finally just wasted away. And nothing could be done for him. Of course, we knew that modern medicines could help in some cases, but just the same we were badly worried. At one point Ronald thought he'd better fly out to Chicago to see just what Richard's condition was and what was going to be done for him. But before he could leave, a letter came from Richard saying he would be home for Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving Day came and passed and he still was not home. Early in December, Ronald received a long letter from Richard's doctor at the hospital. "Your brother is an extremely sick man," the doctor wrote. "He may not live more than two years." The doctor wanted to know what kind of home could be provided for the patient and also stated the type of care he would need.

We assured the physician that the boy would have the very best care, and when the doctor asked Richard what he wanted most for Christmas, Richard replied, "To go home, of course." He didn't come directly home, but in a few days Ronald got a phone call from him. "I'm down here at the Brighton Marine Hospital," Richard said. "When can you come over to see me?" The hospital is right outside of Boston and only an hour's drive from Northboro, and all of us were delighted to have him so close to us again.

The boy was pathetically ill, though, and months went by without any real improvement in his condition. The doctors tried penicillin and then streptomycin, but the kidney inflammation persisted. (We learned later from the doctors that the antibiotics are making relatively little headway against chronic nephritis, which continues to be one of the leading causes of death.) On two occasions Richie nearly died, and they just pulled him through. Then along in May he seemed a little stronger and they let him come home for a visit, to see what the change would do for him.

Richard was touchingly happy to be out of the hospital and back with his twin again, and it was a joy to have them together in our house. He was very weak, just able to walk around a little, and he had to spend more than half of his time in bed. But he was a good patient, pleasant and uncomplaining. His diet was hard for him to put up with. I could see that. Entirely salt-free and very limited. Three slices of salt-free bread a day, about three ounces of meat or fish, a small helping of potato once a day, one egg, all the green vegetables and fruit juice he wanted, but no milk or ice cream. He was never cross about his diet, though, and never tried to cheat on it. He was the best patient anyone ever had to care for.

And he did seem to be gaining weight on my cooking, although it broke my heart to have to serve him such tasteless dishes when I longed to heap his plate with fried chicken and dumplings, with apple pie à la mode for dessert.

Suddenly, in August, Richie began to fail, and the medical checkups, for which he'd been going into the hospital every two weeks, showed that his nephritis was getting worse. By October the condition began to affect his heart, and on the tenth of that month he said he guessed he'd have to get back to the hospital. Ronald and my husband got him dressed and downstairs and into a chair. He nearly collapsed there in the chair, and it did not seem he could ever last until they got him to the hospital.

There followed several very bad weeks. And it was during one of these critical periods that the suggestion was made which ultimately saved his life. Ronald and the older brother, Van Buren, were talking to Dr. David Miller, who had been caring for Richard.

"Isn't there anything that can be done for him?" Van asked. "Why, I'd give him one of my own kidneys if it would help."

Doctor Miller shook his head. "That would be wonderful, all right," he said. "But I'm afraid it wouldn't work. It's been tried a number of times and the donated kidney nearly always degenerates." Then he checked himself. "But wait, now," he said. "This other brother is a twin, isn't he? That might be a different story. It's a possibility worth considering."

The three of them discussed the matter for some time and it was agreed that Doctor Miller would at least make inquiries at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, where intensive research was under way on kidney disease and the transplanting of kidneys. Dr. John P. Merrill and his associates at the Kidney Research Laboratory, all members of the Harvard Medical School faculty, proved to be more than interested.

By the time Richard was transferred to the Brigham, however, he was almost at the point of death. His weight had fallen from its normal 150 pounds down to 98. He was in a partial coma from the effects of the uremic poisoning, and his mental state was so poor that the doctors at the Brigham, who hadn't seen him before, had to ask us what his disposition and character were really like when he was well.

It was obvious that immediate lifesaving steps had to be taken before further thought could be given to such a strenuous procedure as the kidney transplantation. What was needed, the doctors decided, was treatment with the artificial kidney, and here we were indeed fortunate. One of the models most widely used in this country is based on the invention of Dr. W. J. Kolff, a Dutch physician now at the Cleveland Clinic, who built his first machine under difficult conditions during the Nazi occupation of Holland. Doctor Merrill and Dr. Carl Walter, a surgeon and engineer at Peter Bent Brigham, have in recent years contributed several modifications in design and methods of use.

The artificial kidney, unlike the small and efficient organ in the body, is a rather big machine—about five feet long and four feet high. It consists of a horizontal steel-mesh drum around which are wound 150 feet of cellophane tubing. The drum is half immersed and rotates in a bath of fluid of special composition. The upper part of the apparatus is protected by a curved plastic cover.

This machine was wheeled into Richard's hospital room, and by means of hollow needles and rubber tubing it was hooked up to an artery and vein in his arm. Now, the purpose of an artificial kidney, as the doctors explained, is to clear the patient's blood of toxic waste products which his own damaged kidneys had permitted to accumulate in dangerous amounts. The clearing, or "washing," is done by a process known as dialysis, in which the unwanted chemicals from the blood pass through microscopic pores of the cellophane tubing and into the surrounding bath of fluid.

For six hours Richard's blood was allowed to flow through this purifying apparatus. The effect was truly marvelous. Three days after the treatment he was able to eat again and in a few more days he was up and walking around. But the doctors warned us that the improvement was only temporary. Richard's own kidneys were still too seriously impaired to function properly, and it would be only a matter of time before the waste products would pile up and overwhelm him with uremic poisoning again. If he was to be given any lasting help, it had to be given soon, before he began to fail too much.

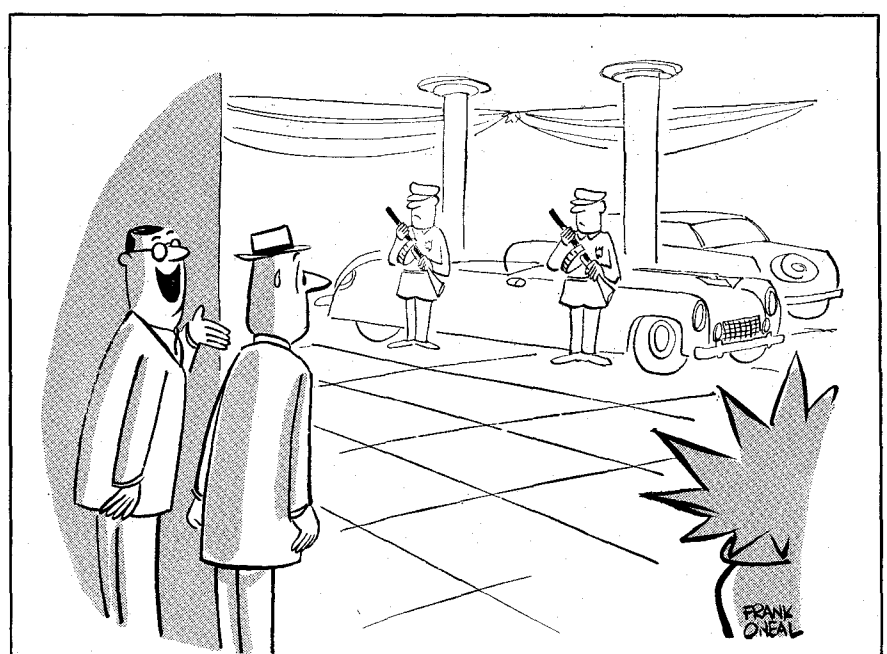
Ronald's first reaction to the idea of donating a kidney to his brother was the very natural and human one of asking a few important questions. "If a human being can live with only one kidney," he commented, "why did the Lord give him two?" And since the operation, as proposed, had never been performed before in just this way, what were the chances of success?

The doctors handled the whole situation with great skill and understanding. They spent a great deal of time explaining the problem and the risk. As to the first point, they told Ronald that many people have had to have one kidney removed because of injury or disease, and have got along very well with the remaining single kidney, which soon enlarges and is able to do the work of two. Of course, a person with only one kidney has to be doubly careful to protect it from damage, because if it were put out of commission he would no longer have a "spare." Ronald was assured that he was not to do anything unless he really wanted to. It would indeed be a great sacrifice and he should be fully aware of what it involved.

Concerning the operation itself, the surgeons, Dr. Joseph E. Murray and Dr. J. Hartwell Harrison, both of the Harvard medical faculty, pointed out that it would, to be sure, differ in several respects from the eleven kidney transplants they had previously performed. But they had reason to hope that a transplant from Ronald to Richard would be more successful than the others. In each of the earlier instances the donated kidney had been obtained from an individual who had just died from some condition not affecting his kidneys. None of the donors had been relatives of the recipient, much less a twin. And in most cases the implanted kidney caused a "foreign-body" reaction in the patient and soon degenerated. In three it functioned for short periods, the longest being five months. That patient had been discharged from the hospital with his new kidney working well, when suddenly he died from heart disease and high blood pressure.

The hope was that if the Herrick boys were truly identical twins—that is, from a single egg cell—Ronald's kidney tissue would be so chemically similar to Richard's that when transplanted it would not cause a foreign-body reaction, but would be accepted on a permanent basis in its new location.

No one seriously doubted that the boys were identical twins. Their striking physical resemblance was the most obvious evidence. But as an additional test of tissue compatibility the doctors performed a preliminary exchange skin graft, taking a square inch of skin from the arm of each boy and transferring it to the arm of his brother. Each boy also had a patch of his own skin moved to a new location on his arm, as a comparison with the borrowed patch. All grafts took perfectly, and Ronald and Richard still have two little stamps of grafted skin on the inner surface of the left upper arm—a special badge of twin brotherhood.



"Now here's an exclusive model."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The circumstances now appeared quite favorable, although the whole idea, I must admit, was first terribly distressing to me. And nearly everyone to whom I mentioned it had the same reaction—a mixture of horror and pity. Horror at the idea of asking a well, strong young man to make such a sacrifice, when the outcome was so entirely unknown, and pity for the sick brother who seemed doomed to die before he could reach the prime of life.

I went several times up to the Cathedral in the Pines, in New Hampshire, a place where God seems a little closer to you. I prayed and asked God to help these boys in their great trouble. I asked Him, if He must, to come and take the poor sick one before his brother had to make such a sacrifice or, if it was His will, to save them both and to give Ronald strength for the ordeal. Many other people prayed for these boys, as I was to learn later. And I think it must have been with God's help that everything eventually went off so successfully.

A final decision on the operation had not been made, however, at the time Richard came home from the hospital, in November, 1954, for a few weeks' visit. He was with us over Thanksgiving, and I could not help wondering if all of us would ever be together again. The boost he had obtained from the artificial-kidney treatment seemed now to have lost its force and he was beginning to weaken again. On the Monday after Thanksgiving Day the doctors examined him and recommended that he return to the hospital.

Meanwhile, Ronald had been turning the whole matter over in his mind. He had several long talks with his Uncle Lee—my husband, Leander—who had been named the twins' guardian upon their father's death. But Lee did not want to influence him either way. He told him he felt it was a decision that only he, Ronald, could make. None of us said much more on the subject during the next few weeks, but I know all of us thought a great deal about it. Then I noticed a change come over Ronald. He was happier and seemed relieved. I knew he had arrived at a decision, that he was ready for the operation.

This took courage of a special kind. Some people act upon a slap-happy impulse, saying "Oh, well, take a chance; try anything once." Others examine carefully every aspect of a dangerous situation and then go calmly and coolly ahead. The latter requires real courage. Ronald Herrick has that kind of courage.

It was now December. Richard was losing ground fast. The transplant definitely seemed his only hope. The doctors made more tests on both boys. It seemed they could never get enough information to satisfy them. They still were not even certain the boys were identical twins.

Someone suggested comparing the fingerprints. Authorities differ on the validity of this evidence, some holding that identical twins always had practically identical fingerprints, others saying that the patterns could be different. One of the doctors telephoned the Boston Police Department for a fingerprint expert to help on this test. It happened that a reporter was in the police office when the call came in, and of course the story "leaked out." Hospital authorities now did everything possible to see that what information did go out was accurate, and the next morning all the papers had the story of the Herrick twins. From that time on, there was considerable public interest in them. The boys were deluged with letters and cards wishing them success in the operation and praising Ronald for offering to make such a sacrifice for his brother.

It turned out that the two sets of fingerprints were not alike, but the doctors were satisfied by the weight of other evidence that the boys were identical twins. And after a staff meeting at which all the data were reviewed the decision was made to go ahead with the operation.

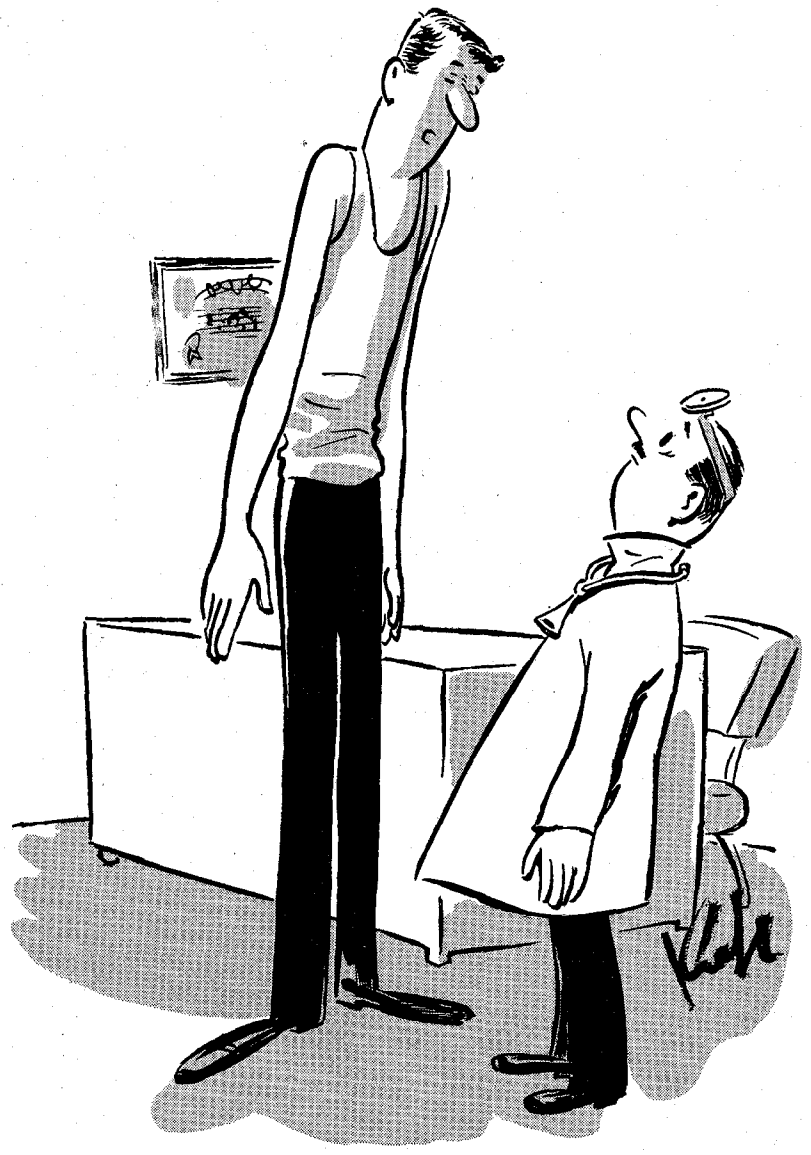
Ronald received a phone call from the hospital asking him to come in on December twentieth. The operation was set for December twenty-third. During the intervening days the boys did not see much of each other. They were not even given beds on the same floor. Ronald was in Ward C-1, on the first floor, and Richard in C-2, on the second. Richard, who had been too ill to take much part in the deliberations preliminary to the operation, now began to be greatly distressed at the sacrifice Ronald was making for him. He asked his Uncle Lee what he should do about it.

"Let things stand," Lee told him. "Ronald wants to do it. You'll have the most skillful surgeons, and the outcome will then be in God's hands."

But on the night before the operation Richard sent Ronald a note saying: "You get out of here and go home!"

To this Ronald replied: "I am here and I'm going to stay here."

On Thursday morning, two days before Christmas, the two brothers, both under an anesthetic and thus unable to resume the argument, were wheeled into the operating room. Two complete surgical teams had been assembled. One, led by Doctor Harrison, the urologist, was to remove Ronald's kidney. The other, under Doctor Murray, the plastic surgeon, was to prepare a site for it in Richard's abdomen and then implant it. The two operations began at the same time, and it was five and a half hours before they came out to tell the anxious relatives that the whole procedure was finished.



"Mornings I been wakin' up with a kind of long-drawn-out feeling."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I was not in the operating room. Being strictly a layman on such matters, I probably would not have understood everything I saw if I had been there. I have therefore had to depend upon the doctors for help in the following description of the surgical details. It is my understanding, incidentally, that their task on this morning was much more exacting—and the operative risk to the patient somewhat greater—than in the routine removal of a diseased kidney. In the latter operation, as they explained, the whole emphasis is upon the patient, and no special care need be taken of the kidney, which is only to be discarded anyway. But a kidney being removed for transplanting is very precious and must be handled with extreme gentleness. For example, Doctor Harrison said he had to cut the blood vessels leading into and out of the kidney at just the right places, leaving long enough stubs on Ronald's main vessels for a safe tie-off that wouldn't hemorrhage, and leaving enough attached to the kidney to make good connections in its new location. Since some of these vessels were quite short to begin with, great accuracy and skill were required to do the job properly.

Meanwhile Doctor Murray and his assistants were making an incision in the right lower part of Richard's abdomen, separating the muscles of the body wall, pushing aside the appendix and going behind the peritoneum, the membrane enfolding the intestine, to prepare a secure place for the transplanted kidney. A principal problem here was to find a suitable artery and vein with which to hook up the new kidney. Richard still had both of his own kidneys, and therefore their vessels could not be tapped. Doctor Murray gently felt around until he had located the internal iliac artery, also known as the hypogastric. This has six main branches. They lead to the bladder wall, the intestine and the wall of the pelvis, but since these areas are also supplied by other vessels, Doctor Murray felt justified in disconnecting all six branches. They are of varying caliber and he was thus able to select one of the right size when it came time to hook up with the renal artery on the donor kidney. An excellent match was obtained for the end-to-end union. The renal vein of the donor kidney was then attached to the side of the external iliac vein.

One more tube now remained to be linked up—namely, the ureter. This is the tube through which urine flows from the kidney to the bladder. In the previous transplant operations the surgeons had brought the ureter of the donor kidney out through the patient's skin to empty into a plastic bag strapped to the thigh. They were able to give Richard, however, a naturally functioning kidney by attaching the ureter directly to the bladder.

When all the vessels had been firmly sewed together and a few supporting stitches taken in the kidney itself to help keep it in place in the abdomen, the surgeons cautiously released the blood-vessel clamps. At once the kidney, which had been flabby because of its temporary bloodless condition, became turgid. And its color changed from blue to a healthy pink. Within forty-five minutes, even before the final stages of the operation were completed, the doctors saw evidence, via a temporary plastic tubing leading out from the ureter, that the transplanted kidney was functioning. By mid-afternoon it had excreted a pint of urine. The operation—at least up to that point—had been a success.

The boys did not see each other right away, but as soon as Dick came out of the anesthesia and was told that the borrowed kidney was working, he grinned and said, "I knew it was going to help." And from Ronald came a message saying, "Everything is all right down here."

I cannot imagine a more unusual Christmas gift, but it was a gift that saved a life, and it was certainly gratefully received. Everything from that date on went even better than the doctors had anticipated. Ronald made a quick recovery, was able to go home the first week in January and return to his classes at the Worcester State Teachers College, where he was a freshman. Many newspaper reporters and photographers were at the hospital to see Ronald leave, and everyone was very happy. The photographers told Ronald to be sure and come back for his brother when the latter was ready to go home, so they could get pictures of them going out the door together.

Richard began to improve at once as his new kidney went to work clearing the toxic products from his blood. His appetite picked up and he could now have all the good foods that had been denied him for so long. On January nineteenth, just twenty-seven days after the operation, he was discharged from the hospital. That was another exciting day for the twins, as the newspaper people crowded around for more pictures and interviews. It was wonderful to have Richard home and well again, after all the heartache and worry. He was much better than he had been at any time since his illness had started, more than a year before.

We knew, of course, that the battle was not completely won. He still had his own two diseased kidneys. In fact, for a while Richard had the rather odd distinction of being the only man alive with three kidneys—and for once there was a real difference between these two identical twins, a numerical

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(Continued from Page 158) difference of two kidneys! Doctor Merrill explained that, although Richie's general health had improved and his blood pressure had dropped dramatically, so long as the sick kidneys were present they were a threat to his life. There was always a danger that the infection might spread from them to the healthy donor kidney, which by February had grown considerably—as determined by X rays—and which was doing a very adequate job. Therefore the doctors recommended the removal of both the diseased kidneys—in two operations.

Late in March, Richard returned to the hospital for the first of these operations. After the wonderful care he had received, he had no dread of going back into the hands of such fine doctors. Looking hale and hearty, his face rounded out from his gain in weight, he actually seemed quite nonchalant about the affair. The first thing he asked after rousing from the anesthesia in the operating room was: "Who won the fight last night?"

"Tony DeMarco," someone replied.

"Oh, hell," Richard said, "I wanted Johnny Saxton to win."

The removed left kidney substantiated the doctors' original diagnosis of advanced glomerulonephritis. So much kidney tissue had been destroyed that it was only about the size of a walnut and was of absolutely no value. What had started the destruction nobody knows for certain. Nephritis is believed to be a sort of allergic reaction to an infection. The initial trouble, in Richard's case, was probably, the doctors believe, the mild attack of scarlet fever which he had in his boyhood.

On June twentieth the surgeons removed Richard's right kidney and found that it, too, had been seriously damaged by the nephritis. From both of these operations he made good recoveries, with only a slight and temporary loss of weight. Throughout the summer and fall he has continued in buoyant health, and his entire outlook on life has brightened. There is some tendency for his blood pressure to rise if he becomes too active or excited, but it is normal 90 per cent of the time and he is under very few restrictions in his daily routine. The doctors have advised him to stay out of crowds, where he might be elbowed or squeezed in such a way as to injure his kidney. For the same reason, to avoid sudden pressure on the abdomen, he is not to dive, although he can swim all he wants to.

The boys have begun to sing together again, as they had before they went into the service. They have good tenor voices, and their Uncle Lee persuaded them to visit a voice teacher. They are now taking lessons and there is some indication that they may really be able to do something with their singing in the future.

Although the operations are all over, the twins continue to keep in touch with Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. They have been going in every two or three weeks for kidney-function tests, and so far the results have shown that everything is normal in both boys.

Last July the whole family was invited to the hospital for a special ceremony in which the Humane Society of Massachusetts presented Ronald with a plaque and lapel pin in recognition of the sacrifice he made to save his brother's life. We were certainly proud of him. We were pleased, too, to hear the president of the Humane Society, Francis Lee Higginson, say such nice things about the hospital and the doctors who were responsible for the success of the undertaking. The physicians and surgeons all contributed their services without charge. The twins want me to use this opportunity to say how deeply grateful they are for the time and skill and understanding everyone at the Brigham gave to this problem. This is also a good place to thank the John A. Hartford Foundation, in New York, which had made a $300,000 grant to the hospital for three years to support research and new methods of treating certain metabolic diseases. It was out of this fund that the twins' hospital expenses were paid.

At the July ceremony a check for $1500 was given by the Humane Society to the hospital to be applied to further work on kidney diseases. And that, of course, is where the wider value of the Herrick twins' history-making operation may be realized. Doctor Merrill says it has already given some important new leads on the mechanism of high blood pressure. The older theory was that the diseased kidney manufactured some toxic substance which raised the blood pressure. But Richard's experience suggests that the affected kidney simply fails to remove a blood-pressure-raising substance already in the blood. For as soon as the healthy donor kidney was implanted in his body Richard's blood pressure began to fall, even though the sick kidneys were still in place. This indicated that the donor kidney was taking the hypertensive substance out of the blood.

Before the kidney-transplant operation can be successfully performed on patients who are not identical twins, more research is necessary, the Peter Bent Brigham doctors point out. However, there are many hopeful signs that eventually the problems relating to troublesome individual differences may be solved and that a great many lives may be saved by prompt replacement of a sick or worn-out kidney, or other organ by a healthy one.

Ever Get Spots on Your Clothes?

(Continued from Page 36)

of its own members in the Washington area, complaints on that score are uncommon. Most members stress their connection, assuring their customers that in tricky cases garments will be sent to the institute for analysis without extra charge.

The institute's test laboratory keeps a private stable of moths and carpet beetles to test commercial mothproofing concoctions. Once an expectant moth escaped, flew down the hall and with unerring instinct laid her eggs on the only rug in the building—in the office of the general manager, Norbert J. Berg. "That merely proves," Berg said, pointing out where the larvae had feasted, "that moths can happen to anybody, and that mothproofing can't be expected to last forever."

The institute's reputation has attracted unusual items to its retail plant, ranging from ancient fabrics and ceremonial robes from Washington's Textile Museum to the ceremonial striped trousers of Vice-President Richard M. Nixon.

Heirlooms are brought to the institute by reverent legatees—pillowcases, bedspreads, lace shawls and embroidered napkins, yellow and fragile with age. One prospective bride brought in a voluminous satin wedding dress with many flounces, leg-of-mutton sleeves and genuine whalebone stays. "My mother, grandmother and great-grandmother were married in this dress," she said. "I thought it might bring me good luck."

Not long afterward, a man entered the office staggering under the weight of a huge polar-bear rug. "My wife shot it at an auction," he explained when he had caught his breath. "We're going to have to do the bedroom over in gray and white, but it's something she's always wanted."

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Both the wedding dress and the bearskin rug came out beautifully. The rug was billed at thirty dollars, which covered such niceties of detail as relacquering the bear's nose and brushing the teeth with linseed oil.

Heirlooms, historical items and articles of considerable value are cleaned by hand, a sensible precaution, since there is no such thing as dry-cleaning insurance, except to cover fire and theft. A dry cleaner may agree to handle an article only at the owner's risk, but he has no defense if it is lost.

A few years ago six pieces of tapestry were brought in by an attaché from the Soviet Embassy. Dating back to the days of the early czars, each was valued in four figures. The tapestries were put in the dry-cleaning washer, but the drum was not allowed to revolve. Instead, the pieces were swished around in the solvent very tenderly by hand. Each piece was dried in a heated cabinet and pressed by a steam-air process, instead of by machine, to remove wrinkles without flattening the delicate needlework. But when the order was ready for delivery, one of the six pieces was missing.

J. W. Hinds, who was plant manager at the time and now holds a similar position with a dye firm in California, will never forget the hours that followed. Every room in the plant was searched foot by foot. Every bundle of clothing on the racks was checked to be sure the missing piece, smallest of the six, had not been wrapped with another order by mistake. But at closing time the missing piece was still missing. As Hinds sat in his office, wondering where he would hide if he were a piece of tapestry, a maintenance man brought in a bright-colored bit of cloth about the size of a handkerchief.

"Mr. Hinds," he asked, "this little old rag wouldn't be what everybody was so excited about, would it?"

Hinds grabbed the long-lost fragment happily and gasped, "Where did you find it?"

"I was cleaning out the button trap in the drain pipe," the mechanic said. "I found two buttons and this. It must have slipped down in between the washing drum and the outer shell." Hinds swallowed a $2000 lump that had been in his throat all afternoon.

But these were relatively "modern" antiques compared with some the institute has cleaned. Marshall Garrett, plant manager, received a telephone call one day from Mrs. Francina S. Greene, curator-preparator of the Textile Museum, which has rugs and fabrics from the Near and Far East and Peru. She asked if the institute would be interested in cleaning a few old things. Assured that it would, she said it might take a little time to get the insurance extended to cover the trip from the museum in Washington to the plant in nearby Silver Spring, Maryland. When Mrs. Greene called a few days later to say she was on the way, Garrett expected her to arrive in an armored truck. Instead, she drove up in her own car, gathered up an armful of things from the back seat and brought them in.

"The insurance company said it would be better not to make a fuss," she explained, "but I'm supposed to keep everything in my sight all the time."

She was invited to go through the plant while each item got the de-luxe treatment. She had brought an eighteenth-century Turkish linen hanging, embroidered in brilliant-colored silk; a seventeenth-century Persian coat of blue brocaded taffeta; some embroidered household linens from the Greek islands, dating from the early eighteenth century; and several cotton fabrics from Peru, some dated about the seventh century and others between 2500 and 1200 B.C. Mrs. Greene placed no value on the articles she brought. But experts who have seen the display in the Textile Museum estimate that it wouldn't take a very large armful of exhibits to bring $50,000 in the collectors' market.

As a matter of courtesy, the institute sends customers a postal-card reminder of the day their order will be ready. But courtesy can backfire. A few years ago, a man we shall call Smith, a regular customer, brought in a woman's coat and dress, both expensive. They would be called for, he said. In due time the institute sent the usual reminder to the Smith residence. The following afternoon Mrs. Smith came in, presented the postal card and was given the coat and dress. A few days later, an attractive blonde whom we shall call Miss Brown came to ask for the coat and dress which her friend, Mr. Smith, had left for her. No package was found on the will-call rack; manager Berg was summoned.

When he telephoned Mrs. Smith to check, she admitted she had the articles and readily agreed they did not belong to her. "Just have the owner call me," she said sweetly, "and I'll be glad to turn them over to her myself."

This news brought only a frigid stare from Miss Brown. "It's your problem, not mine," she told Berg coldly. "Get my things back within twenty-four hours or you'll hear from my lawyer."

Smith was no help. Without explaining how he happened to be running errands for an attractive blonde, he blasted the institute's "stupid" practice of sending out postal cards. Twenty-four hours later Miss Brown's lawyer called.

"I thought we were stuck," Berg recalls, "so I told our attorney the whole story. He fixed everything with one telephone call to Miss Brown's lawyer. Somehow he managed to convey the idea that even if Miss Brown should win a judgment for the clothes, which was doubtful, a suit for alienation of affections might grow out of the court testimony. I never learned who finally got the coat and dress, because neither Miss Brown nor the Smiths favor us with their patronage any more."

Dry cleaning—cleaning entirely or mostly with solvents other than water—is a fairly modern invention. Bornot, of Philadelphia, the oldest dry-cleaning firm in continuous operation in this country, was established in 1820 as a dye house and only incidentally did some "scouring," as it was called. Scouring was a slow and costly process in which a garment was ripped apart, the pieces scrubbed with soap and water, and then sewed together again. Dry cleaning as we know it really began with the production of benzine in commercial quantities about 100 years ago. By the turn of the century, it was discovered that gasoline would clean clothes as well as benzine, and more cheaply. Gasoline became the most commonly used solvent and remained so until the mid-'20's.

But gasoline had a bad habit of exploding. It would flash and burn at room temperature, and fires were frequent. Insurance companies refused to write policies on cleaning plants, and cities relegated them beyond their corporate limits. One of the principal aims of the National Association of Dyers and Cleaners, when it was organized in 1907, was to develop a relatively safe solvent. After years of research, and collaboration with the National Bureau of Standards, specifications were drawn up for what is now known as Stoddard solvent. It was named in honor of the late William J. Stoddard, who had done some of the re-

> It never pays to discuss relative values because one of them might be listening.
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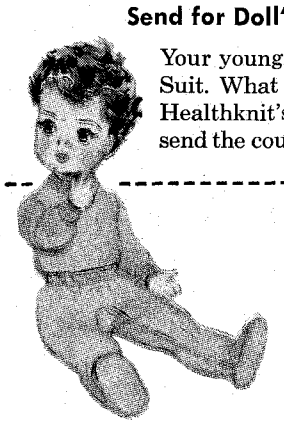

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search at his own dry-cleaning plant in Atlanta, and was president of the association when the specifications were drawn up in 1925. Stoddard solvent had a flash point not lower than 100 degrees Fahrenheit, and it eliminated the gasoline odor that formerly lingered in cleaned clothing. For the do-it-at-home trade, the solvent is available in most grocery stores today under various brand names.

Encouraged by its success in research, the association decided to take up science in a big way. It bought the property its plant occupies in Silver Spring, and two years later opened the establishment which is now the National Institute of Drycleaning, Inc.

One thing that irked the industry was the nonchalance that many manufacturers displayed as to whether their materials were cleanable. Several attempts to interest manufacturers and retail-dry-goods concerns were unavailing, until a large Eastern company brought out a new synthetic yarn called acetate. Acetate yarns survived all dry-cleaning processes except one, spotting. Whenever a spotter tried his bottle of tricks on acetate satins or knitted goods, the result was a gaping hole.

Since a hole invariably led to a claim for a new dress, most cleaners understandably refused to handle acetate materials. Many women quit buying acetate garments, which soon threatened to become a drug on the market. At last the manufacturer dispatched a representative to the institute to see what could be done.

The difficulty was not hard to pinpoint. Two of the all-purpose solvents used by spotters, the ones they usually tried first, were acetone and chloroform. Acetate yarn dissolves in either chemical like sugar in water. Eliminating these pet remedies might not be easy; spotters were usually veteran employees and usually temperamental. What to do? Acetate yarns were often mixed with other yarns and not readily identified. Institute officials took a deep breath and recommended to all members that acetone and chloroform be taken off the spotters' tables altogether. Several substitute solvents were suggested.

The membership responded to this appeal, and spotters collectively poured their acetone and chloroform down the drain. It was the first major example of co-operation between dry cleaners and manufacturers. Cleaners began accepting acetate materials again, and retailers' clogged shelves got back to normal. The manufacturer was so grateful that he gave the institute a $10,000 library, and no wonder. Half of the women's clothing handled by dry cleaners today contains at least some acetate yarn.

Eventually, manufacturers of material and clothing agreed that all fabrics should be tested for cleanability before being placed on the market. However, the clothing and textile industries are immensely complex, and it is not possible to test every new material before it gets into stores. A parade of garments, mostly women's, is constantly passing through the institute's test laboratory. One day a member in the Midwest sent in a dress apparently made for a child of five, and so stiff that it stood up by itself. "What have I done?" the member wrote. "When this came to me it was Size Sixteen and the material was soft as silk."

Clay Hardin, the laboratory chief, had only one clue to go on—a brand name. Checking with the manufacturer, he learned that the name was used on a material made for industrial use only, principally filter cloth. "Advise the customer," the institute report said, "that the manufacturer has warned against the use of this material except for industrial purposes. The thread fuses at 150 degrees, far below the lowest setting on an electric iron, and it shrinks in dry-cleaning solvents." What had probably happened was that some small dress manufacturer found an odd lot of the material at a reduced price and optimistically made it up into dresses.

The button mystery was not so easy for Hardin to solve. Day after day, for several weeks, buttonless dresses poured into the test laboratory from cleaners. They asked, "What happened to the buttons?" In every case the threads were intact, showing that the buttons had not been removed intentionally. Hardin didn't know where to begin. There are hundreds of button makers; finding the ones who made disappearing buttons would be a formidable job. Finally he got a break. One of the dresses he received had black smudges on the front. Analysis showed they were polystyrene, a plastic apparently just discovered by the button industry. A bulletin was sent out warning members of this new hazard and prescribing a simple chemical test for polystyrene in case of doubt. Meanwhile, at a conference with button makers in New York, an agreement was reached that removed polystyrene buttons from the dry cleaner's list of headaches.

The only industry with which the institute carries on a kind of constant competition is the ink industry. Every bulletin the institute sends to its members announcing discovery of a better solvent for removing ink stains is a call to battle for all true inkmakers, whose goal is indelibility for their product.

"We can remove some ink stains from some materials," says George Fulton, head of the institute's research division, "but we're not making any rash claims that might arouse the ink companies to concoct anything more indelible than they have already."

Fulton wishes people would stop trying to remove ink stains with that old-fashioned home remedy, milk. "The milk is often harder to get out than the ink," he says. The butterfat in the milk must first be removed with dry solvents. Afterward the protein must be digested in a hot solution containing enzymes, similar to those which partially digest the food in the human mouth. The result is soluble in water. The ink, if it can be removed, usually requires only one type of treatment.

Even before its co-operative program with the manufacturers was launched, the institute started a campaign to educate its own members. In 1927, a three-months course covering every phase of dry cleaning was established. In twenty-seven years, nearly 5000 plant owners and supervisory employees have attended this school, including students from many foreign countries.

The toughest part of the curriculum, students agree, is the course in spotting. Spots are tricky things. The grease that father gets on his trousers working around the car looks bad, but comes off easily because mineral oils oxidize, or set, very slowly. Cooking fats and the cod-liver oil mother gets on her dress feeding junior aren't so noticeable, but they oxidize rapidly and are difficult to remove once they are set. The mustard in a mustard stain is no problem, but the yellow vegetable dye that processors put in it requires careful handling to remove without also removing the color of the cloth.

Dry-cleaning solvents do not remove most food stains—or remove only part of them. Dry solvents will remove the fat in a gravy stain, for example, but the flour must be digested to turn it to sugar, which is soluble in water. Eggs and other albumins are impervious to either dry or wet solvents until digested to make them soluble in water. A bleach that can be used safely on white cotton, rayon and linen might ruin white woolens or silks.

When the student has absorbed a knowledge of materials and a fundamental grasp of the chemistry of solvents, he is confronted with his final "examination paper." This is a horrible bundle of clothing; the garments have been daubed with paint, varnish, lacquer, fingernail polish, catchup, mustard, gravy, lipstick, powder, cooking oils, iodine, orange juice, soft drinks, beer, salad dressing, ice cream, coffee—with cream, to make things complicated—and anything else the spotting teachers found handy. If the student can restore the clothing to normal without burning holes, bleaching or bleeding the dyes or damaging the fabrics, he practically has his diploma in his pocket.

The educational work carried on with manufacturers and within the industry itself led recently to the establishment of a consumer-education service headed by Dr. Dorothy Siegert Lyle. She offers a few hints about spotting which may come in handy at home. Many commercial spot removers are effective if used strictly according to the directions, she says, but the most practical, general-purpose, dry-cleaning solvent is carbon tetrachloride.

Milk, cream and ice-cream stains, according to Mrs. Lyle, should first be sponged with carbon "tet" to remove the butterfat. Then, if the material is colorfast, sponge lightly with water. But such stains, if they've had time to set, usually need professional handling.

Coffee, tea and chocolate stains, when fresh, often can be removed by sponging with lukewarm water. If cream or milk is involved, the carbon-tet approach may be tried. But the combination of coffee and cream is more difficult to remove than either would be separately.

Fruit and vegetable juices, all artificially flavored soft drinks, malt beverages, cocktails, liquor and some wines, she explains, contain types of sugar known as reducing sugars—not the harmless sucrose found in the table variety. Spots containing these reducing sugars may be invisible when fresh, but when exposed to the heat of a drier or pressing iron they caramelize and turn brown. Dry cleaners should be warned about any such spots, so that they may be removed before the garment is pressed. Dye stains from some fruits and berries, which also contain reducing sugars, usually require professional attention.

How are consumer relations? Harold Leroy, the plant superintendent, says that most people are understanding and reasonable. Of course, cleaners do make mistakes sometimes. But claims in 1954 were only about one half of 1 per cent of the industry's total volume of $1,600,000,000, according to institute estimates. Garrett recalls one of the institute's mistakes that happened to a dress sent in a few years ago by Miss Margaret Truman. Garrett telephoned the White House as soon as he learned about it, and the first thing he knew, he was talking to Mrs. Truman.

She sternly advised him that the dress, which bore a Paris label, had cost $150. Garrett told her to buy a new dress and send the bill to the institute. The next day, however, Miss Truman appeared at the office and asked for the regular claim forms, saying she didn't want special consideration. Garrett suggested that she might have the dress reproduced, and Miss Truman liked the idea.

Ten days later she was back with a carefully itemized account, supported by sales slips, totaling only fifty dollars. Agreeably surprised, Garrett approved the claim for payment, remarking that in Paris the label must be the most expensive part of the dress.

"You're right," Miss Truman replied, "but the label is as good as new."

THE END

"'You,' not 'youse.'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Two Faces of Carmen Basilio

(Continued from Page 47)

Garden matchmaker, referring to the legendary lightweight of twenty-five years ago. "When he climbs through the ropes you know this is gonna be a fight."

"The first time I saw him," says his comanager, Johnny DeJohn, "I said to myself, 'Here's a kid who's got that hungry look in his eyes.' That drawn face of his always reminds me of those old-time fighters who used to wear turtle-neck sweaters. If he wants to be mean, he can be mean."

As a fighter, Basilio wants to be mean, and is. Toughness has been an obsession with him since he was a small child. "I had a fight every day I went to school, up until the fourth grade," he says. "I used to go home for lunch period and I used to think, *Now, who am I gonna fight with?* Then I'd go back and bother somebody. I'd push him or shove him. Then the other guy would swing and we'd fight. Sometimes I'm ashamed when I think of it now. I had no pity, because I had to prove my toughness."

When he was seventeen he argued with his family for eleven months until they allowed him to enlist in the marines on March 21, 1945. By the time he was shipped to the Pacific the war was over. He put in thirty-three months, eighteen of them on Guam.

"My older brother, Armando, was in the marines, and still is," he says, "but the reason I wanted to enlist was because the marines are the toughest outfit, and I had to be with the toughest."

As a professional fighter who expects no clemency and gives none, he is rough even on sparring partners. While he was training to fight Kid Gavilan for the welterweight title in Syracuse in September of 1953, a young fighter from Philadelphia climbed through the ropes to box a couple of rounds with him.

"Now this is just a kid," one of Basilio's handlers said. "Take it easy on him, because he's never even had a pro fight."

"If he doesn't want to fight, let him get out," Basilio said, and proceeded to plaster the amateur until someone stopped it.

Ruthless as he is in the ring, he has been equally outspoken in matters pertaining to it. In Chicago, on July 16, 1952, he was outpointed by Chuck Davey in a fight in which he opened sickening cuts on Davey's left cheek and over his right eye. In his dressing room, later, Basilio astounded the sports writers by blasting not only the officials and his opponent but also the International Boxing Club, which controls big-time boxing in this country—and with which Carmen since has obviously made his peace.

"It was a lousy house decision," Basilio announced, "and if it had been somewhere else they'd have stopped the fight. It's nice to be on the right side—the I. B. C. side."

When a doctor from the Illinois State Athletic Commission entered the dressing room for the usual postfight checkup, Basilio attempted to brush him off. As the doctor persisted, Basilio turned on him.

"Don't look at me," he said. "Look at the other guy."

"He's all right," the doctor said.

"Listen," Basilio said, "if that had been me, you'd have stopped it."

On another occasion he spoke his mind publicly about a fight in which he had no part. In March of last year Carmine Fiore, the Brooklyn welterweight, was awarded a decision in Syracuse over Italo Scortichini, the Italian middleweight. A radio announcer asked Basilio's opinion.

"It was a lousy decision," Basilio said. "That's the trouble with boxing. We don't have competent officials."

Those who know Basilio only as a fighter are amazed to find that away from boxing he is soft-spoken, polite and easily touched emotionally. Similarly, those who know him best in Syracuse, Canastota and nearby Chittenango find it hard to recognize him as the man they watch in the ring.

The other Basilio his fans know is a model family man. He is the foster father of two boys, aged eight and three. They are the sons of his wife's sister. The Basilios live on Anderson Place, Chittenango, in a six-room, two-story, gray-clapboard house. Basilio got the $5000 down payment out of the purse of nearly $11,000 he received when he defeated Billy Graham for the New York State welterweight title in Syracuse on June 6, 1953. He paid off the $6800 mortgage out of his $28,700 purse for the DeMarco fight.

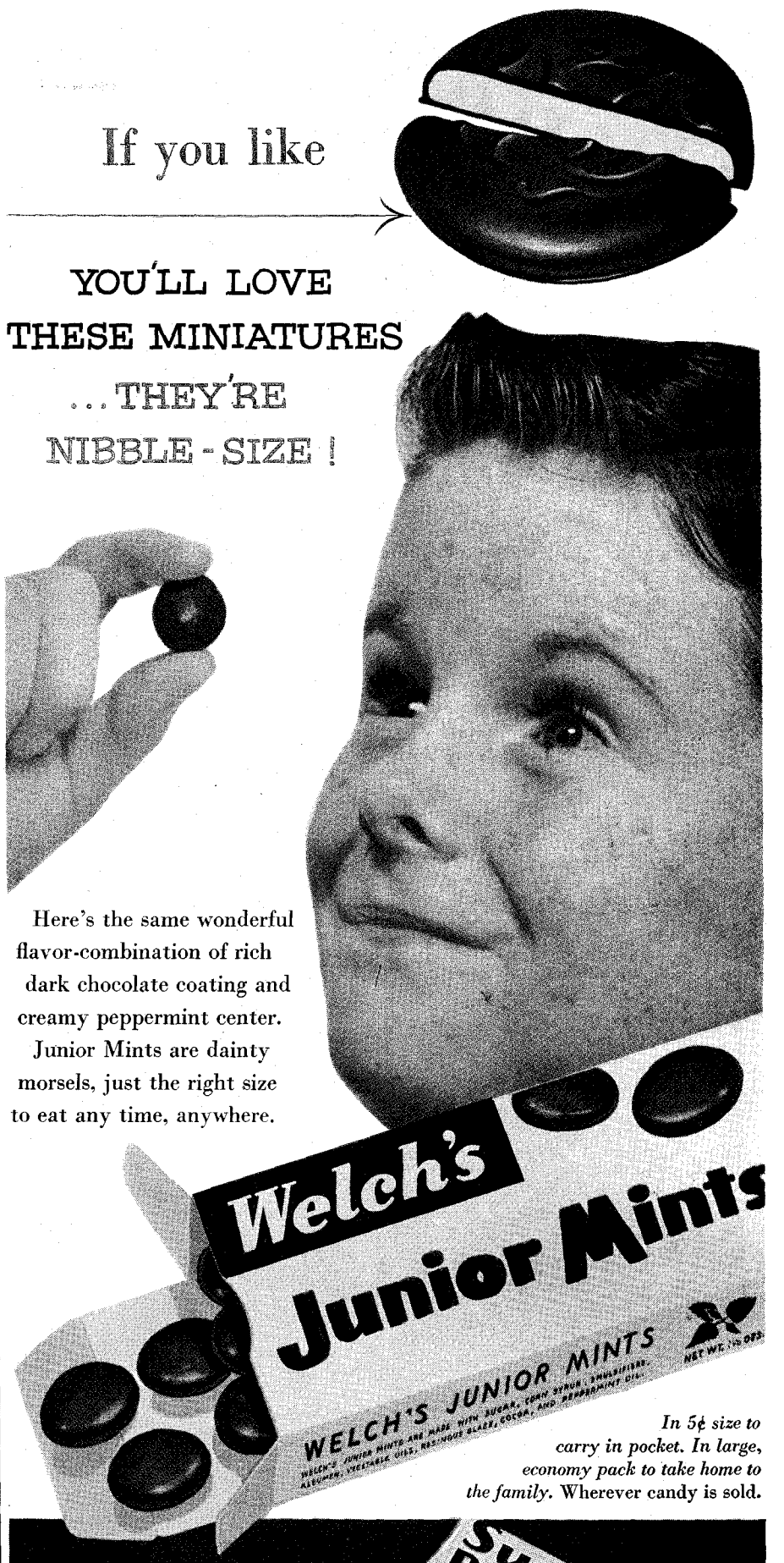
For relaxation Basilio fishes Chittenango Creek for trout or takes one or more of his eight hunting dogs and goes out around Morrisville and Peterboro for pheasant, partridge, rabbit and an occasional fox. He is a devout Roman Catholic who spoke last June at the communion breakfast of the Church of Our Lady of Pompeii in Syracuse. He also spoke at the graduation breakfast of the Canastota High School. He is the assistant scoutmaster of Canastota's Troop 1, and one of the sponsors of a Little League baseball team.

"He's a real local hero," says Sydney Levine, a Syracuse businessman who is one of Basilio's most ardent fans, "because the people know what he is. They know he's sincere, that he's a clean liver, doesn't drink or smoke and trains hard. Why, they see him running on the road early in the morning. He's a part of them."

This local adulation has been expressed in a number of ways. When the 9170 tickets were placed on sale a month before the DeMarco fight, they sold out in four hours.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Tell us more about your motorcycle trip."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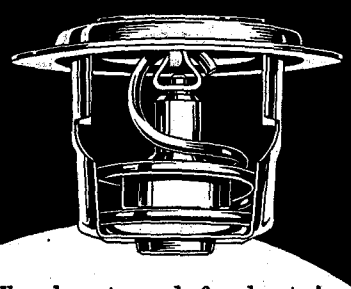

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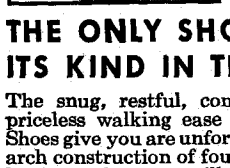

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With the Syracuse area blacked out on home television, another 1800 persons paid $3.50 a head for the chance to watch the bout on closed-circuit TV at the New York State Fair Grounds. In all, the fight grossed $176,094.

When the members of the Knistestota Club, a men's social organization in Canastota, decided to stage a testimonial dinner for Basilio in February of 1953, they were hoping to raise enough money to present him a traveling bag. In two hours they collected enough to buy him a new car.

This past July he was given a $3900 convertible by his fans. Probably the most unusual demonstration of his appeal, however, came when he made appearances last March fifteenth at the Schisa meat markets in Syracuse. In the several hours Basilio was at the two stores he autographed 2000 photographs of himself and attracted 7000 entries in a drawing for boxing gloves and trophies. On that day the markets sold 49,510 pounds of meat, which was 26 per cent more than had been sold on any previous day in their ten-year history.

"One day he paid a visit to the Syracuse Cerebral Palsy Clinic," relates Norm Rothschild, the young Syracuse boxing promoter who has figured importantly in Basilio's rise. "There were basketball players there from the Syracuse Nats and football players from Syracuse University, but the one guy all the kids knew was Basilio. He spent two hours on his hands and knees with them. There was one kid who couldn't even stand, and he looked at Basilio and said, 'I can lick you, Carmen.' It brought tears to Carmen's eyes, and to mine too."

Also moved was Jack Slattery, sports columnist of the Syracuse Herald-American. He was struck by the contrast between the Basilio he now saw and the merciless fighter he had seen so often in blood-spattered ring combat.

"But when you have an opponent bleeding and reeling," he asked the fighter later, "don't you ever feel sorry for him?"

"Sorry?" Basilio said. "Are you kidding? Fighters aren't sorry. You have to cut the other guy down before he cuts you down, that's all."

This is the philosophy of all true fighters. Similarly, it is often true that the most cruelly professional are, outside the ropes, the most compassionate. As with Rocky Marciano, it is possible to trace the two sides of Basilio's character.

The members of his family recall, for example, that around the time he was administering beatings to schoolmates, he cried as he sat by the radio in the living room at 211 Main Street and listened to the account of Joe Louis knocking out Jimmy Braddock. More recently, when his younger brother, Paul, began to box in the amateurs, Carmen, who has yet to fear an opponent of his own, was so nervous that he had to force himself even to watch.

Some of this sensitivity and much of the drama that lies behind Basilio's fighting career came across to the vast TV audience immediately following the moment when referee Harry Kessler stopped the DeMarco fight to save the badly beaten Bostonian from further harm. For eleven and a half rounds they had watched Basilio take punches and hand them out. Now they saw him drop to his knees in his corner, cross himself and offer up what was apparently a prayer of thankfulness.

When he arose, they saw a young blond woman in a white dress—Basilio's wife—on the ring apron, and they saw him embrace her. Then a short, semistout elderly woman in a black dress, and an old man—Basilio's parents—were helped into the ring from the other side.

"People I don't even know write me letters about that," Basilio says. "When I was in New York the week after the fight, people recognized me on the street and stopped me to talk about it. I was on Ed Sullivan's TV show and he mentioned it. On Broadway one fat little guy stopped me and said, 'I thought that was wonderful, with your mother and father and wife in the ring.' In the hotel a waiter said, 'You know, my wife couldn't get over the part where your family got in the ring.'"

What the television audience sensed without completely understanding was all the family hardship that had gone into the making of this moment. There never has been a good fighter who came up the easy way. Most are fighting to escape the city slums, but that scene in the ring at Syracuse last June had its origins in the long struggle of a now-aging Italian-American couple and their ten kids to pull a living out of the Muckland.

"Raising a family through all those hard years in the onion fields," a reporter said to Basilio's mother recently, "what dreams did you have for your children?"

"We had no dreams," the woman said slowly, shaking her head. "None. We just tried to bring up our children to be good."

There were six daughters and four sons, of whom Carmen was the second. The oldest child, Josephine, is now forty-two; the youngest, Joseph, is eighteen. Each April first the whole family moved out of the home in Canastota to the shack in the Muckland, and they lived there until October first.

"The school let us have the extra time off," says Basilio, who quit high school in his second year. "My father believed in getting the bread and butter on the table first, and an education came next."

As each child became old enough, he or she joined the rest of the family in the fields. The youngest would carry water from the well to the workers.

"Everybody worked—my father, my mother, everybody," Basilio says. "My mom still works in the fields with my pop and Joey now. In the spring we'd plant by hand. It would be wet and cold, and my mother would take old inner tubes and sew patches on the knees of our overalls, so they wouldn't get soaked. In the hot summer we'd weed on our hands and knees. We'd get up at five in the morning and work until nine. Then we'd start again at three-thirty and work until nine at night.

"In the fields we used to talk what we called wish talk. We'd see a kid go by on a bike, and one of us would say, 'I wish I had a bike.' Then tourists would stop their cars on the road and look at us. It was something they'd never seen before—a whole family of people, little kids and all, on their hands and knees in the hot sun. One of us would say, 'I wish I had a car.'"

Adds Carmen's younger brother, Paul, "Sometimes we'd just wish we had an ice-cream cone. We'd sit there a minute, thinking about it, and all of a sudden an onion would go by our ears. It would be pop, after us to get going."

Basilio is naturally left-handed, although he has never boxed southpaw. The fingers of his right hand are crisscrossed with small white scars. It was his right hand with which he held the onions when cutting the tops off at harvesttime. "Pop used to sharpen the knives until he could shave the hair off his arms with them," Carmen says. "We had to work so fast that the knife was always slipping and we were bleeding all the time."

For three years, beginning in 1934, father Joseph Basilio was invalided by sciatica, and the rest of the family had to work the farm without him.

Some years a blight—caused by early-morning fog and burning sun—ruined the crop. Other years the price of onions dropped to a point where the growers decided to hold out, and, finally, to dump their crops rather than sell.

"You take the gamble and you lose," says Basilio's mother. "You can smell those onions decay, and you think, 'A whole summer's work for the whole family, and the seed and the fertilizer too.'"

This was what was behind Basilio's decision to go into the ring in 1948, although his determination to become a fighter went back long before that.

"When I had Carmen in the fifth grade in the Chapel Street School," says Mrs. Howard G. Burton, now teaching principal of the new South Street School, "the class had an assignment to write a composition telling what they hoped to be when they grew up. Carmen wanted to be a boxing champion."

"I remember that," says Angelo Bruno, a classmate of Carmen, who is now in the restaurant

(Continued on Page 166)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Gone through any phases lately?"

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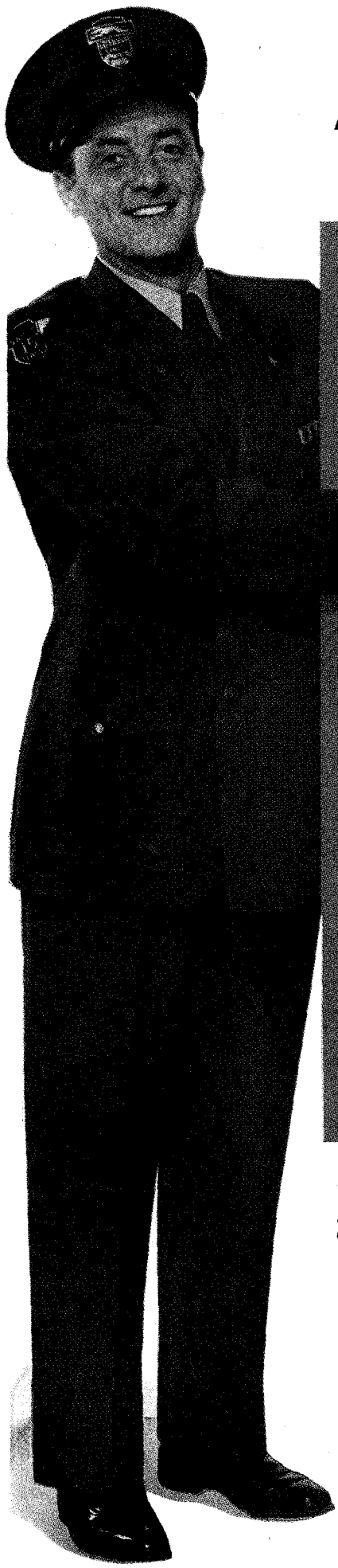

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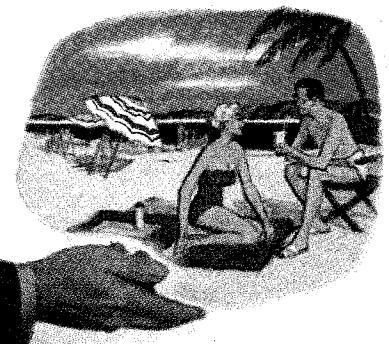

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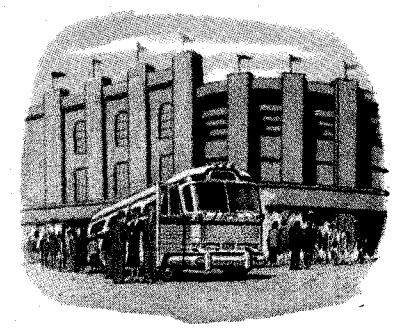

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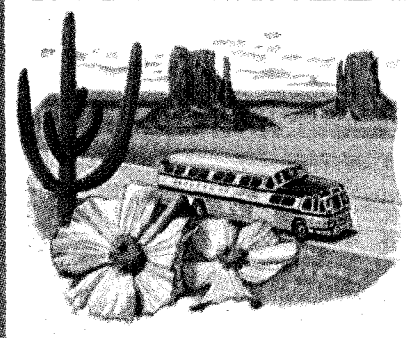

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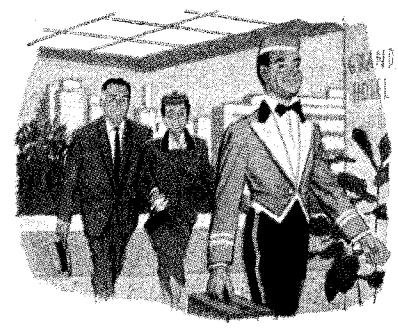

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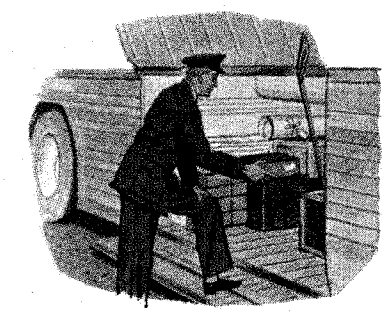

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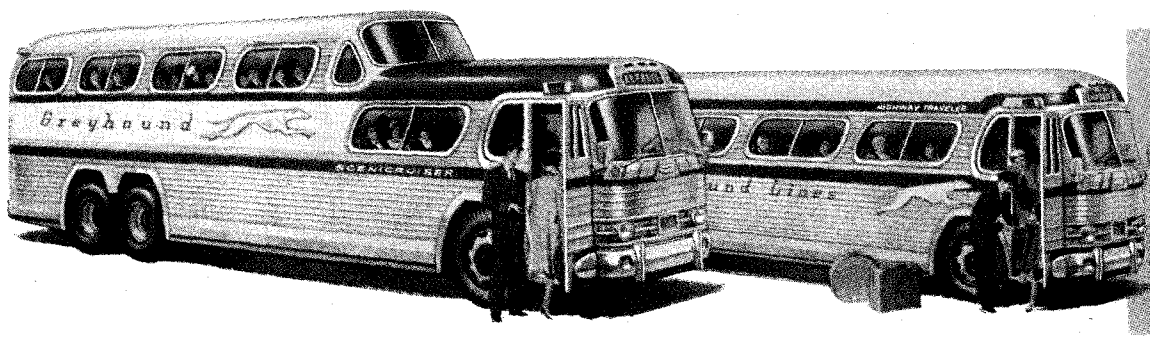

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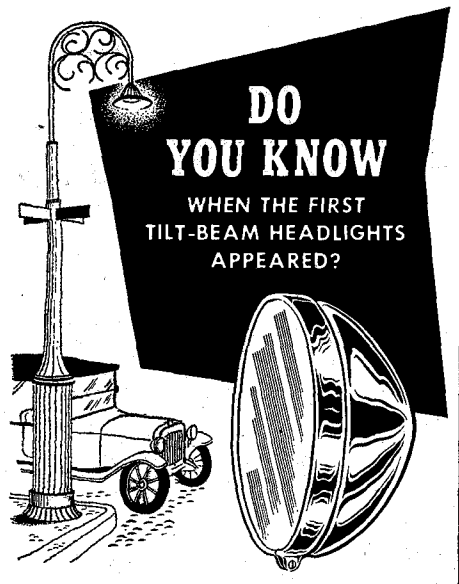

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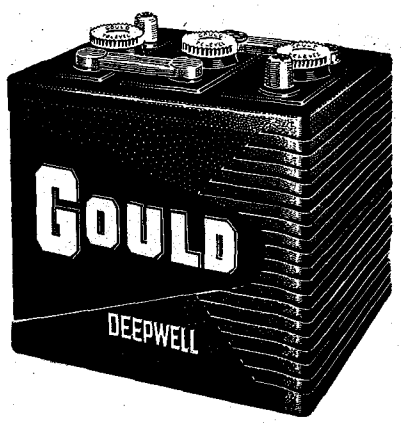

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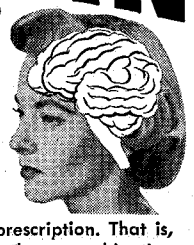

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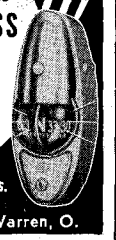

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(Continued from Page 164)

business with his brothers. "The funny thing is, I can remember what Carmen wanted to be, but I can't remember what I wanted to be myself. When he got out of the marines, you'd see him walking down the street with his little handbag to the high-school gym. A lot of people thought he was foolish doing it. But he always loved boxing, and his father loved boxing before him."

Joseph Basilio, Sr., who came to this country in 1907, went back to Italy during World War I to fight with the crack *Bersaglieri* against the Austrians in the Alps, returning here permanently in 1921. He brought boxing gloves into the house when Carmen was six years of age. He had driven a truckload of onions into Albany, and had bought the set of four gloves there for seven dollars.

"When he opened that box," says Carmen, "it was like seeing gold. We kids boxed for three hours that night. Then my old man used to have friends in, and we'd box for them in the living room. My older brother would make me cry, and I'd make Paulie cry. The old man would say, 'O.K., rest period.' Then they'd give us a hand. That was their TV."

While in the marines, Basilio had his first three amateur fights, winning two. When he got out he had eleven more, winning eight, and then he turned pro in November of 1948.

His first manager was the late Tony Antonacci, brother of Sam and Babe Antonacci, Syracuse fight promoters known as the Amos Brothers. It was not a happy relationship, and when the contract ran out in 1951, Basilio and his wife were glad to let it drop.

On May 1, 1950, Basilio had married Ariel Catherine Simpkins, a waitress in the Kirk Hotel in Syracuse. They had moved into a three-room apartment in a two-family house on Baker Avenue, on the south side of Syracuse, and here they battled a series of misfortunes.

"From the time we were first married," says Basilio of his wife, "anything that had to be done to better me, she was for it."

"The only time I ever intervened," his wife says, "is when he was cut in a fight and the Amos Brothers wanted him to go to New Orleans to fight Ross Virgo the next week. They met me halfway."

"Sure," Basilio says bitterly. "They postponed the fight two days."

He fought in New Orleans six times, driving down and back for four of the fights in an effort to save money. After he lost to Virgo there on September 26, 1951, he drove home, sick with glandular fever.

"One weekend early in 1951," he says, "Kay and I had exactly thirty-nine cents. She wanted to sell her engagement ring, but I wouldn't let her because I'd sold my ten-year-old car to buy it for her. I'd broken the first metacarpal bone in my left hand in a fight with Vic Cardell, and I had a cast across my wrist. There was a big snowstorm in Syracuse, and they put out a call for snow shovelers. It paid a dollar an hour, and I shoveled for three nights from eleven o'clock until seven the next morning, with the temperature down around zero."

On one of those nights, Jim McGuire, who is now Basilio's accountant, happened along. He offered to lend the fighter $800, but Basilio refused it.

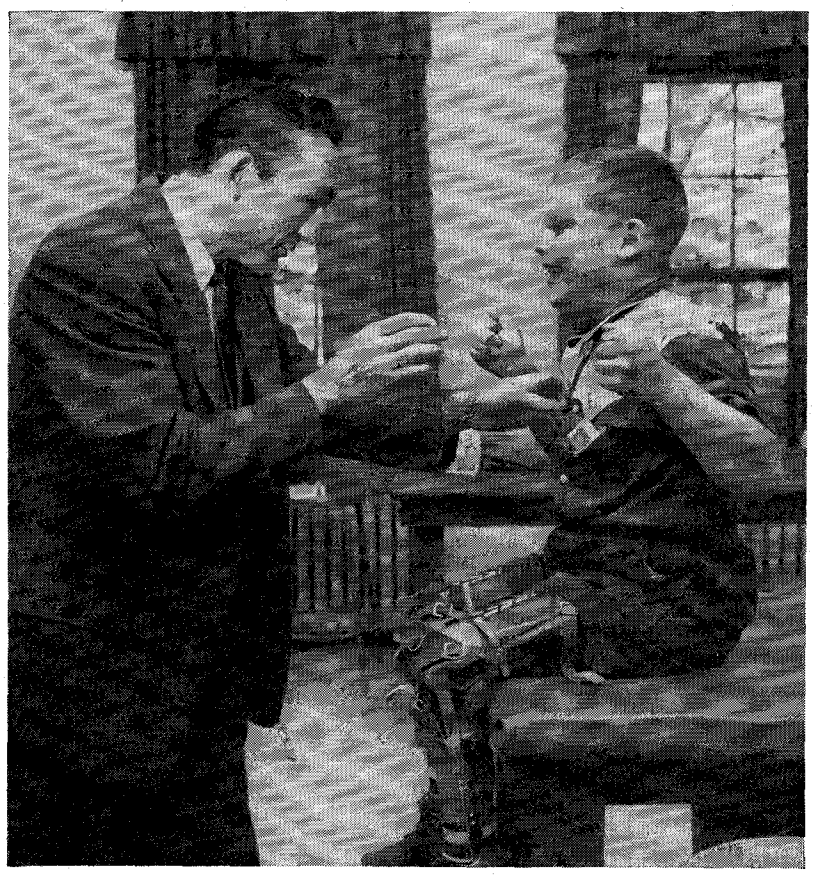
"When I got the twenty-four bucks for shoveling," he says, "I thought I had a million dollars. I paid ten dollars on our rent and five dollars on a bill we owed."

The turn in Basilio's fortunes occurred when Johnny DeJohn and Joe Netro signed on as his new managers, and Norm Rothschild made his advent as the Syracuse boxing promoter. DeJohn, forty-two, is the oldest of seven brothers, all of whom, except Johnny, have fought as amateurs or pros. Netro, fifty-five, has been managing fighters for more than thirty years. With Johnny, he managed Ralph and Joey DeJohn. For ten years he wrote a boxing column for the Syracuse Journal.

Rothschild, thirty-six, has been a boxing buff since, as a kid of eight, he used to carry the water bucket at the old Syracuse Arena. From 1943 until 1950 he operated a diner across the street from the Arena on South Salina Street; then opened the Arena Restaurant at 1121 South Salina. In 1950 he started promoting. With the opening of the $4,500,000 Onondaga County War Memorial in September, 1951, he began to promote seriously.

"I always thought," he says, "that boxing could be run by a different type. You know, not the voice raisers."

When he dropped $1285 on his first big show in 1950, local sports writers began to refer to Rothschild as "Dagwood Bumstead," and one made reference to the "many scupsa coffee, hamburgers and wedges of stromberra pie" he would have to serve to recoup his losses. Actually they had Rothschild's welfare at heart. They feared him to be a babe among wolves in the boxing game.



One of welterweight champ Carmen Basilio's greatest fans is ten-year-old Craig Thomas, a patient at the Syracuse Cerebral Palsy Clinic.

However, Rothschild went on to do all right for himself—and for Basilio too. Along with DeJohn and Ray Arcel, who was then promoting Saturday-night fights on television, Rothschild persuaded the New York State Athletic Commission to recognize the Basilio fights with Billy Graham as deciding the New York State welterweight title. After Basilio beat Graham, and then drew with him in a rematch, the Syracuse men roused Kid Gavilan with talk of a $50,000 purse for giving Basilio a shot at the world title. Ultimately they got Gavilan's manager, Angel Lopez, to sign for $32,000—after convincing Lopez that his fighter had nothing to fear from Basilio.

The fact was, Gavilan had a lot to fear. Although Basilio lost, this fight made him the leading contender for the welterweight title he was to win a year and nine months later. Entering the ring a 4-to-1 underdog, he registered a second-round knockdown against the champion, who had been dropped only once before in his career. It was a close fight all the way. Referee George Walsh and judge Harold Barnes gave it to Gavilan, eight-six-one and seven-six-two, respectively, while Jack Kimball, the Syracuse judge, voted for Basilio, seven-five-three.

When the decision was announced, the Basilio fans stormed the ring. They hurled threats at Walsh and Barnes, spat at Walsh and attempted to assault him on his way to the dressing room. At ringside, Basilio's wife and his brother, Joey, cried.

"I felt so sorry for him," his wife says now. "I knew all the tough breaks he'd had and how much he wanted that title."

For weeks before that fight she had got up with her husband each morning at five o'clock. While he ran on the hilly Chittenango Falls road, she had followed him in the car. She had done this for many fights before that; and afterward, if he came home with his face swollen or cut, she had applied the ice bag or hot packs until the early hours of the morning.

The night when he came so close and yet was beaten by Gavilan was the most bitterly discouraging time the Basilios have known. Add this disappointment to the years of family toil in the chill and heat of the Muckland, to the autumns when they dumped the onions and smelled them rotting, to the three nights when the fighter shoveled snow with a broken hand, and you grasp the meaning of that scene in the ring after Basilio finally won the title last June.

"Now when I go to Joe Cerio's," says his father, referring to a bar at the corner of Main, Canal and State streets in Canastota, "everybody call me champa too. A lot of them say, 'I thought you gonna win.' They don't think so, but I buy the drink for them, anyway. They say, 'How you get that son?' I say, 'You gotta worka hard, get a boy like that.'"

Right after the title-winning fight, the Basilios got a call from California. The mother says, still amazed, "It was from Johnny Donato, an old neighbor in the Muckland. He saw Carmen win, and he saw us in the ring. He knows what the Muckland is like. He understood."

THE END

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At certain times of the year we're reminded how well off we are—as Americans. The most heartfelt thanks of all often come from the head of the table—especially these days when being a family provider is no light responsibility. For past blessings, it is a time for gratitude. For the future, a time for high hopes and careful planning that might well include a talk with your Massachusetts Mutual man.

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I Flew to 90,000 Feet (Continued from Page 21)

burning up alcohol rocket fuel. By jettisoning enough fuel from another tank in a hurry, I missed a fatal tailspin by a hair. By tailspin, I don't mean an orthodox nose-down spiral. I mean a very unorthodox, hair-raising maneuver, in which you spiral down backward, out of control, due to excess weight in the tail.

Such thoughts are not conducive to sleep.

I roll over and shut my eyes against the silvery light of the Mojave moon, rising above the grotesque Joshua trees, so close you could touch it. I come back to earth, and worry about Betty, just out of the hospital. Our fifth child was stillborn. Mike, our eight-year-old, is getting over bronchial pneumonia. Chris, only three, shows no bad effects from a recent skull fracture, after a bad fall.

And now, sweet dreams—of struggling into a skin-tight T-1 pressure suit, with a mosquito inside the goldfish-bowl helmet, and no way to scratch.

The bright desert sun rises and shines and it's tomorrow already, August 26, 1954. The big day. Time for a quick shower and a big breakfast. No more food until after the flight, which could be held up for hours.

Betty smiles, hiding her fears. A test pilot's wife has her problems too. Her marriage is a calculated risk. A kiss good-by, a quick peek in on the still-sleeping youngsters; then head for the office, which carries the top-heavy title: United States Air Force Research and Development Command Flight Test Center.

I'm like any other guy going to work, except that I'm a test pilot and today I am shooting for 90,000. I feel a thrill at being a part of the activity at this lonely outpost in the heart of the Joshua-tree country, where isolated radar stations are scattered for miles around—electronic eyes that will follow my flight path up into the cold void.

I am part of a team of explorers punching their way higher and higher above the deep blanket of air surrounding Earth. Up into the last frontier, in the silent cold, where the mercury hangs at sixty-seven below zero, Fahrenheit.

"Pick up a loaf of bread on your way home," Betty calls from the door.

Soon I'm struggling into my pressure suit, and then I am inside the mother ship, a modified B-29 bomber, roaring off the runway with the X-1A nestled in the bomb bay. Capt. Fitzhugh Fulton's crew is taking me up to six miles or so, for a head start.

This is the end of the three-day countdown, seventy-two hours of relentless preparation for a fast flight out of this world. I've already spent hours sitting inside the rocket ship, running over my cockpit drill with eyes shut.

I've developed a safecracker's feel for the delicate pressure controls. I know just how much pressure it takes to shut off the nitrogen—I'm carrying thousands of pounds of it in bottles to operate the ship's pressure systems. Nitrogen, being inert, makes a handy substitute for other gases, like oxygen, which is breathable but hazardous, as it can sustain combustion. Enough nitrogen bleeds from the system to create livable pressure inside the cockpit.

There's also enough chilled peroxide to blow the X-1A and the mother ship out of the sky, if it should overheat. But I need the stuff to make superheated steam to pump the fuel to the rocket chambers. The peroxide is allowed to break down chemically to form steam, which drives a converted war-surplus P-38 supercharger which runs the fuel pump.

Fulton jockeys the big bomber higher and higher, like a giant buzzard climbing on a desert thermal. At 7000 feet I crawl down into the tiny cockpit of the X-1A and the crew bolts me in.

I feel lonely, locked inside the rocket ship, surrounded by plumbing. It's like being inside a submarine. I can't see sky because I am high inside the bomb bay, but a bright light shines in the cockpit, to accustom me to the brilliant desert sun when I drop. Without it, I'd start my flight almost blind.

There's still an hour before drop. Time for a last cockpit check, time to wonder how I happened to get into this business. Then I grin sheepishly. I really love it.

In nine years of Air Force test piloting, it's been all combat flying against dangers just as real as those I encountered in fifty combat missions in a Curtiss P-40 in World War II. But high-altitude, high-speed flying is the greatest.

Ten minutes before drop. I slip back now into the precise routine I've rehearsed over and over. I sit low in the tiny cockpit, feet on rudder pedals. The controls are soft, but they will soon stiffen under the thundering blast of supersonic air, as I rocket through four minutes of awful acceleration, fighting to stick to Ridley's flight plan.

How long is four minutes? Look at the second hand of your watch and imagine you are driving a runaway truck, screaming down a steep mountain grade on six flat tires, for 240 seconds.

It will take about that long to ride the X-1A to the top of my climb, where I will arc across the sky for fifteen seconds, feeling as if I were floating, near the limit of controllability, close to a supersonic stall.

There, my muscles will ache, so that my movements on the controls will be spasmodic, jerky, a split second off, maybe. But I'm prepared—Yeager warned me against overcontrolling.

Five minutes to go. The crew stops topping off my liquid oxygen. It begins to heat up and boil off—there's a 300-degree temperature differential between the LOX and the cold outside air.

I turn the green drop light on. Everything runs smoothly—almost too smoothly. I feel the tension mounting in the crew working with me to avoid an abort. Fulton has brought me up to 33,000 feet. He turns into the wind.

I flex my fingers, like a pianist just before a concert. I am wearing light gloves, so I can feel the controls with a sensitive touch.

One minute to drop . . . data switches on . . . camera set . . . firing switches on, throttle in position . . . I'm tense, waiting . . . the count-down . . . five seconds to go . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . drop!

I hear a sudden "Boom" as the heavy ship rolls off the bomb shackle. I'm in free flight, in command now . . . careful, don't pull any G's . . . I'll lose that precious altitude Fulton gave me. . . . There's Yeager out there, flying chase, tucking a slender Sabrejet wing right into my cockpit.

I flip the firing switch, for the first rocket chamber . . . comes a terrific groaning, grinding, complaining noise . . . the turbine pump picks up and starts to work . . . fuel flows through the manifold, back to the rocket cylinders.

"Firing One!" I call on radio.

Chuck looks me over. "Looks good," he says.

"Firing Two!" I sing out. And then, "Firing Three!"

I'm heavy with fuel, but I pull smoothly away from the chase plane on three tubes and start the big climb. Somewhere out there, sixty miles to the west, Pete Everest is circling in another escort F-86, at 45,000. Slade Nash, in a third Sabrejet, waits for me over Mojave. On the ground, radar scanners study me intently.

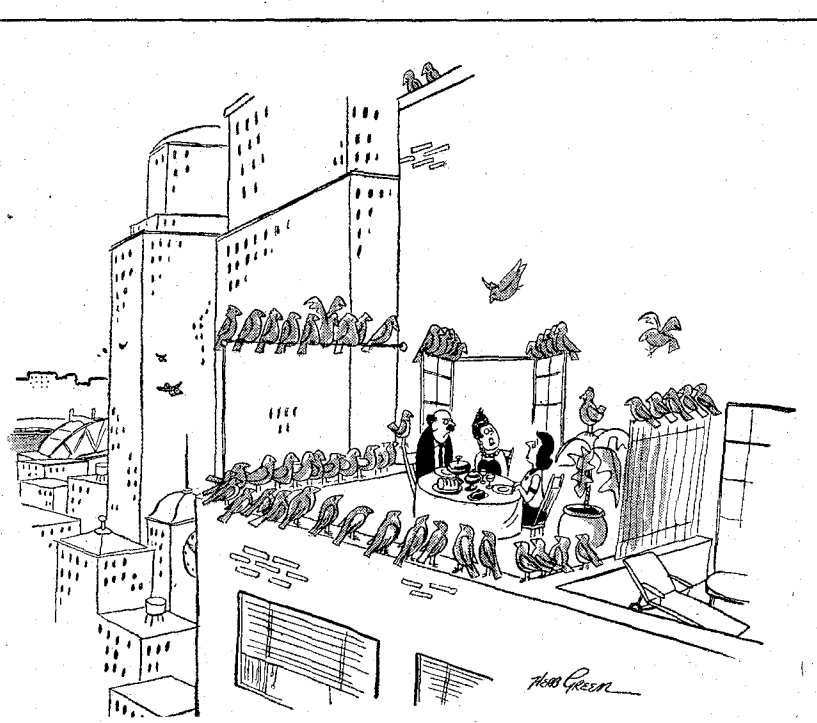
My tension eases as the flickering needles steady down. My rocket engine is functioning O.K. Control pressures are heavy, with no boost. There's no time to look outside now. I'm busy watching altimeter, air-speed indicator, machmeter. I'm still subsonic, but accelerating. I've left Yeager far below.

Fifty thousand . . . a milky-white contrail of water vapor, the product of burning alcohol and LOX, forms behind me, as Ridley said it would. From the ground, it's a chalk line slashing across the blue sky, up and up.

"Firing Four!" I call. I wait, to see what happens. Turbopump has stabilized for three-cylinder operation, and firing No. 4 could kill the whole rocket engine. But it cuts in smoothly and I get a peak in my pressures. I feel the airplane accelerate once more.

Take off a little climb . . . go supersonic. . . . There is a nibbling at the controls as I rip through the sound barrier . . . pull the nose up again . . . the ship feels lighter, with tons of fuel gone.

I'm traveling like a bullet now, faster, faster. . . . I stare at the machmeter: Mach One-Five . . . Mach Two . . . hold it. . . .



"... and then one day Waldo threw a crumb to a passing pigeon."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I'm close now, near the controllability envelope.

Seventy thousand feet of sky under me. Controls are shaking again—this time more violently. The controls feel sluggish. I move them cautiously, with taut muscles. Outside, I know the air pressure is low enough to make my blood boil.

Eighty thousand—still climbing—and here's the burn-out! My fuel is gone, and inertia hurls me upward.

Right here I'm coasting up Ridley's inverted toboggan slide, past a historic milestone. At 83,235 feet I pass the world-altitude record set just a year ago, on August 21, 1953, when Marine Lt. Col. Marion Carl rode the Douglas D-558-II up sky high. Now, I'm closer to the moon than man has ever been before.

I begin to feel weightless, and I'm flying so fast my instruments can't keep up—they show what happened two miles ago. I'm climbing so steeply I can't see the ground, and I feel confused. I have a sense of falling and want to grab something for support.

Suddenly the rocket ship yaws hard left, pitches, rolls! I need all the muscular coordination I can command at this moment as I plunge into the controllability envelope, with the X-1A's stalling speed pushing up against the top limit of control.

A wing drops. I try to feed in opposite rudder gently to pick it up. I know my coordination is maybe a millisecond off. I concentrate, sweating, trying hard to be gentle.

And then it comes. I spin wildly, supersonically, out of control. I'm falling upward, tumbling crazily across the sky at more than 1400 miles an hour!

Earth and sky whirl in a blur as the deadly shock waves hammer my rocket ship with unleashed fury. Long seconds drag by and I battle alone through unpredictable elements that can incinerate a meteorite in the wink of an eye. The X-1A has reached her limit, and for fifteen awful seconds I am helpless to control her hysterical whims.

I hang on and ride it out, until finally I sink back into heavier air, down near 70,000, where time and space gradually blend together once more in my comprehension and I realize I have rocketed to an altitude where no one ever traveled before.

I glance around the cockpit quickly. Everything is ghostly silent. I've been running far ahead of my own sound, that of the pounding, turbulent slipstream. The sky is dark blue, the sunlight dazzling. I'm falling back toward Earth, an earth that is curved like a bowl, not flat.

Smoothly I decelerate, back through the speed of sound, and a roar like that of Niagara Falls thunders through the cockpit. All the screaming sounds of my supersonic flight flood over me as I look around to get my bearings.

I'm 100 miles west of base, and I bend over into a diving turn, thirty-five miles wide, while the voices of the radarmen chatter on the radio, giving my position to my escort pilots. I'm back again among my own kind, in the living, breathing world I know.

I dive back into the traffic pattern from 18,000 feet and watch the big dry lake bed come up at me. I flare out, hold off, touch down gently and roll, a long, two-mile roll over solid ground. It feels good.

I think, it's nice to be back. The ground crew unbolts my canopy and I climb out of the nitrogen-filled cockpit, remove my helmet and scratch.

Ridley comes up and slaps my back and flashes a grin a mile wide. His little black pencil line paid off.

Next comes a lengthy critique about the flight, and my day's work is done. I stop by the commissary for that loaf of bread and head home to water the lawn. Tonight nobody will have to rock me to sleep.

THE END

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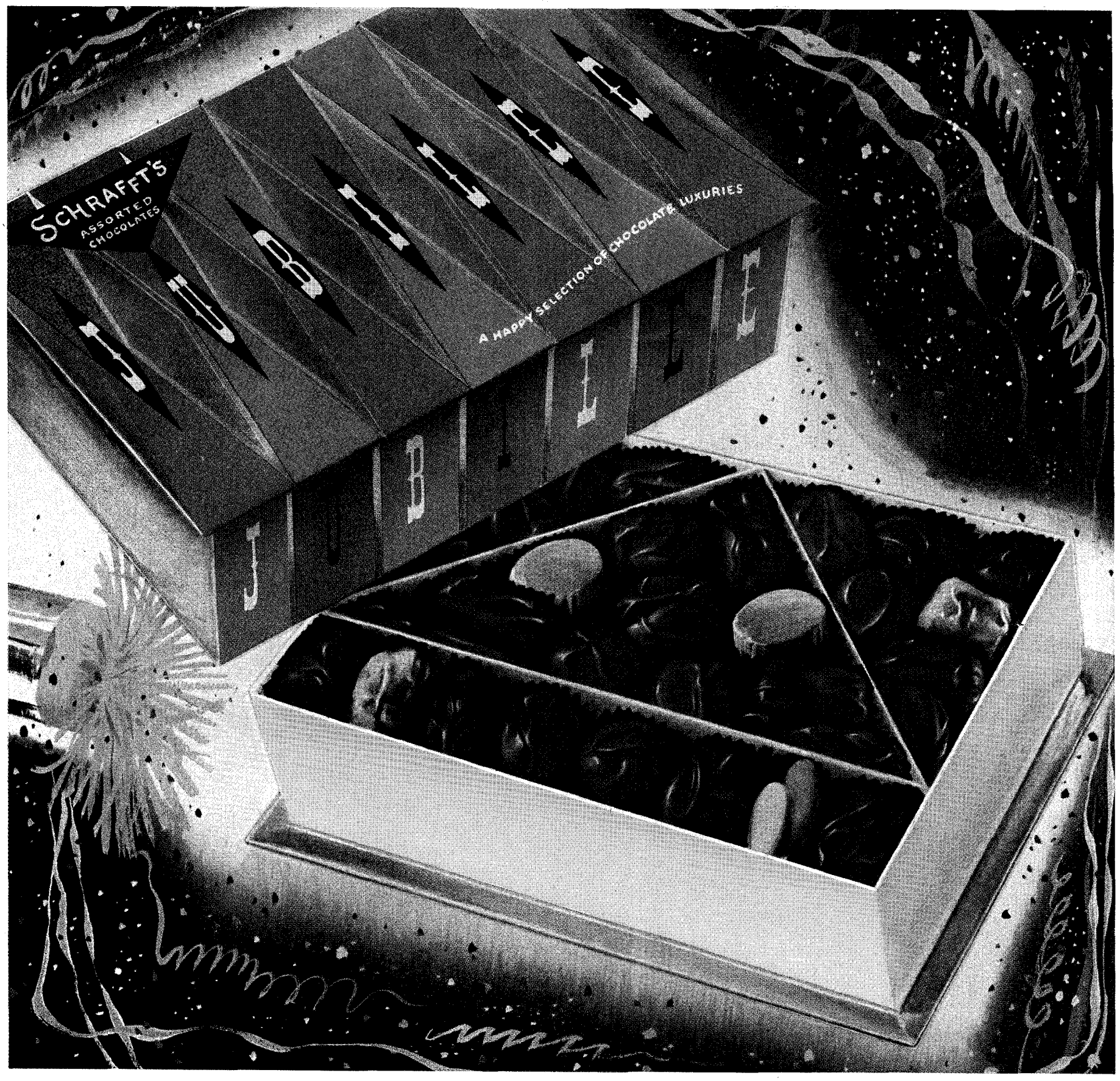

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The Halfback and the High-Brow

(Continued from Page 30)

his own twenty years, of which this was the second at Landon. Well on his way, according to Coach, to being the best running back in Landon's history since that prehistoric figure of the early '20's, known as the Bucking Bronco. Six-foot-one. Red hair. One hundred and ninety loose-jointed pounds as hard to hold as so much melted wax. Big flat feet that gave him a tractor's grip.

But in ten years, would Finnegan's runs be reviewed for gape-mouthed sophomores? Would his yardage gained be part of a required course? No. In ten years, Finnegan would be a set of clippings in a newspaper morgue, a fading memory to old grads, a picture on the Athletic Center wall. Gone with the wind. *Eheu, tempus fugit.*

Coralee said, "I could never rest, knowing others had accomplished so much."

Mumble, mumble, went Finnegan.

"It would haunt me. Imagine, throwing away one's future to make a Roman holiday for the insensate mob. Face facts, Finnegan ——"

Finnegan flagged her to a stop and faced her. Lovely and small was Coralee. Curling lashes and smoky eyes and raven-dark hair, and with so many A's on her record that Finnegan felt it positively inhuman. He had discovered her the day in class, almost a week ago, when she had momentarily removed her horn-rimmed glasses. She had gazed full at him, and the buzz-saw shock had ripped through Finnegan, despite her flannel skirt, her bangs, her heavy-soled shoes. Gone now were bangs and brogans. That much Finnegan had done. But flannels and horn-rims still remained.

Many girls Finnegan had known, moths to his russet-topped flame—Ruth, Sadie, Ann, Lila, Maribelle, a roll call of Venus' handmaids. But only Coralee had been interested in developing Finnegan's mental assets. Lucky Finnegan, to have been shown the danger of his flittery, frolicsome ways while still young and malleable. For such solicitude, Finnegan admired, respected and loved her.

He said, uncomfortably, "One fact is that football takes so much time."

"Tawdry tinsel," sniffed Coralee. "Sacrificing yourself for a mess of pottage."

"You're right," sighed Finnegan.

Between them intruded a black truck on legs, blotting out the sunshine. That was Gagliano. "Mess and Finnegan?" he said. "They go together, like castor and oil."

"Beat it," growled Finnegan.

"Tsk, tsk," reproved Gagliano, sitting beside Coralee. Just as solid, just as tough as Finnegan, was he, and thirty pounds heavier. A bulldozer in the backfield. He had none of Finnegan's flair, none of Finnegan's high-stepping, hip-swaying inspiration, but when the play called for a single mean yard, it was Gagliano carrying. Coralee smiled warmly on him.

"We were discussing Tennyson," said Coralee.

"Who?" asked Gagliano. "Oh, that character."

Coralee's smile dwindled. Finnegan said, in disgust, "It isn't a head he carries. It's a lump raised by a brick that hit him between the shoulder blades."

"Listen here, Finnegan," said Gagliano.

"I'm listening," said Finnegan.

"Please," said Coralee. "It's too lovely a day to spoil by bickering."

They regarded the day. A tart, tangy day. Pungent with wood smoke. Colored with turning leaves. Compared to autumn, spring is flat as a bedspread. Despite themselves, they relaxed and Gagliano arched his massive chest.

"M'm-m," he said. "Weather like this, day after tomorrow, and what we won't do to State."

"Can't you ever forget football?" said Finnegan.

Gagliano stared. "Forget football? Man, are you crazy or something?"

"Not crazy," said Finnegan coldly. "Just growing up."

"Huh?" said Gagliano.

How to explain to a hairy hippo? "You wouldn't understand," said Finnegan.

"Maybe not," said Gagliano. "The question is: Will Coach understand such talk?"

A small chill enfolded Finnegan. Coralee said, "Why should you or Finnegan be afraid of a baldheaded old man who I doubt can spell his own name?"

"Now, Coralee ——" said Finnegan, peeking quickly over his shoulder.

Gagliano lumbered to his feet, bull-big and belligerent. "Those," he said, "are blasphemous words. I love Coach. Coach loves us. I can readily see that association with you would be besmirching to my character."

"I apologize," said Coralee, prettily.

"Well—l," said Gagliano. "All right. But watch your language. Now I've got to go to class."

Coralee watched him go. She patted her dark hair. "My, but isn't he big?"

"Blubber," said Finnegan, eying her suspiciously.

Coralee met his gaze, innocent as a sleeping kitten.

Coach Higgins didn't approve of Finnegan's news. Not at all—not at all. He seemed to have forgotten that last Saturday Finnegan had been the apple of his eye, a black cinder to Tech.

"You want to turn in your uniform?" said Coach. "We play State in two days. Is that you talking, Finnegan?"

"It is," said Finnegan unhappily.

A melancholic type, the coach. Bald. Worried blue eyes. Packed around the belt a bit, but that was to be expected at his age. An unlit cigar fitted his mouth.

"A low blow," said Coach. "That is, if I believed you. You can't do it. Eight years I've waited for a team like this. Go take a cold shower, Finnegan."

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That wouldn't help, Finnegan assured him, and toed the floor. Into Coach's cubicle came the dressing-room sounds—showers hissing, thwacks on bare flesh, male voices—came the dressing-room scents of liniment and steam and old sweat shirts. Finnegan listened and inhaled with nostalgia.

"Grades, Finnegan?" said Coach.

"I'm getting by," said Finnegan.

"No bones broken, no muscles pulled, are there, Finnegan?"

"No, sir," said Finnegan.

"Then it must be a girl." Coach breathed heavily. "The best back since the Bronco, and now some teen-aged, skinny-shanked ——"

Finnegan said hotly, "It's only that I don't think football important enough to waste my time on."

Coach's cigar fell from his face. "Did you say what I thought you said, Finnegan?"

"I'll wait until after the State game," said Finnegan, aghast at his own bluntness. Outside was silence. Outside were cocked ears. The whole squad listening. Finnegan wished he had telephoned.

Coach groped blindly in his desk for another cigar. He pointed it at Finnegan. He said, his ears red, "Why, you splay-footed, conceited, ball-fumbling ape!"

Finnegan tiptoed to the door.

"I've listened to reasons for boys quitting football, and I've changed their minds. But I won't tamper with your so-called mind, Finnegan. Not when it produces ideas that treacherous, that heretical, that sacrilegious."

Finnegan opened the door.

"So you're too good for football, is that it? Not important enough for you, is that it? Every Saturday ten million people —— Finnegan, if I ever see your moldy carcass on my field again ——"

Finnegan closed the door behind him.

In the library, Finnegan found solitude and solace. No one in the reading room except a few girthy females, a pair of pallid males. No one to know Finnegan or football. Through the open windows came the autumn sun, the crisp autumn air. He turned his back on them. Full of high resolve was Finnegan, and some unease. He plodded through The Idylls of the King, jotted down notes to discuss with Coralee and Professor Brown, and reminded himself that Coach was in a pigskin-lined rut.

When the sun went, Finnegan's appetite came. Normally there would have been the training table. Now there was only the student cafeteria. Finnegan was fairly well heeled. He had spent the summer in the Texas oil fields, where money is as abundant as mesquite. Nevertheless, he scowled over his cafeteria bill. A light snack Finnegan had taken—two small steaks, a double order of mashed potatoes, beans, stewed tomatoes, three chunks of corn bread and a wedge of coconut pie. An appetizer. A mere come-on to his peptic juices. Finnegan looked at the thin dark slabs on his tray, thought of the juice-dripping, thumb-thick steaks at the training table, and Finnegan sighed.

At a corner table was Coralee, cute as a calico kitten without her horn-rims and with a new hairdo and her dress off her shoulders. Finnegan looked twice. Buzzing around her were several Sigma Chis and a trio of Dekes. And Gagliano. Under Finnegan's warm glance, they melted away like the snows of yesteryear. Except Gagliano.

Coralee said, "Hello, Finnegan. Sit right here."

Gagliano said, "Oh, no, beautiful. Not right next to you. He might start chewing the tablecloth."

Finnegan spread his dishes. With Coralee next to him, the worries of the day folded their tents. He said, "What happened to your glasses, Coralee?"

"That's right, change the subject," said Gagliano. He reached for one of the hunks of corn bread, spread Finnegan's butter on it with Coralee's knife.

"Those old things? They made me look like an old hag," said Coralee. "What subject?"

Finnegan worked his knife on his steak. It was like sawing a log with a toothbrush handle. "I thought you were nearsighted. I thought you had to wear them."

"Mind your own business, Finnegan," snapped Coralee.

Gagliano spluttered corn-bread crumbs, Under control again, he said, "Now go on and tell her, Finnegan."

"You mean about my quitting football," said Finnegan. "Coralee isn't interested in football.... Leave that pie alone, fatty."

"Fatty?" rumbled Gagliano.

"Finnegan!" squealed Coralee. "Did you really quit? How wonderful!"

Gagliano knuckled his forehead. He said to Coralee, "You mean you aren't going to make him call back his play? You aren't going to bawl him out?"

"Why should I?" said Coralee.

"But I was counting on you," said Gagliano plaintively.

"Football is a brutal, demoralizing spectacle. It should be prohibited by law."

"You better not ever try to get up a petition, baby," said Gagliano darkly. "Football is a wonderful builder of mind, body and character. It develops stamina, strength and stability. To be on the team is the greatest honor Landon can offer and a cherished memory after graduation."

"Propaganda," said Coralee, adjusting certain low portions of her dress. "I read that in the Athletic Handbook too."

"Jumping Geronimo!" said Gagliano. "The Turks

(Continued on Page 173)

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(Continued from Page 171) had the right idea about women." He pushed his chair back. "And I missed out on filet mignon for this."

Finnegan's gaze followed him. A little sad was Finnegan, a little doubtful. Coralee said, "My, but he was rude. And he didn't have to rush off like that."

Finnegan returned to his stewed tomatoes.

The next day held no horrors for Finnegan. No groups demonstrated, none mentioned lynching, no one talked of tar and feathers. Finnegan was a bit disappointed. His sociology professor spoke to him after class in general terms on team spirit and school loyalty. His economics professor told him that free enterprise was one of man's greatest creations. Hopefully, Finnegan waited comments from Professor Brown. Brown remarked in class that Coralee's work was not up to normal, but that Finnegan's had improved.

As for his fraternity brothers, they uttered harsh words to him about duty and the effect on the pledges. In retaliation, Finnegan locked his car in a garage and put the key in his pocket. The car was a lush convertible he had jockeyed from a busted wildcatter in the Panhandle. That afternoon the brothers held a conclave and agreed unanimously that a man is entitled to live his own life.

Which was all Finnegan desired.

Finnegan called upon Professor Brown in his office. Help was what he wanted, Finnegan said. Some suggested readings that might broaden him. An expansion of his limited horizons, said Finnegan.

A scholar, Professor Brown. Studious. No time for frivolities. He said, gravely disbelieving, "You mean you want extra work, Mr. Finnegan?"

And a lot of it, Finnegan told him.

Professor Brown pulled his chin. A strong, solid chin. Solid shoulders, big as Finnegan's, went with that chin. He said, "This is somewhat unusual from a student of your caliber, Mr. Finnegan. If you are worried about passing my course and this is an attempt to—er ——"

Oh, no. This wasn't apple polishing. This was serious.

"Odd," said Professor Brown. But he wrote down half a dozen titles. "And if you stumble upon anything a bit too puzzling, I will be glad to help you, Mr. Finnegan. Any time. I am interested in your efforts."

One of the best, Brown. Honorary degrees. Books published. But not stiff. Not locked in an ivory tower. "Thank you, sir," said Finnegan.

Let those other meatballs sweat their implied brains away on the football field. Not Finnegan. Finnegan was going places.

Finnegan was going to the library to meet Coralee. The sun was gold, the sky was turquoise. Underfoot, the fallen leaves crackled like parchment. Gagliano passed, going to practice.

"Great day," said Gagliano, who apparently bore no grudge.

"The best," said Finnegan.

Gagliano looped a huge arm around Finnegan's shoulders. "Why did you do it, pal? It's not like the old Flash. Maybe if I talked to Coach ——"

"No use," said Finnegan. "My days of juvenile antics are past."

The arm lingered thoughtfully around Finnegan's throat before removing itself.

"Coach has us working on a new play. It's a sweetheart," said Gagliano.

A cloud passed over the sun. "How does it go?" asked Finnegan, smiling bravely.

"You can watch it tomorrow," said Gagliano. "With the rest of the public."

Finnegan clamped his smile and continued to the library. He struggled, but his thoughts strayed to such matters as cleats gripping turf, Coach's raw voice bellowing, a football against the sky, half in shadow, half in sun, coming down to nestle in his arms.

Kid's stuff. Grow up, Finnegan.

Coralee was waiting, bright as spilled paint against the dark arched entrance to the library. Bright skirt. Yellow sweater. Hair loose and sunshine in it. *A week ago she was a mouse. Now look at her. Sparkling like two carats set in platinum.*

"Holy tops!" said Finnegan, feeling an ache for Gagliano with only a lot of sweating beef waiting for him. Then he said, "That sweater. Isn't it a bit—er ——"

"Form fitting?" said this hitherto scholar. "Of course. Like it?" Smoky eyes, half hidden by long lashes, watching Finnegan, questioning Finnegan.

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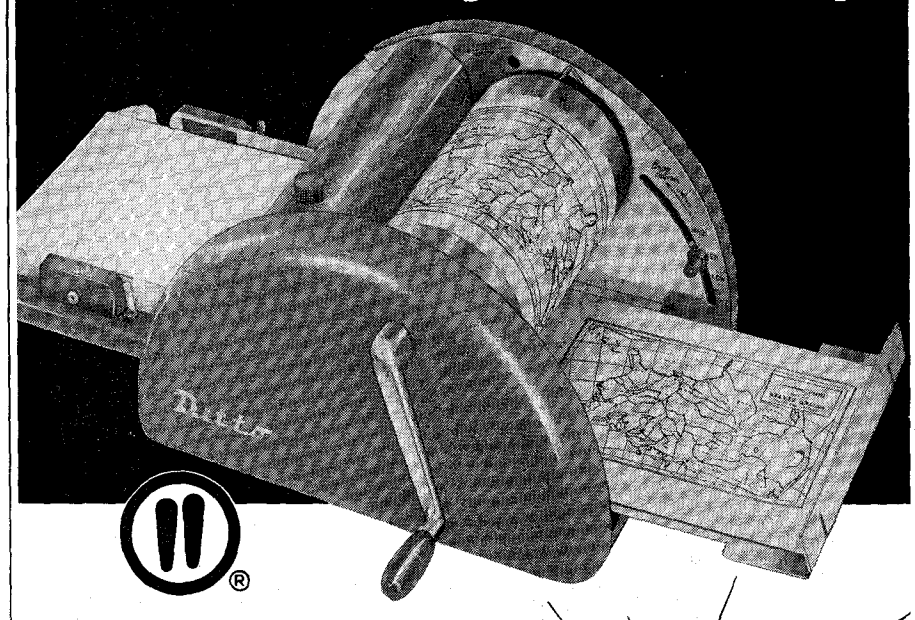

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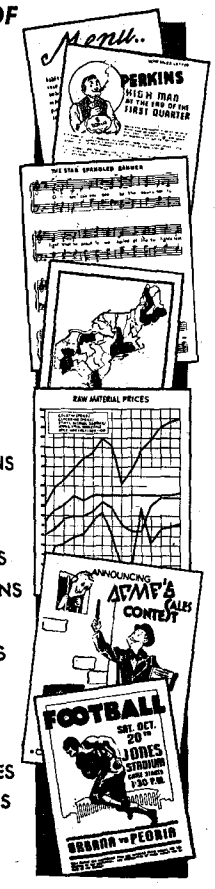

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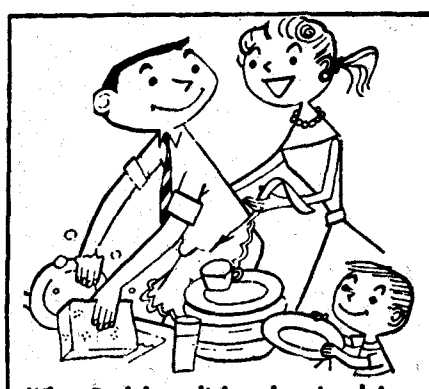

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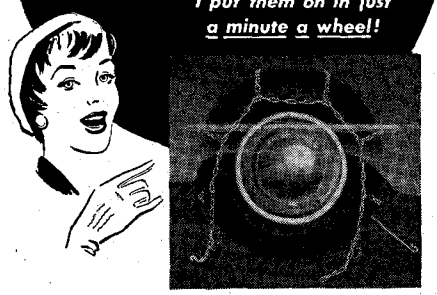

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JOLLY TIME BEST POPPIN-BEST EATIN' POP CORN

Finnegan's plans had been bookish. But Finnegan was male, Finnegan was tempted, Finnegan pulled this provocative changeling under the archway and kissed her. Kicked shins, Finnegan expected in return; maybe a black eye, maybe worse. Finnegan was willing to take his rocks. Instead of resistance, he encountered enthusiasm.

It was a long, lovely and slightly scalding moment.

"Goodness gracious!" gasped Coralee when he had released her. "My, but you're strong, Finnegan."

Finnegan located his breath. "Let that be a lesson. Keep your glasses on and wear less stimulating clothes."

"I thought they were nice too," said Coralee. "Kiss me again, Finnegan."

He did.

"And again, Finnegan."

"Hey," said Finnegan, moving into open sunlight on shaky legs. "There's such a thing as too much co-operation. We're supposed to study. In the reading room."

"You aren't being fair, Finnegan," pouted Coralee. "You've roused me, and now you're going to let me down. Why, Finnegan, I've never kissed a boy before."

That, said Finnegan, was wonderful and unbelievable and much to be desired. Then he wiped his forehead.

"Men!" said Coralee, her eyes smoky as a brush fire. "You've made me aware of the big, thrilling, muscular darlings. I can even understand and sympathize with those silly little idiots who shriek and shrill over a football player with sand between his ears."

"Don't say anything you'll regret later," said Finnegan, trembling at what he had wrought.

"But I love you for it, Finnegan," said Coralee, and he relaxed. "You're strong and you have brains also. Only I can't study today. I've an appointment to have my hair washed and set."

It was in much better shape than a week ago, he told her, and it had been good enough for him then.

"Silly," said Coralee. "But we have all tomorrow afternoon. And, Finnegan, two boys asked me to the game."

The dirty things that were done behind a man's back, said Finnegan.

"As if I'd care to see a football game. Besides you're the only one I ever want to be with."

"That's my girl," said Finnegan.

It was the next afternoon, a zesty October afternoon of breeze and bosomy white clouds. Finnegan sat in his convertible beneath a bough with a book of verse and Coralee. The verse was Tennyson. From the bough drifted an occasional ruddy leaf to rest on the open pages. An idyllic moment. Properly pastoral. But Finnegan was restless. They were parked near the Chemistry Building. For a clamorous hour, they had been handicapped by honking cars, en route to the game, with passengers shrieking and multicolored streamers flaunting from hub cap and radiator. Now it was almost game time, and the charivari came from the stadium instead.

The first step is the hardest, Finnegan. Think of the future. Think of Coralee's newly saved and lovely head trustfully resting on your shoulder.

Grimly Finnegan read, "'*It little profits that an idle king* ——'"

Beneath his right ear, Coralee murmured, "Speaking of idle kings, isn't that what you are, Finnegan?" She was wearing a green tam and a cardigan. Also her horn-rims. For that latter, Finnegan was grateful. He had dedicated today to the improvement of his mind. "An idle king, his minions doing hopeless battle in his absence?"

Reprovingly Finnegan said, "We agreed not to mention the game."

"I'm sorry," said Coralee. She inspected her flame-tinted fingernails. "Read some more, Finnegan."

Finnegan read, "'—— *matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole unequal laws unto a savage race.*'" He paused. "Unequal laws? That's undemocratic."

Said Coralee, lost in the silvery circle of her compact mirror, "Maybe Tennyson was a Tory. You can ask Professor Brown in class Monday."

A sudden outraged tumult was born to them on the brisk autumn air, informing Finnegan that the teams were taking the field. Homesickness smote him. At this moment the stands would be on their feet, the blaring bands would rend the air, the pretty, short-skirted cheer leaders would be delirious dervishes. He said, "Let's go ask him now. Any time I was puzzled, he told me. Besides, it's too noisy here."

They found Professor Brown in an easy chair before a television set, with cheese, crackers and two beer cans on a small table beside him. He regarded his visitors unfavorably.

... ...

Tongue Of His Own

By Lucretia Penny

Timmy patted
A cat today
And Timmy, as usual,
Had much to say;
Not in English
Or French or Greek
Or any tongue
That others speak.
What Timmy jabbered
None of us guessed,
But the cat sat listening
And seemed impressed.

... ...

"A vague passage in Tennyson!" he said acidly. "Who cares, Finnegan, when State has the ball on our ten-yard line?"

Finnegan apologized. He had not realized, said Finnegan humbly, that a scholar's interests could include football.

"Why shouldn't I be interested? I played it for four years here at Landon."

Finnegan goggled. Coralee gasped.

Modestly, "I even made somewhat of a reputation in the 'Twenties."

Knowledge came numbingly to Finnegan. "Bucking Bronco Brown!" cried Finnegan. "I never thought of you as that Brown."

This erstwhile gridiron great coughed delicately. "The penalty of a not uncommon name."

Then abruptly he snapped, "What are you doing here, Finnegan, instead of on the field? Don't you know State's pushing us around?"

"Er ——" began Finnegan, and gave a rapid summary of his reasons. They sounded sensible, until he looked at Professor Brown, who had four degrees and a national reputation and who had been the Bucking Bronco. Then they sounded silly. But Brown was no Tennyson. "It was Tennyson," said Finnegan valiantly, "who made me resolve not to waste my time on sports. With his example ——"

"Tennyson!" erupted Professor Brown. "Why don't you read his life, Finnegan, instead of drawing cockeyed conclusions? In his youth he was called the young Hercules. What makes you think great men were namby-pambies? Stout Ben Jonson, Byron, who was lame, but who still swam the Hellespont; the man in the White House right now, who used to play football ——"

Finnegan strongly desired to crawl under the rug. "I guess I was wrong, sir."

"Of course you were, you nincompoop! And what did your Tennyson have Ulysses, the wisest of the Greeks, glory in during his old age? Why, that he had '*drunk delight of battle with my peers far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.*'"

"I didn't think of that," said Finnegan humbly.

"You didn't think, period, you oaf!" roared the erudite Professor Brown.

From the TV set came a responding roar. Finnegan and the professor turned, looked and grew pale. "State," whispered the professor, "has just scored a touchdown. Blast you, Finnegan, I missed it. What the dickens are you hanging around here for, instead of where you belong?"

"I don't rightly know, sir," said Finnegan.

Outside, Coralee took off her horn-rims and put them in her purse. She said, "You heard what the man said, Finnegan."

Finnegan said, "I'll crawl to Coach on hands and knees. I'll ——"

"When?" said Coralee.

Finnegan pondered that. Then he said, "Right now. Maybe he'll let me redeem myself today."

Coralee's eyes smoldered ecstatically. "You'll be like one of Tennyson's knights, Finnegan. *Parfait* and *gentil*. Lancelot or Galahad, girding himself for battle. Will you wear my handkerchief in your helmet for me, Finnegan?"

"Holy tops!" said Finnegan.

Coralee pouted. "But I'll be watching you, Finnegan. I brought my student ticket, just in case something happened."

Coach Higgins was disappointing. He seemed not at all overjoyed to see beside him on the bench an eager Finnegan, all dressed up in a uniform, all ready to wipe out that 19–14 lead State had, with only minutes left in the last quarter. If anything, Coach seemed rather upset.

"All this and you too," he said. "Get out of here, Finnegan, before I tear chunks of rock out of your skull."

But the stands had spotted Finnegan. For nearly two quarters they had had nothing to cheer about. An irritating situation, considering the price of tickets. Now they had Finnegan and hope. They cheered him.

"Scram, Finnegan," gritted Coach.

"We want Finnegan!" came the many voices of the taxpayers.

Finnegan said, "What have you got to lose, Coach?"

"All my pride and honor and dignity," said Coach. He waggled his great hands. "If only there weren't so many witnesses," he moaned.

"We want Finnegan!" Louder, now.

Coach said, "If only my contract had another year to run."

"Finnegan-n! Finnegan-n! Finnegan-n!"

Coach said, "If only I didn't have three children to clothe and feed."

"Flash Finnegan!"

"The cry of the people who pay my salary," said Coach. "Get in there, Finnegan, but if we still lose, with my own bare hands ——"

Finnegan was gone.

In the huddle, they looked at him. Sweaty, grimy, weary, they looked at Finnegan, and their eyes brightened. "Our wayward one is back," said Gagliano, but his was the only comment.

"Seventeen," said the quarter, which meant that Finnegan would carry.

Finnegan carried. Fresh Finnegan, exultant Finnegan, back where he belonged, the ball tucked in his arm, that famous swiveling sway in operation, the sky alive with his shouted name.

Finnegan saw the hole. His cleats sank into the

(Continued on Page 178)

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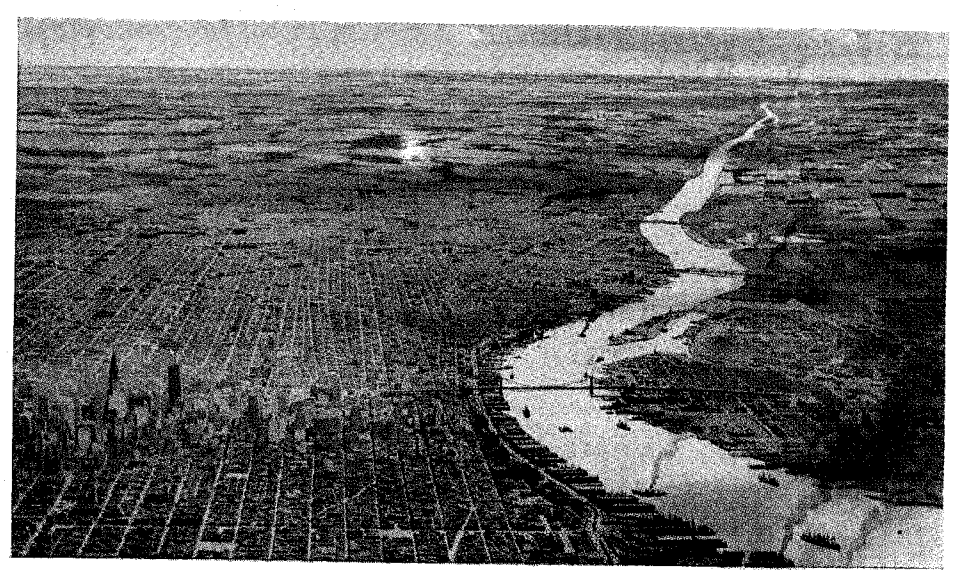

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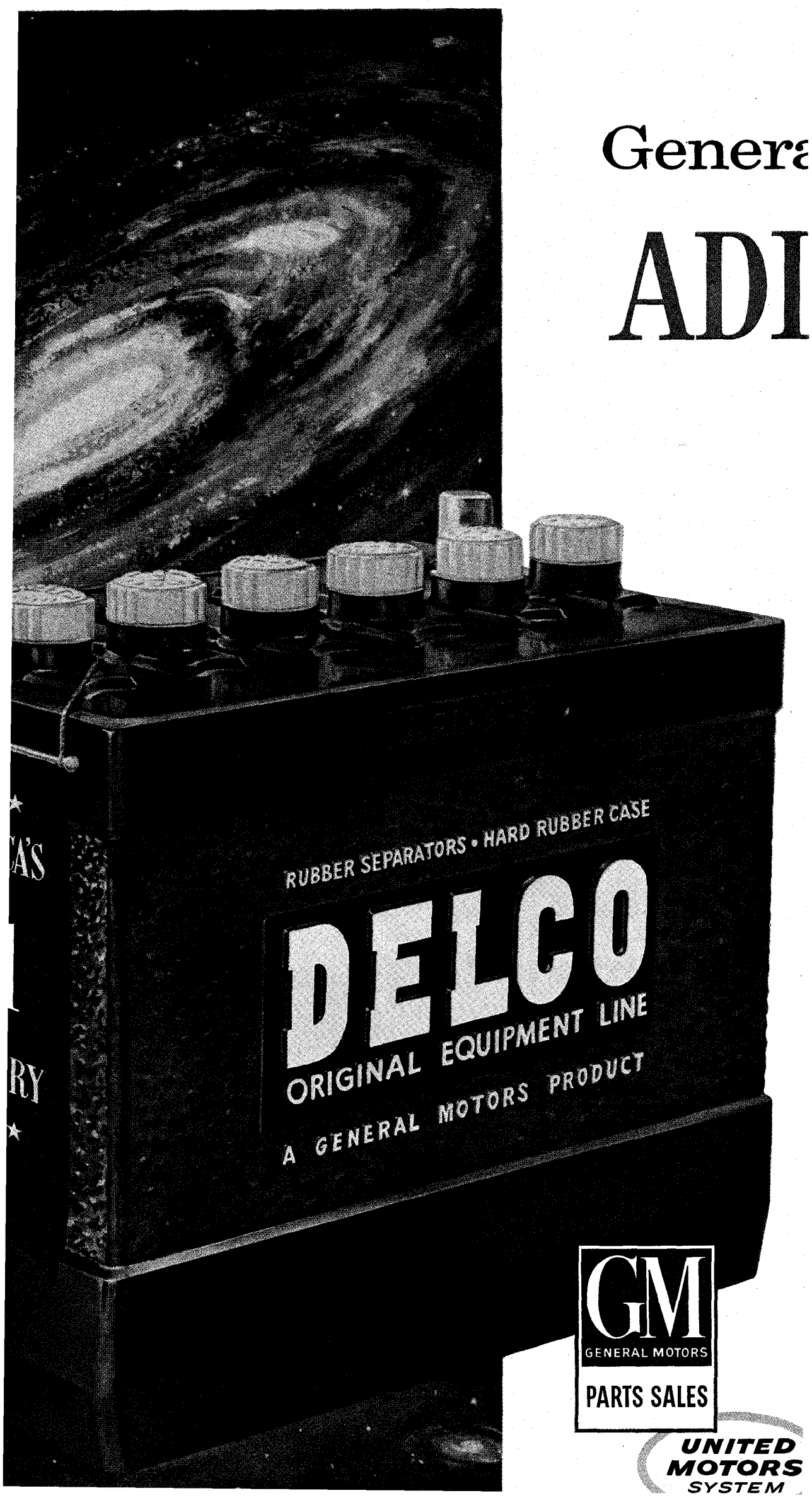

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(Continued from Page 174) ground. He drove forward, and then a locomotive he hadn't seen hit him from the right and its caboose hit him from the left.

Finnegan rose, spitting sod from his mouth. He saw where the referee placed the ball. He heard the crowd groan. No escaping it. He had lost two yards.

"I wasn't warmed up," said Finnegan in the huddle.

"Right," said Gagliano. "He's just getting the feel of things."

"You're our boy, Finnegan," said the quarter. "Ninety-three."

Which meant that Finnegan would carry again.

Finnegan lost a yard going around left end that time.

Nobody said a word. They all looked at the scoreboard. There were some thirteen yards left for a first down. There were some sixty-five yards left for a touchdown. There were some fifty-four seconds left to play.

"Thirty-three," said the quarter. That was a pass, with Finnegan omitted.

Finnegan said, "They're expecting a pass. We can try that on the last play. Give it to me again."

Gagliano said, "It might work. No one would believe we'd be that stupid."

The quarter sighed. "Seventeen," he said.

Finnegan's last bid for redemption. He took the hand-off, skirted to the left. The State tackle loomed, colossus-big, before him. Finnegan twisted, skidded to the right. The chalk lines vanished under his churning feet. A hand touched him, clutched, slid off. Something smashed into his hip and, for an instant, he was off balance. But only for an instant, for he was Flash Finnegan, Landon's best back since the Bucking Bronco. The ball under his arm, the crowd screaming his name, his interference forming, and Finnegan on his way to glory. Tennyson never had a moment like this. Hallelujah!

And then a monstrous State back, who had no business doing such a thing after Finnegan's stiff-arm, wrapped a desperate hand around Finnegan's flying ankle and held. Finnegan went up. Finnegan came down, the sky twirling around him. Finnegan hit the ground, like the stadium falling, coiling his arms tight around the ball. Only the ball wasn't where it belonged. It was bouncing a dozen feet away, for Finnegan had fumbled.

Finnegan lay there, all the misery of the world wrapping him. Briefly he thought of Coralee in the stands, gazing upon her fallen knight. But mostly he thought of Coach, who doubtless would bar him from football for life.

But the crowd was still roaring. Finnegan wondered and lifted his head.

Under the goal posts was Gagliano, big as a truck, dirty as a coal pile, and a grin on his face. Under Gagliano's arm was tucked the ball Finnegan had fumbled. The scoreboard was being changed. State, 19, it read now, Landon, 20.

Wearily, Finnegan got to his feet.

A still-living Finnegan knocked upon the door of Coralee's sorority house that night. Coach, in his rapture, had forgiven him. "A bad play that gets us points, my boy," he had said, "is better than a good one that doesn't. Report for practice Monday and let the dead past bury its dead."

That was what Finnegan wanted to tell Coralee. Also that Coach could quote poetry. He was reluctant to tell her he had decided to drop English 211 until next semester, when he would have more time for culture.

The house mother looked Finnegan up, looked Finnegan down.

"Finnegan, is it?" she said with no cordiality. "I saw you fumble today."

In a chair behind her was a cuddly blond doll with blue eyes who smiled warmly on Finnegan. Finnegan felt less moth-eaten.

"As for Coralee," said the house mother, "she has gone out with Mr. Gagliano."

Finnegan should have known. Finnegan should have seen the handwriting on the wall. Hair-do and new dresses. Lipstick and nail polish. Coralee had sensed her sex, thanks to him, and now she was playing the field.

"No kidding?" said Finnegan.

"I do not—er—kid," snapped the house mother.

Finnegan analyzed his emotions. They surprised him. *Finnegan, you shouldn't feel so gay, so lighthearted. That's no way, Finnegan, for a jilted man to feel.*

Why not? asked Finnegan. And could not think of a reason.

"Thank you," said Finnegan to the house mother, and went whistling on his way.

Halfway to his car, he turned back. *A man is only young once, Finnegan.* At the steps he yoo-hooed softly.

The door opened and the blonde came out—small, dainty, looking as if she were begging for a man's arm to cling to.

She said, magnolias dripping from her syllables, "Ah'm so glad you returned, Mistuh Finnegan. Ah wanted to tell you how wonderful you were, dropping that ole football so Mistuh Gagliano could make a touchdown. You sure fooled those State boys."

Finnegan's head went up. Finnegan's chest went out. "It called for some close timing. Too close. Next Saturday I'll just run with the ball."

"Ah'd love to see you," said the blonde.

"You will, you will." Then Finnegan said, "Do you like reading Tennyson?"

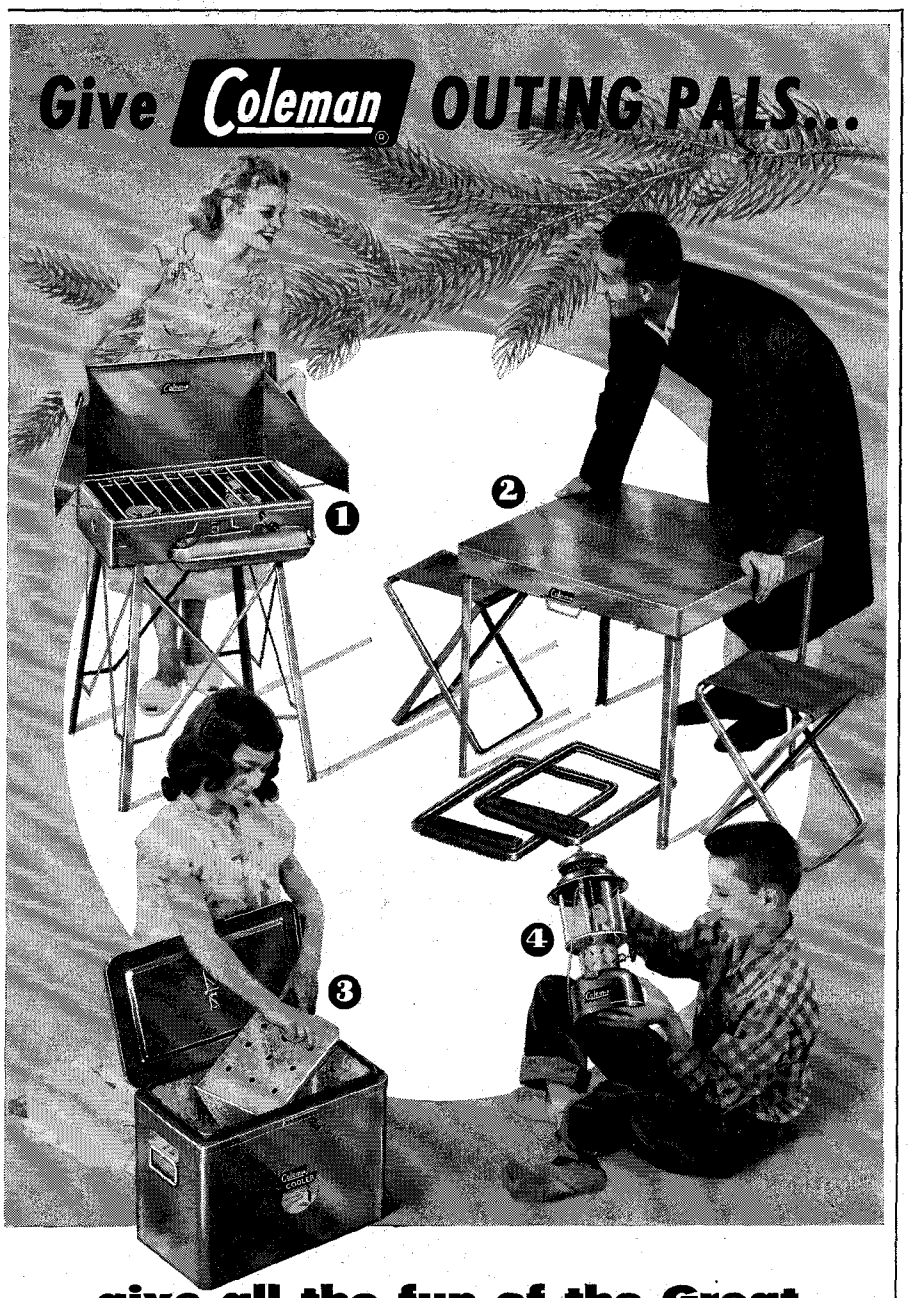
"Who?" asked the blonde.

"Good," said Finnegan. "Do you like riding in the moonlight with the top down?"

"Ah adore it," said the blonde.

"Good," said Finnegan. "Of course, there isn't any moon tonight, but that doesn't matter."

"Not in the least," said this beautiful blonde. THE END



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Yes, I'd marry you all over again—though this time I'd probably put up a better fight."

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The Golden Journey (Continued from Page 52)

He had offered Paul, the young political aspirant, the bribe of the boss's help. He had made the deal, but left a way out for Paul if, after three years ——

It was so like Jimmy, so completely like him to do this, that the wonder was that she had never suspected before. But Paul! The past events flowed over her like drowning waters. The first night he had come to dinner, his insistence upon coming soon again, his talk with Jimmy in the study before he left! Oh, how the facts fitted together! The steady pressure of his attentions upon her from the very start. His skill as an actor. *I think you could make me believe you loved me even if you didn't.* She recalled her words spoken once half in jest.

She thought of the night he had forced his way to her to brush all her scruples aside and asked her to marry him. She thought of her happiness then beyond believing, of her calling her father in all innocence as Paul listened close beside her while she surprised Jimmy with her news.

A slow scarlet of shame and of mortally wounded pride rose until her pale cheeks burned with it. She, herself, her own body, had been bargained for. Sold in the market place when the deal was made. Her anger did not reach to the dead—she knew too well the relentless devotion of Jimmy's heart—but it reached to Paul. It reached to him and consumed him in bitterness. Whatever his feeling for her now, he had been guilty of deceiving her for his own selfish ends at the beginning; of taking her love, so freely given in joy, for a price. And this she could never forgive. Her eyes fixed again on the word "copy" at the bottom of the paper.

When Paul came home that afternoon he was tired. He had come to a decision as to his course in the concluding weeks of his campaign. He was going to talk simply and truthfully about his own new desire to render honest service to his state and to do all he could to wreck intrenched evil, wherever it was found. The whole argument was working itself out in his mind. In addition to his weariness, he felt irritated. One of their own witnesses on the damage case had been taken ill. Hartwell had agreed that there would have to be a postponement. When Paul had called Sheffley to tell him, the latter had been maddeningly complacent.

"Well, now this is better, Devereux. I sort of thought you'd see things differently when you thought it over. Thank you."

"Don't thank me," Paul had snapped. "I've told you the truth. Though you may not understand what that is. Good-by."

"Sure! Sure! I understand. Good-by, Devereux."

Paul felt he could cheerfully have throttled him. As he climbed the stairs a bit heavily that afternoon he tried to throw off his burdens and think only of the fact that the barrier between him and Anne had been immeasurably lifted.

He hurried to the sitting room where Anne usually awaited him. She was not there. He went to the bedroom, opened the door and at once cried out, "Anne, darling! Is anything wrong? Are you sick?"

He bent quickly over her and then realized with a pang that she was unresponsive to his kiss. Did she regret last night's reconciliation, he wondered.

"Anne," he repeated, "are you all right?"

"Sit down," she said. "We have something that must be discussed between us."

He sank down in a chair close to the bed, his whole body taut with suspense.

"What is it?" he asked anxiously.

"Today I had a caller."

"Yes? Who was it?"

"Arno."

"What the devil did he want?"

"He had been going through the office safe. Jimmy left him the combination. He found this paper and brought it to me." She handed it to him.

Paul took one glance and then colored to the very roots of his hair. To Anne this seemed the final evidence of his guilt.

"You've seen it before of course."

"Anne!" he burst out. "This is horrible! I could kill that snake with my own hands for bringing this to you! Let me tell you ——"

"I think I understand," she interrupted. "Do you have the original of this?"

"I do not!" He fairly shouted the words. "I destroyed it at once!"

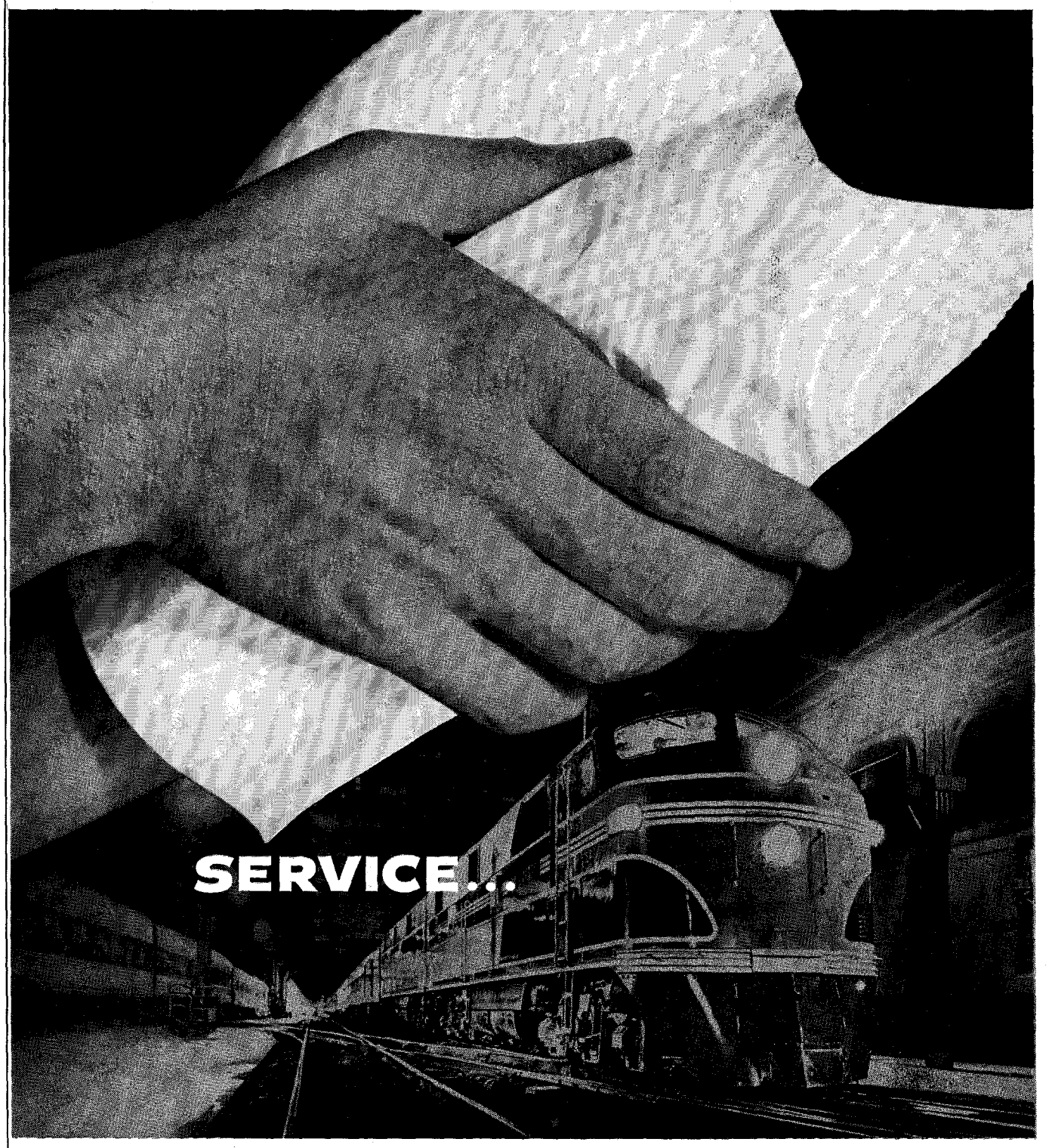
"I can see how you would. But you did have it!"

"Anne," he begged, "listen to me! I'll tell you just how it all was. Your father practically forced the other paper on me. I only took it to please him, and burned it as soon as I got back to my room. It meant nothing to me. It was all your father's idea. Oh, Anne, let me tell you how the whole thing happened!"

"I would like to hear it. From you." It was the quiet of her voice that was so deadly.

"Your father made me a proposition. If I would try to get you to marry me, he would back me to the hilt in politics. I refused flatly. He seemed sunk. He begged me to come just once to dinner to meet you. I agreed. I came. The rest you know."

"Not quite," she said, still in the same voice. "After that first night at dinner, you went to the study to talk to Jimmy before



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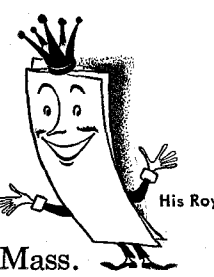
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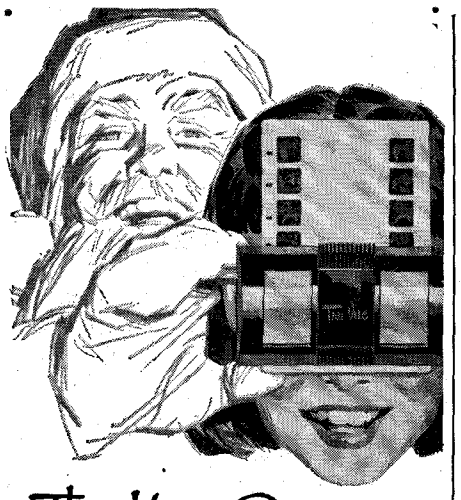

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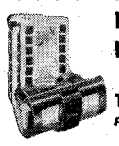

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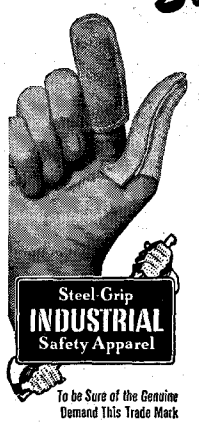

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you left. You remember? Just what did you tell him?"

Paul's look of embarrassment did not escape her.

"I told him I would—try to win you."

"You can hardly pretend that you loved me then."

"But I think I did. It's happened before. Plenty of men love at first sight. Oh, Anne, can't you let this thing rest? It was your father's desperate desire to help you that brought it all about. What does it matter how we met? The point is we did meet. We fell in love. We are married. Can't you forget everything else? Surely you don't doubt my love now. Can't you believe that I wasn't really a party to the—the agreement?"

"It is a little hard for me to believe that, considering this paper. And I have my pride."

He looked at her in a sort of anguished amazement, as though he could not have heard her aright. Then the deadly coldness settled upon him also.

"What more can I say? I've told you the truth. If, after all our months together, you still doubt me, I'm afraid that I can't give you any further proof. What do you want me to do?" he added almost under his breath.

"I've had too much, Paul. More than I can bear. Now this comes and shakes the foundations under me. It seems as though my pride, all my woman's dignity, all my faith has been dragged in the dust. I've got to have time to think it all through. I've got to be alone."

"You mean you would like me to leave the house? To go away?"

"If you would. For a while."

He stood for a moment as though stunned, then turned and went into his dressing room. She could hear him moving about. In a short time he came back, a bag in his hand.

"I hope I won't need more than this," he said with a wry smile.

He went into the nursery and was gone what seemed a long time. Then he came out and stood looking down at her.

"I know you've had heavy blows, darling. Terrific ones. No one knows as well as I do what your courage has been. I think I can understand how this last one hit you. But, Anne, you'll see it differently a little later. You'll get a new perspective. And you must forgive Jimmy for the original plan. It was his great love that prompted it."

"I have forgiven him," she said in a small voice.

"Then surely, surely you can forgive me!"

"That is entirely different. You must see that it is. Where will you go now?" she added.

"I can get my room where I used to live, at Mrs. MacCloud's, again, I suppose. I'll let you know. I would give my right arm to save you from all this, Anne, but you must try to believe me. I love you. Isn't that enough?"

He stooped to kiss her, but she raised her hand as though to hold him back. Her voice sounded choked.

"Paul," she said, "I haven't told you all. When Arno gave me the paper he evidently thought as soon as I read it I would take steps to divorce you. So he told me he—he loved me, would marry me as soon as I was free; and before I knew what he was going to do, he had put his arms round me and was kissing me. It was—horrible! I didn't know what I was doing. I struggled and used all my strength and pushed him away! I was frantic!"

Paul's steady cursing interrupted her. "I'll—why didn't you tell me this at once? I'll find him tonight! I'll ——"

"Listen, Paul. That's past. He will never bother me again. But that isn't all. Suddenly he fairly ran from me, and I found then I was—was standing. On my feet. In the middle of the room."

He stared at her as though hypnotized, and then his shout of exultation rang to the ceiling, "Anne! It's happened! You walked! I can't believe it! Just the way we thought it might come! Now it has come! You're cured! Oh, darling, get up now! Let me help you! Let me see you!"

She stopped his wild, incoherent joy. "It's true. But somehow I can't grasp it yet. All I can think of is that Jimmy isn't here to know. And that I can't even talk about it with you—the way I feel now."

He stepped back as though he had been struck. "You mean you can't share this—this with me? Your husband?"

"Not just now." Her words were very low. "I'm too wretched. Too confused."

He stood for a long moment looking down at her as though at the end of love itself. "I'll come whenever you send for me," he said, and went out without another word.

He talked with Davy in her own sitting room, giving brief, almost sharp instructions. Hackett let him out, puzzled and concerned.

"I think she'll be all right, Hackett. I needn't tell you that man Arno is never to enter this house again!"

"I would have seen to that without you telling me, Mr. Paul, and good luck to you, sir, in your campaign."

His campaign. As he drove back across the city he pushed away the torturing thoughts of the last half hour and considered it in a new light. With the postponement of the damage case, he would have now better than three weeks in which to pour himself out upon it. He would ask to be relieved at the office. He would not wait for opportunities to speak; he would make them. He would go on a whirlwind tour of the county, laying bare the evils as he saw them, calling upon the decent people to support him. He set his teeth. He would cast aside every party prop. He would now be his own utterly free agent. He would publicly disclaim all dependence on Kirkland and his machine. So, if he won, he would win on his own merits, his own principles. And he passionately wanted now to win in this way. First because it was right, but also now because then Anne might believe that his honor was unstained.

By giving his days and his nights to this plan he would, he thought, save his sanity and keep his heart from despair.

When he appeared at his old rooming house, Mrs. MacCloud fussed over him in her old fashion. "My, yes. Your old one's empty just now. I always hated to see anyone else in it."

He could not settle to work that night. Instead he paced the floor for most of it, his emotions too violent for sleep. He had no idea where Arno lived, and the telephone directory was of no help. So that business would have to be left till the morning.

He went to the offices of the Kirkland company as early as he thought anyone would be there. He found Miss Sayles alone in the inner office she shared with Arno.

Paul's greeting was brief. "I want to see Arno at once."

Sayles looked very anxious. "He's not here, Mr. Devereux. I just got a note by special messenger. He says he's left the city on a month's vacation and to carry on. He didn't even give an address! I don't know what to make of it." She lowered her voice. "I'm scared for him. You know he is mixed up with C and those gangsters. You don't think he's—he's come to harm, do you, Mr. Devereux?"

"No," he reassured her strongly, "I'm sure he hasn't. I think I know why he left town for a while. Don't worry, Miss Sayles. You'll hear from him. Can you manage things here without him?"

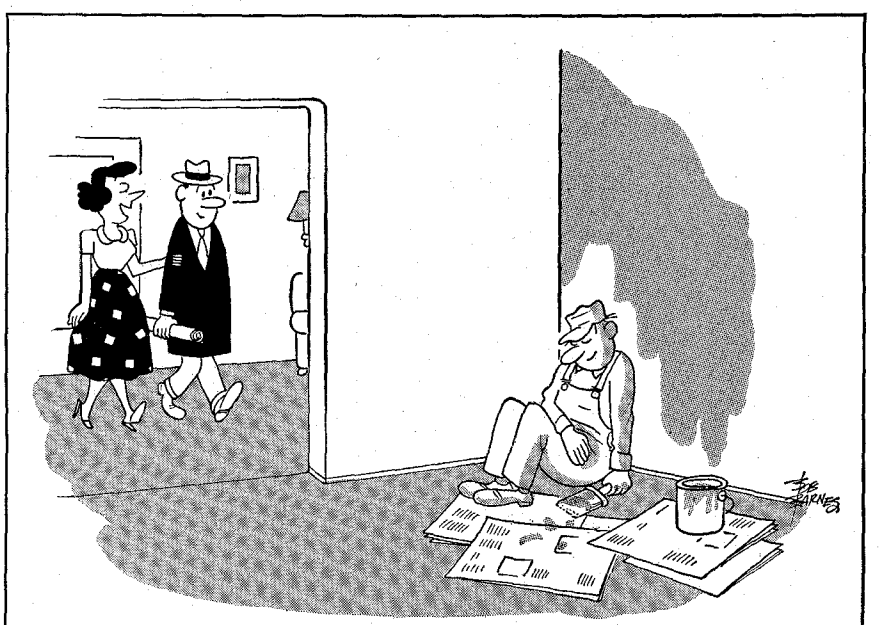
"Oh, I guess so. Hartman in the outer office is good. If anything too hard comes up for us, I'll call you."

"Better call Mr. Briggs," Paul said shortly. "I may not be—available."

Released from work at the office until the election, he started upon what amounted to a crusade. It was only too easy, now that he wanted to know it, to acquire more evidence of the corruption that was eating away at the city itself and spreading its voracious power across the country. Hartwell had many facts to lay before him; Johnny Bovard had a different but no less damning set. Paul had his own. It was all more than enough to talk about for the present; though, tight-lipped and determined, he registered a vow to probe still further after election until he had learned by his own unremitting zeal the whole truth of all that lay beneath the surface.

If the first months of Paul's campaign had drawn favorable journalistic comment here and there, these last weeks brought headlines. His meteoric swing around the county with talks to every kind of group made news. For they were not the patterned political addresses to which the people were accustomed, even with eloquence thrown in; neither were they the harangues of a demagogue. These were the fearless outpourings of a man of conviction and of dedication.

He began each time quite simply by stating that he had not known until recently that most of the money for the campaign had come (Continued on Page 182)



". . . . and I picked out the most restful color for the dining room."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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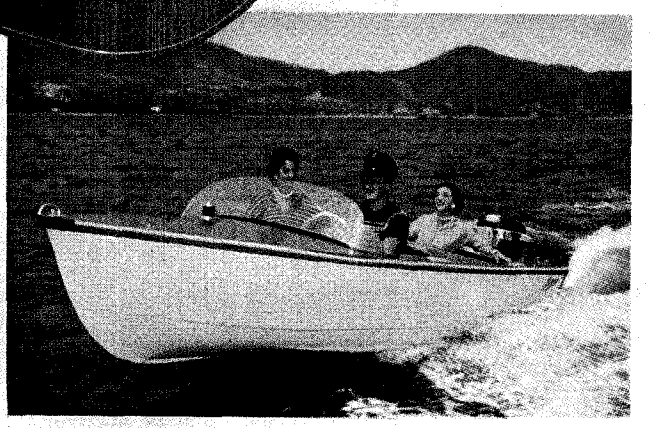

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NOW 9 MODELS — 3 TO 30 HP!

For 1956 there are *nine* Johnsons—a complete range of sizes—from the lightweight "3" to the spectacular new "30." Never before has Johnson offered such on-the-nose power selectivity!

Most breath-taking of all is the new Javelin, Johnson's custom model for distinctive outboard craft. Electric starting. Concealed controls. Holiday Bronze and Spray White, with a bright wrap-around cowling of polished stainless steel. Owner's initials available. *There's nothing like the Javelin.* It's the "crest on the family silver," "the jewel in your lady's hair." It's *fashion* in outboard boating—HIGH fashion and no mistake!

See the new models at your Johnson Dealer's. Look for his name under "Outboard Motors" in your classified telephone book.

Free! Write for your copy of the *new* Sea-Horse Booklet, describing all models.

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SEA-HORSE 30	30 hp	462.00
*SEA-HORSE 15	15 hp	452.00
SEA-HORSE 15	15 hp	362.00
SEA-HORSE 10	10 hp	321.00
SEA-HORSE 7½	7½ hp	241.00
SEA-HORSE 5½	5½ hp	216.00
SEA-HORSE 3	3 hp	146.00

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JOLLY TIME The FLUFFY-TENDER POP CORN

(Continued from Page 180) from a great numbers banker—a racketeer! From that moment on, he had rapt attention.

"And why," he would continue, "do the gangsters donate money for election funds? Because they want men elected whom they can count on to protect them."

He would go on to particularize: "Do you know that the gangsters in this state not only have a tight hold on gambling and related vices but that they are moving in on legitimate businesses? The problem that faces us is: Can we continue to exist half underworld and half upperworld?"

Remorselessly, day by day, he kept piling fact upon fact and driving them home to his audiences, begging them to rally round those men who were known to stand for clean government and, in particular, to support him in his race for senator.

The headlines in the papers grew bigger. Editorials began to appear:

> The organization will have to do something about young Mr. Devereux, who is not so well trained at jumping at the crack of the whip as the party machine would like. This candidate for the state senate has suddenly begun to speak quite out of turn, and with a force which is making certain strong men shiver at his audacity. What the result of these wild utterances will be on election day remains to be seen.

The comments varied from this near facetiousness to sober praise or sharp rebuke.

Each night, wherever he was, he called up Davy. Her replies to his questions never varied, for, of course, the most important one he could not ask. Yes, they were getting on all right. Yes, the baby was well. Yes, Anne was walking about the house and the garden, but, so far, seemed unwilling to go beyond that. After such a conversation, Paul would sit with his head in his hands while he wrestled with despair.

One morning when he was back in the office going over his mail, Johnny Bovard called up. His voice was more than exuberant. "Can I come over a minute? I've got to see you!"

When he entered the room a short time later, his face was like the risen sun.

"Yeah, bo, I'm glad I caught you in. I just heard the news last night. It broke at a party, and after that nobody talked about much else. I just haven't got the words to say it right, Paul, but I guess you know how I feel!" He wrung Paul's hand. "This is the biggest thing since D day!"

"You mean?" Paul stammered.

Johnny moved back. "What do you mean 'I mean'? What do you think I'm talking about? Anne!"

"Yes," said Paul, trying to put life into his voice. "It's wonderful! It's incredible! I can hardly believe it yet myself."

Johnny's smile slowly returned. "And I thought maybe I'd drop by tonight about the time you got home. O.K.?"

"Well," Paul said, "you go on. Anne will want to see you. I won't be there."

"That's all right. I'll wait. What night will you be home?"

Paul stammered again under Johnny's clear gaze. "I'm away most of the time. I—oh, Johnny, you might as well have it. I'm not living at the house just now."

Johnny said nothing, merely dropped into a chair and stared out the window.

"I'll tell you, Paul, if you didn't look as if you were dead and dug up right this minute, I'd maybe have a big question in my mind," he said at last. "But anyone can see you've been through some pretty little hell, all right. I thought at first it was just the campaign business. By the way, how's it going? You're kicking up the dust with a vengeance. More power to you. You're prepared to lose over it, aren't you?"

"No," Paul said, "I'm not. I still have confidence that once the people know the true state of things they'll want to reform them. You see, people just don't know what's going on. That's what I'm trying to tell them."

Johnny whistled softly. "Go right to it. You're making a wonderful job of it. Only remember that voters are a darned undependable lot." He sat still for a minute and then stood up. "If I'm ever any good to you, political or personal—well, you know I'm standing by."

Paul couldn't speak for the tightness in his throat.

Johnny turned at the door. "What are friends for, by golly?" he said, and disappeared.

One phase of his relations with Anne kept recurring to Paul with a sort of cumulative force. That was that now Anne in her own right had the wealth. Though this was not a comfortable thought, though it posed a heavy problem, he still felt that Anne could never feel he had been so low as to be influenced in his first decision to marry her because of the money. Bad enough, indeed, for her to feel his political career had been the apple of temptation. But never the wealth. Somehow he was sure she would absolve him from any least mercenary suspicion. But there was still no word from her, and he still asked for Davy when he called up, for he, too, had his pride.

During the last week Paul worked with frenzied zeal and a sort of sublime assurance in his cause. He was convinced that his last month's reform speeches, aided by the newspaper publicity, would make the victory Jimmy had predicted yet more sure. By election eve he was utterly exhausted but still confident, as he flung himself into bed, for once too weary to think of anything but sleep. When he woke he saw, to his astonishment, that it was noon. He got up hastily, dressed and went out to vote. He lunched late with Hartwell at the latter's club, but they did not discuss the day's cogent possibilities until they were ready to leave.

"I'm nervous as a cat," Paul admitted. "If a mere aspirant for state senator feels this way at election time, how must a presidential candidate feel?"

"You might know someday," Hartwell said slyly.

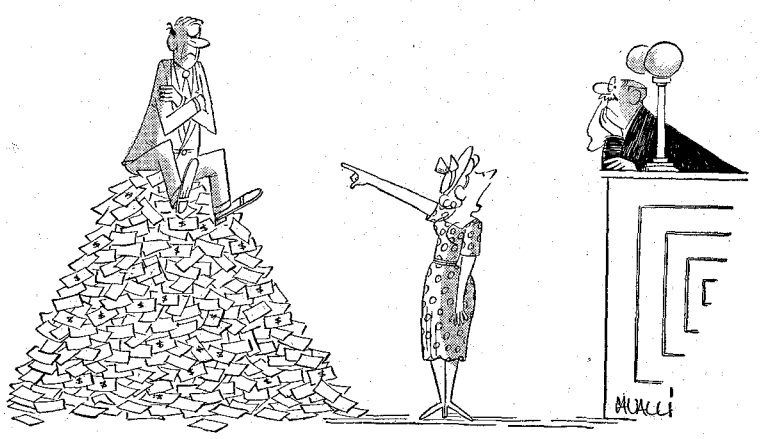
Paul laughed the joke off and then turned suddenly sober as he recalled Kirkland's long-range plans for him.

"I suppose you'll be staying round at headquarters all evening—this afternoon, too, for that matter," Hartwell said.

"Well, not quite," Paul answered. "You see, after my various rounds with Brennen, and the sort of speeches I've been making, I'm really *non grata* to the inner ring. I started out strictly on the line, and I've ended up a sort of lone wolf."

"The only thing you must not forget," Hartwell returned thoughtfully, "is that politics is a complex game. You can't go it alone. You've got to work with other people. The big trick is to find the right ones. Well, after election you can take stock again. In any event, I'm proud of you, my boy, and as the saying is, 'Good luck in the name of the Lord!'"

During the afternoon Paul drove out to West Hill, passed slowly back and forth before the house, (Continued on Page 184)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

In divorcing his extravagant wife, penniless Harry not only agreed to pay her $350 a month in alimony but borrowed $20,000 to give her in return for her promise never to hound him for money again. Ten years later, Harry had saved up $100,000. His ex-wife, having spent her $20,000 asked the court to increase her alimony allowance.

"Her three hundred and fifty a month would be ample," Harry countered, "if only she would learn to stop spending more money than she gets. No matter how much she has, she always spends more."

"Why shouldn't I maintain myself at my old standard of living," his ex-wife retorted, "now that Harry is a rich man? The twenty-thousand-dollar settlement that he made is obviously unfair now that he has a hundred thousand."

If you were the judge, would you make thrifty Harry pay more alimony?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The ex-wife got no increase. The court said it would not "penalize a husband's thrift and industry to reward a wife's extravagance." Moreover, it added, it is to the wife's interest "to let him save money which will enable him to continue his alimony payments during his declining years."

Based upon a 1951 Minnesota case.

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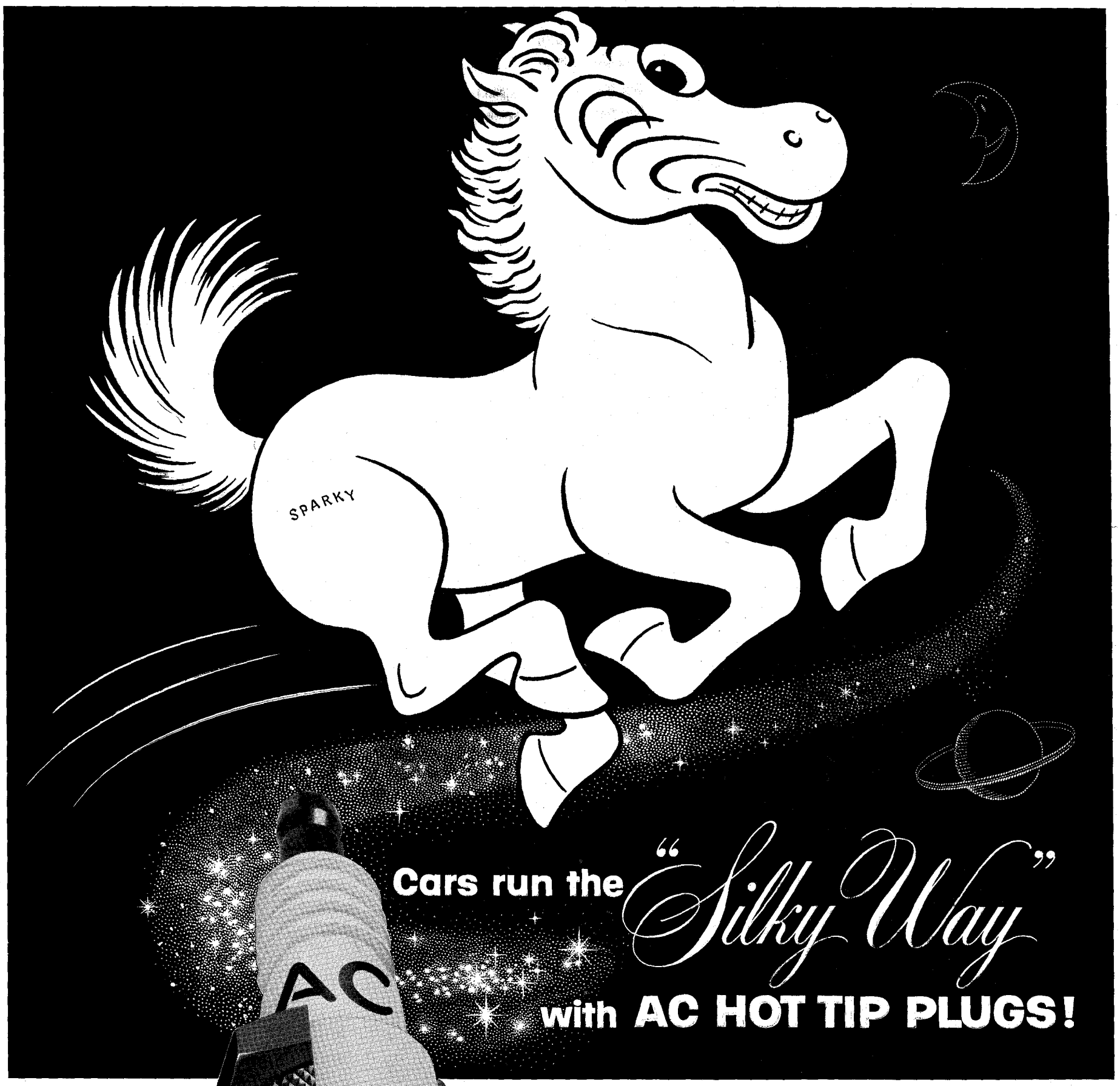

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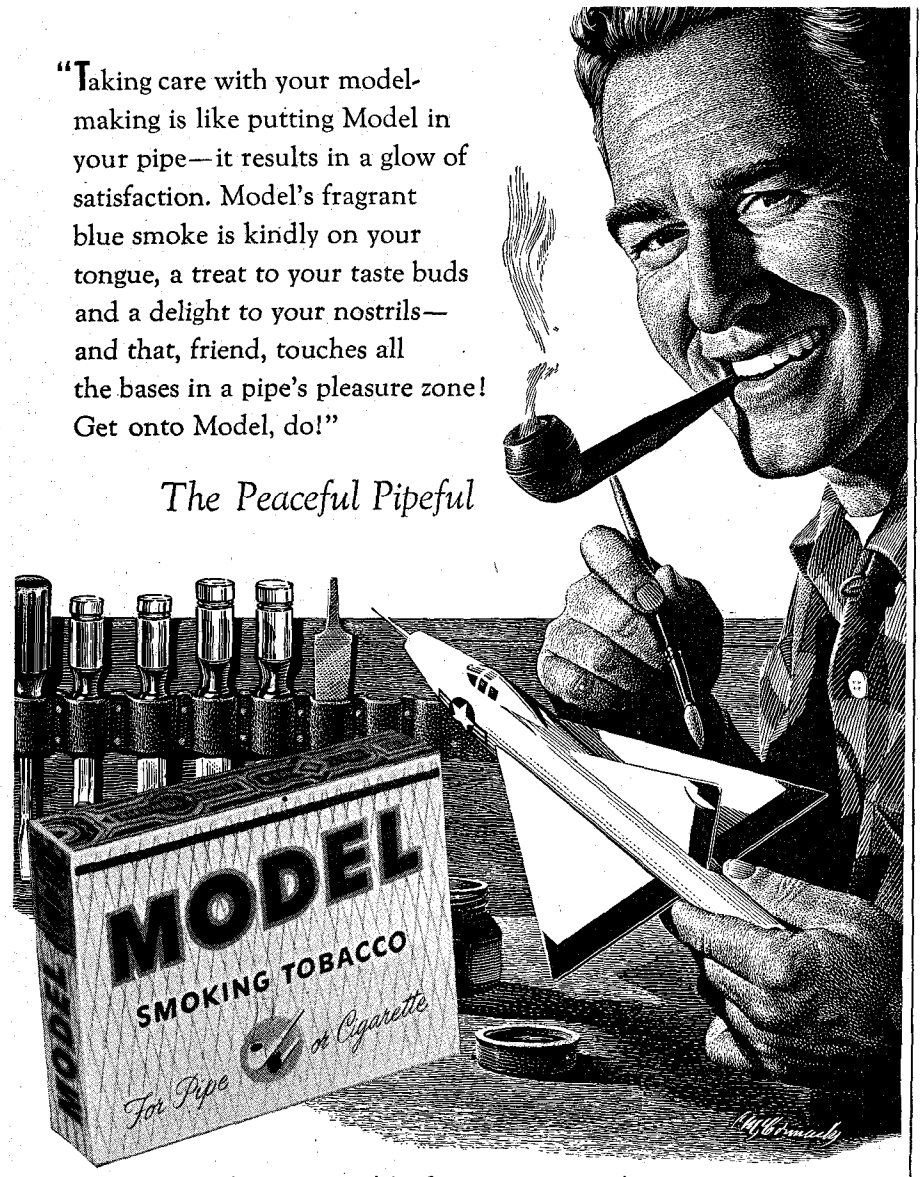
The Peaceful Pipeful



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(Continued from Page 182) and then ended up at Mrs. Catherby's apartment. She greeted him with her usual warmth, which in some measure comforted the soreness of his heart.

"Just let me visit with you for an hour," he said, "and maybe talk about the weather. It will do me good. I'm jittery."

She eyed him keenly. "You've been avoiding me a little, haven't you? I've missed you."

"I've been busy every minute. Today will tell the tale whether it's been to any purpose or not."

The old lady shook her head. "No difference how the votes come in, you've done a wonderful thing, Paul. You've stirred people up out of their lethargy. I'm sure of that from the newspapers, without having heard your speeches. You've been honest and courageous. Can't you take satisfaction in that?"

"I'm afraid I can't, unless I see results," he said.

They sat silent for some time, and then she said quietly, "Do you want to talk about Anne?"

"I can't. I want to, but the facts must come from her."

Mrs. Catherby sighed. "She feels she cannot talk about it, either, so I am completely in the dark about the new trouble, whatever it is. All I can do is to love you both. The saddest thing of all to me is that the unspeakable joy of her cure should now be clouded over. And she won't confide in me. It's the first time she's refused."

"I wish I could pour it all out to you," Paul said, "but I don't think Anne would want me to. You see how it is, then, don't you? At least for the present."

She nodded. "I'll just keep on hoping—and saying my prayers. Now, if you'll ring the bell, we'll have a good hot cup of tea and discuss the weather."

Paul felt better as he left. It was wonderful to feel that Gran blindly trusted him, as she quite evidently did, even while grieving for her darling's pain. He went into a phone booth downtown and called the house.

When Hackett answered, he was about to ask for Anne when the old man interrupted. "I'll put Miss Davis on at once, Mr. Paul," he said.

His heart was beating fast, but he tried to keep his voice calm. "Is Anne busy, Davy? Could I speak to her?"

"I'll see," she answered quickly. "Just a minute."

He waited, his hand gripping the phone hard.

When the voice came, it was still Davy's. "She is busy right now with the baby, but she said to tell you she wished you every success today."

He sat for a minute in the booth as though without strength to stand. This from her, and only this, coming out of the facts as she believed them, was a bitter message.

He got to the Bovards' at six-thirty and had sandwiches and coffee up in Johnny's room, while the radio's spattered comments kept coming over, some of them dealing with himself. By eight and eight-thirty the reports from the country and small-town polling places were coming in fast, with Paul leading. By nine, returns from larger towns and city districts were mixed, of course, but with Paul still out in front and the party ticket as a whole running away ahead.

By nine-thirty, Kent began to creep up; by ten, he and Paul were neck and neck, by ten-thirty Kent was in the lead; by ten-forty-five Paul stood up, his face tired and set.

"I'd better be getting over to headquarters now." He had hoped to make a late, triumphal entry there.

"I'll go along," Johnny said. "Good try, old man, and don't be discouraged. Just up and at 'em again."

The headquarters room was in the old Masonic Hall building. When Paul and Johnny entered, they were for a moment unnoticed. The smoke was thick, the radios blaring, the ticker machines active, the men milling about, mostly in jubilant mood, for the party ticket was sweeping the county—all, that is, except Paul's place on it—and the state as well.

Brennen saw them first and came over. He greeted Paul more in sorrow than anger.

"Well," he said, "it's not so good to say 'I told you so,' but I warned you plenty. You've lost yourself a job and us the election for the senate. It's too bad, after the way you started out."

"I'm sorry, Brennen, but I had to do it."

At eleven-thirty, Paul conceded the election and sent the customary message of congratulation to his opponent. Then he walked over to the window and stood for a moment apart, looking out into the rainy night. The wet macadam of the street was shining with a strange black depth under the misted lights. But the darkness in his own heart was deeper.

As though the elements had done their worst on election day and were now repentant, the next weeks melted into the warm, hazy effulgence of Indian summer.

Paul was tired. He attributed it to the lazy warmth of the November days, to the

"Morning, doll."

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hard work of his campaign, to his defeat. But he knew there were deeper reasons for the new lines in his face. It was his heart that was most weary, for there was still no word, no sign from Anne. One day he wrote a short note and sent it by special messenger.

Darling: Do you realize that if your father had never tried to make the "deal" with me, you and I would never have met and loved and had our child? Have you thought also that if he had never written that paper, you might never have walked again.

Love always, PAUL.

The reply came back so swiftly that Paul was shaken with hope when the note was delivered to him. But the lines were brief, without beginning or ending:

I have thought of everything, but there is one bridge I cannot cross—yet.

He knew what that bridge was—the one leading to him and to their life together. He put the small paper next his heart, though there was little in the message to warm it.

The damage case came up at last, and Hartwell and Harvey, with Paul representing them, won over Sheffley. It gave a bit of salve to Paul's wounds, especially since it elicited from Hartwell one of his very rare professional compliments.

"Good work, Paul," he said. "You have the makings of a great lawyer in you if you ever decide to give up politics. It's only fair to tell you so."

"Thank you very much," Paul answered. "I've been wondering lately if I shouldn't just concentrate on the law and let the other go hang."

"I thought you were brooding along those lines. Only natural at the moment." The old man dangled his glasses on their ribbon. "But my advice is, keep an open mind for a while. Something may turn up to help you decide."

He could not have been more prophetic. It was the first of the next week that Paul received a phone call from Doctor Rollins, rector of the old downtown church of St. John's, which stood just across from the office building in which Hartwell and Harvey had their suite. Paul knew of him as perhaps the most influential minister in the city, but had never met him, so the announcement of his name came as a surprise.

"Mr. Devereux," he was saying, "would it be possible for you to meet with a small group of men in my study on Thursday afternoon about four? We have a matter we are very interested in talking over with you."

"Thursday at four? Why, yes, that time is convenient."

If he noticed the slight hesitation in Paul's voice, Doctor Rollins gave no sign. "Good! We will expect you then. Come in through the Parish House and someone will be there to direct you to the study. I will look forward to seeing you. And thank you!"

"Now what does he want?" Paul muttered to himself.

On Thursday afternoon he all but forgot the meeting. He had been working unusually hard upon an important brief and looked up suddenly to see his desk clock at four. He jumped up, straightened his tie and hurried over to the gray-stone buildings across the way. An old verger met him at the entrance to the Parish House and conducted him to the study. The door was open, so that Paul at once caught a glimpse of the men seated there. He had time to see Mr. Bovard, Johnny's father; Mr. Barker, of the Barker Bank; and Joe Donnelly, editor and publisher of the Daily Gazette.

Doctor Rollins came forward and greeted him warmly. "Some of these men I believe you already know ——"

When the introductions were over and they were all seated, Doctor Rollins came swiftly to the point. "Mr. Devereux, we, along with many others, of course, followed the last weeks of your campaign with very special interest. We are men who, in one line of work or another, have deep roots in our city here. We have been increasingly concerned over local conditions. As you doubtless know, a year from now we elect a mayor." He paused, smiled, and then added, "To put it bluntly, we would like you to run for that office on a straight reform platform. We feel you can be elected, and we will back you with all the various resources at our disposal. While you are catching your breath, I would like these other men to amplify what I have just said."

Mr. Barker spoke first in his measured voice. "If we are ever going to clean up this city, we've got to have a man at the head who is himself completely incorruptible. I had a little experience recently with Mr. Devereux which, I think, would be relevant to mention at this point. For certain reasons, I wanted him in our own organization. While I would not say that I was attempting to buy him, that element was perhaps present in my thought. So I sent for him and offered him a salary most young men would jump at. He declined at once, refusing even to take time to think it over. I had the feeling that he knew intuitively that money was being used as a pressure upon him, and that he could not be influenced in that way. That, gentlemen, is, I think, a very important qualification for the man we are looking for."

"Mr. Donnelly?" Doctor Rollins turned to the publisher. "Will you give us your reasons for thinking Mr. Devereux can be elected if he's willing to run?"

Joe Donnelly removed his cigarette. "Well, now, I'll (Continued on Page 187)

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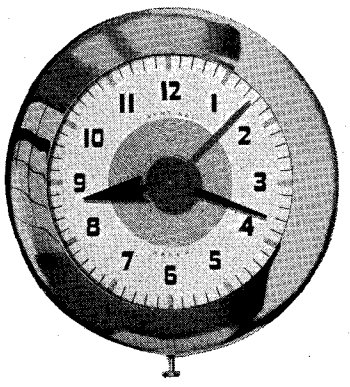

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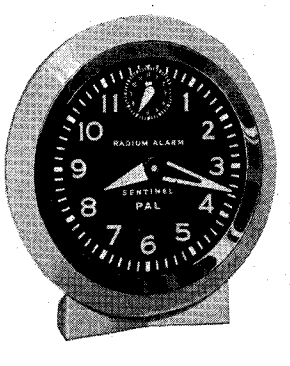

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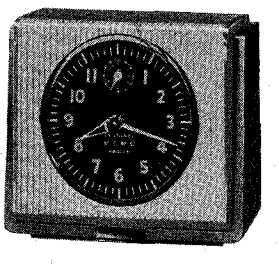
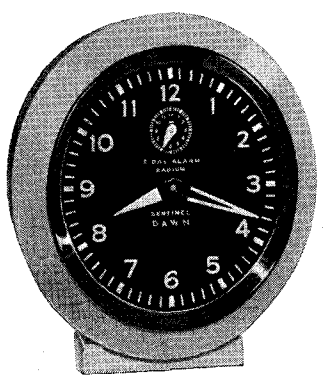


SENTINEL Memo *Chime Alarm* — Self-starting electric with unique chime bell that rings once, twice, three times, then repeats. Two toned Lustrex case. **$5.95** — luminous, **$6.95**



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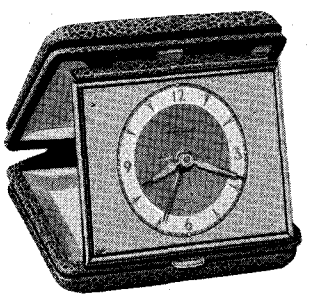

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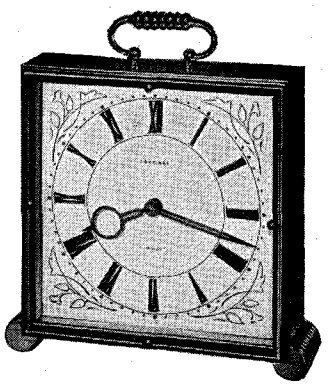

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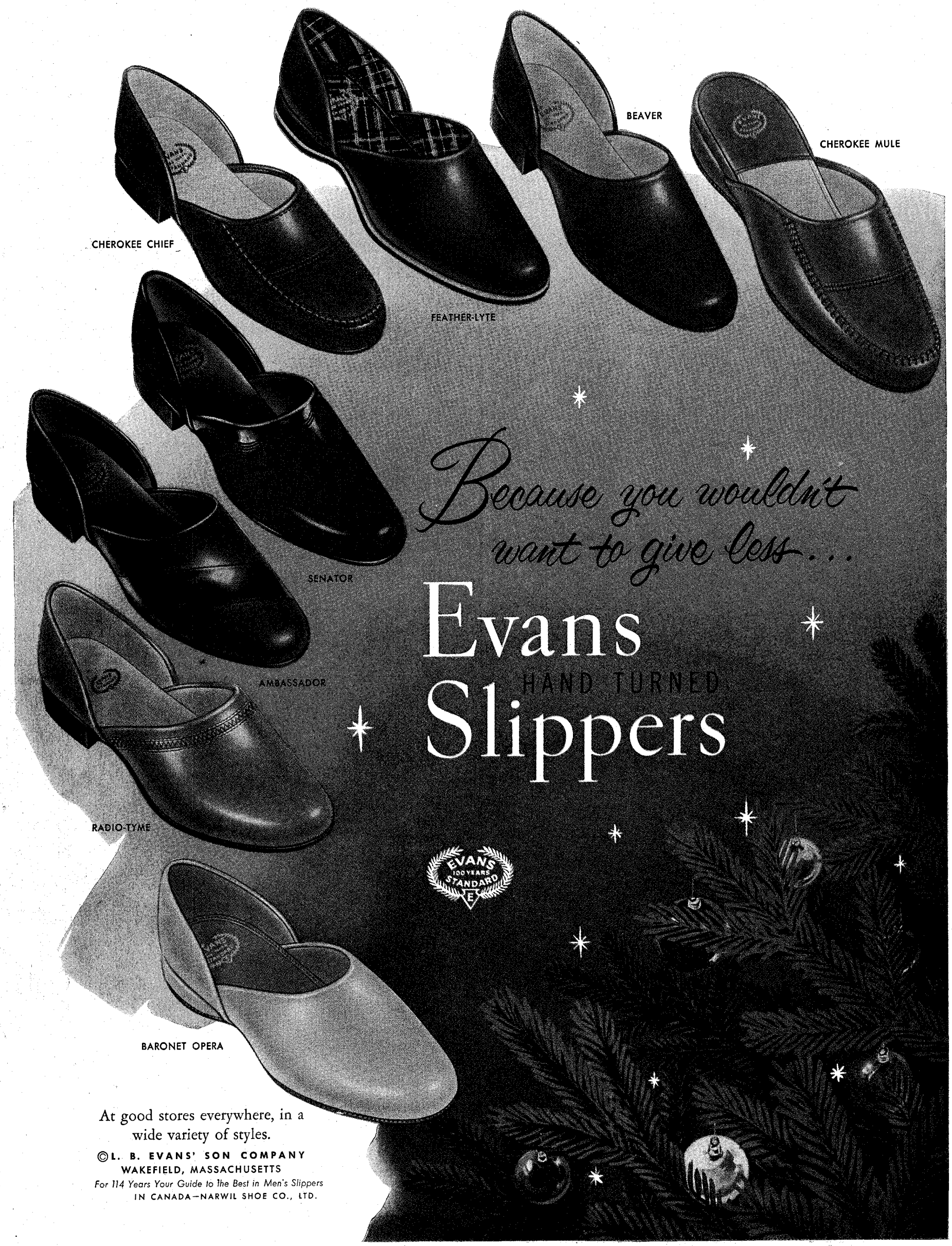

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(Continued from Page 185) tell you. As I see it from the publicity angle, just merely a good incorruptible candidate is not enough to swing this thing, even if we all get behind him. This is going to be a fight, and a darn big one. The reason I think we've got a chance with Devereux is because he's got the personality. Our paper will support him, and since our reporters get into a good many back doors, we can keep an eye on C and his rats as we go along. That may be pretty useful."

Mr. Bovard had little to say except that he felt things were going from bad to worse in the city, and that while he was no horse dealer himself, he could at least put some money on the race. The other men smiled and Donnelly clapped him on the back. The fifth man, a Mr. Walters, also said little, but the others appeared more than satisfied. He stated merely that since he had had some experience in local affairs, he would be glad to help handle the proposed campaign.

Then Doctor Rollins summed up. "Perhaps we have not been quite fair, Mr. Devereux, in letting you have no say up to this point. To be honest, we were all afraid that if you spoke at once you would refuse. Our feeling is that if we start now and work steadily for a year to build up a solid reform vote for you, you can win. My part, for example, will be to get as many church people as possible of all faiths to organize to this end. Mr. Barker and Mr. Bovard will see to the business and professional groups; Mr. Donnelly will handle the publicity and editorial buildup, and that's just the beginning, as Mr. Walters will tell you. Well"—he drew a deep breath—"I guess we can delay no longer in hearing your reaction. You know the conditions here. What do you say?"

Paul's emotions up to this point had been tumultuous: astonishment, almost consternation, with pride also in the trust of these picked men, and a hot desire to engage in this fight with them, as their leader. His lips opened to say he would, of course, need time to consider before giving them his answer. As he started to speak, he met the cold, keen, gray eyes of Mr. Barker watching him intently. It had been his own immediate decision that day in the banker's office which had won the latter's approval and support.

Suddenly, to his own surprise, he heard himself saying, "Gentlemen, I will run."

Back in the office he found a message asking him to call Briggs, the lawyer. Paul did so, mechanically.

"Oh, Devereux? I just wanted to report that Malotte is back in the Kirkland office. The woman there, Miss Sayles, has been quite upset these last weeks, but now I trust all will go smoothly until you and your wife decide what you want to do with the business. I just thought I'd let you know about Malotte."

About Malotte. About Arno. But somehow his fury was spent. He had no desire to harm him now; instead, a strange pity for the man touched him. With a gesture as though brushing Arno aside once and for all, Paul sat hunched over his desk, concentrating on the momentous thing which had happened to him that afternoon. He had just now pledged himself to run for mayor. This would be a grim and sordid fight, with no great glory at the end, even if he won, except the satisfaction of work well done. Anne had a right to know this, to be consulted. And yet, even if she opposed it, he knew he must go on. He must accept the challenge.

He sat for some time thinking, fearing, wondering. At last he rose. There was one person by whom his news would be received with joy. He would go into the other office now and tell Hartwell.

In the big house on West Hill, life had fallen into slow, patterned days. The first sharpness of her grief for Jimmy had merged for Anne into a steady weight of loneliness. She was half aware and yet unwilling to admit that she was using this natural sorrow for her father as a sort of opiate against the torturing confusion of her broken faith in Paul. She kept going on day after day, unable to see or think beyond the first facts of their courtship as she believed them to be. Sometimes in the still darkness of the night, she was overcome with shame because her love for him persisted—though wounded—passionate and undiminished in the depths of her being. But how could she take him back? How could she resume their life together when only the physical tie would be as before? When her mind and heart would constantly have in them the doubt, the great unanswered question? And the proof that he had truly loved her from the first, even with her handicap; that he had been entirely uninfluenced by her father's offered deal could be given only by himself; and the tragedy was that he was the one person she was unable to believe.

One feature of her altered life amazed her; this was her almost casual acceptance now of the wonder of her cure. It was so natural, so normal to walk, that often for a whole day she forgot she had ever been unable to do so. She still dreaded outside contacts. She confined herself to the baby, to her music, to Davy, to the upper floor of the house and to the garden. Often, with the child beside her, she sat for hours in the autumn sunshine, limp and spent with too much feeling.

She went over to Mrs. Catherby's frequently to dinner, but while it always lightened her mood temporarily, her inability to share her inner burden kept an invisible barrier between them. As always Gran had a poem to give her, and somehow this one kept recurring to her as time went on, like the incidental music of a play:

O hearken, love, the battle horn!
The triumph clear, the silver scorn!
O hearken where the echoes bring,
Down the gray, disastrous morn,
Laughter and rallying.

At first, as she read from the slip of paper Gran had pressed upon her one evening as she was leaving, Anne felt the lines were oddly chosen for her, but gradually she understood the implication as Gran had subtly meant it. She, the woman, the wife, must take the initiative; must call out to her love the sound of triumph; must show faith in the ultimate "laughter and rallying," after the morn of disaster. But she sighed with the hot tears on her cheeks. She had no faith.

It was Sunday, and old Hartwell was coming to dinner. It had been upon sudden impulse that Anne had called to invite him, and he had accepted with a touching alacrity. As she dressed she wondered what news he would give her of Paul. She would ask nothing, of course, but it was inevitable that the old man would mention him. She wondered how much he knew of the estrangement. But since Paul had evidently confided no facts to Gran, it was unlikely he would do so to Hartwell.

When she entered the library, Hartwell was already there in his immaculate linen and finely tailored black. He rose stiffly to meet her, tried to be casual, but the first expression of shock remained on his face.

"You have been ill, my dear," he said gently.

"Not ill," Anne replied, "only tired and very, very sad. I'm so glad to see you." A little flash of her old impulsiveness made her add, "Even gladder than I expected to be."

"There couldn't be a nicer welcome and I assure you the feeling is mutual."

They talked then over their sherry of the baby, of the weather, of Mrs. Catherby, who was to have come, but was detained by a cold, and gradually of the election. Anne listened, but said little. The generalities continued during dinner, until it seemed, when they were once again in the library with their coffee, that there was nothing more of safe content left to discuss.

Suddenly, as though nerving himself for something which took courage, Hartwell set down his cup and leaned forward.

"My dear," he said, "I am very anxious about Paul."

Her face stiffened, but she did not reply.

"I have not asked him about his personal affairs this time. His face forbade it. But I did once before when he looked as he does now.

"When was that?" Anne said quickly.

"It was before you were married. Before you were engaged. I was at his rooms to dinner. I had known for weeks that he was suffering, so I made so bold as to ask if he cared to confide in me. He did so. That's why I'm anxious about him now. He looks the same as at that time."

Anne's voice was not steady as she spoke. "What did he tell you then?"

Hartwell looked up in surprise. "Only what, of course, now you know."

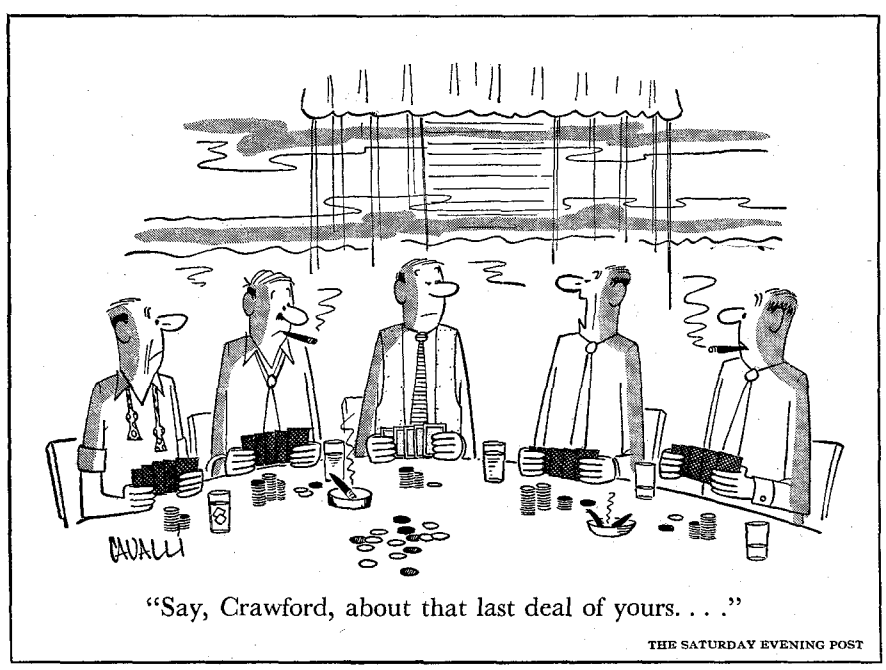
"Please tell me. You can't understand how important this may be to me!"

"Well," he said, "your father had made him a sort of offer to help him politically if he would try to marry you. This was offensive to Paul and he told him so. Later, however, he met you and fell in love, but at this time of which I'm speaking, you were refusing to see him and he was quite in despair. I advised him not to give up—to keep trying."

Anne had sprung from her chair and dropped on her knees before the old man, her arms about his waist.

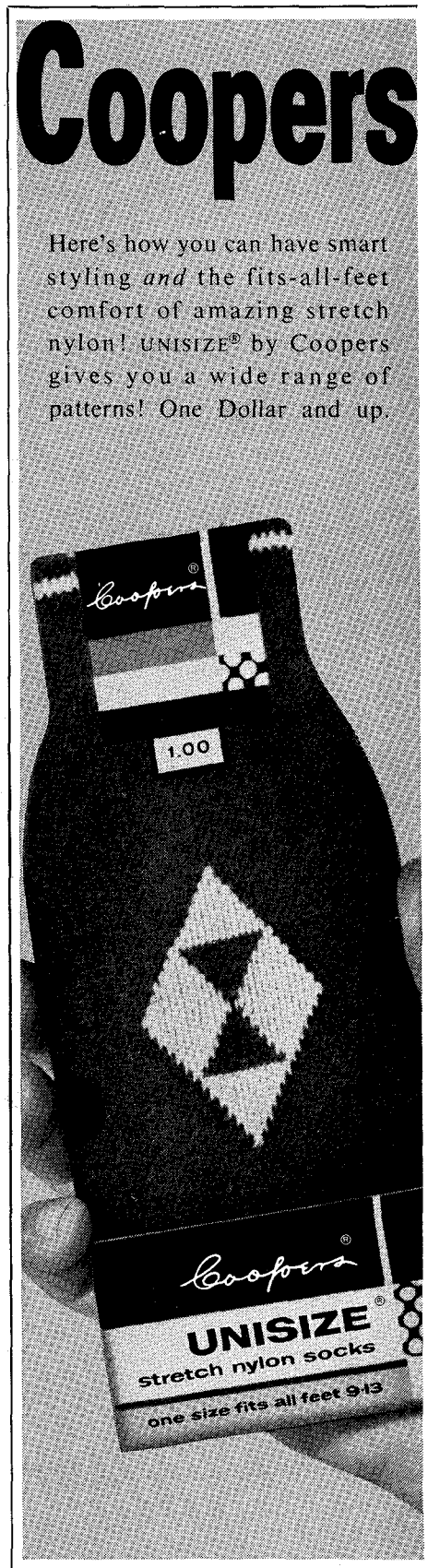
"Oh, tell me everything!" she implored. "Everything! This is life or death to me!"

His astonishment was evident, but he touched her gently. "Why, my dear, I had no idea I was saying anything new to you. I don't remember the rest of the conversation, except something I said of which I'm not too proud now as I recall it. I could see, of course, the tremendous advantage to him in a family alliance with—well, with the state boss, so I asked him if his love for you



"Say, Crawford, about that last deal of yours. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST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was entirely independent of his affairs with your father."

"Yes?" Anne breathed.

"He said, 'Completely! Utterly!' I remember the words."

She was on her feet, and the old man had the impression of a winged thing poised for instant flight.

"I must talk to Paul at once, if I only knew where to find him."

"He's working in the office all afternoon. I just saw him before I came. You can call him there."

"I must go to him," she said, and the look in her eyes made those of the old man mist over. "Won't you just wait here and read—and stay on to supper, so Paul can see you too? And forgive me now. I must hurry! I must go!"

She was out of the room. Hartwell could see her running up the stairs, running down in a moment in hat and coat. He could hear her leaving the house and in a moment the sound of her car in the drive.

He was still amazed and a little confused over what had happened, but one thing was clear. He, old, barren and childless, who loved them so, had somehow fathered their happiness. "*Nunc dimittis*," he murmured softly, leaning his head for rest against the back of the chair. . . .

Anne drove as fast as she dared. She parked in front of the office building and found the outer door unlocked. The elevator, of course, was not running, but she scarcely knew she was climbing the stairs. On the third floor she stopped, breathless, before the chaste lettering of HARTWELL & HARVEY—ATTORNEYS AT LAW. She opened the door softly. Paul sat at his desk, his face thin, lined and intent upon his work. She went a few steps farther and he looked up.

He rose slowly, unbelievingly. She came close and laid her head against his breast. For a long time they stood speechless, feeling the rapture of each other's nearness—the touch, the kisses.

At last she looked into his face. "Can you forgive me? Will you come back?"

His voice broke with tenderness, "My darling, I've never really been away!"

He sat down, drew her to his knee and held her close while they talked of all that had happened during the weeks of their estrangement, to this very day. He told her, then, of his new plans, hesitating, as he repeated his promise, to run for mayor. But Anne made no objection. They both knew that all the depths of their hearts, as yet unspoken, would be revealed later in the tender hours of darkness.

At last they rose to leave. At the door, Paul looked down at her.

"Darling," he said, "I must warn you again. This may not only be a rough road I'm to travel but it may lead to a dead end at that."

"I don't think so," she said. "It may be only the beginning. But whatever it is"—and the light on her face blinded him—"I will be with you all the way."

They went down the stairs and out into the late-afternoon light. As they approached the car, Anne laid a hand on Paul's arm as she looked across at the open door of St. John's.

"It's Evensong," she said. "I'd like to go. Today, after all that's past, wouldn't it be—fitting?"

"Very," Paul answered. "I would like it myself."

They slipped quietly in somewhere near the back, for the service was already begun. The rich windows had caught the last embers of the day; the far white altar stood fair with its tapers and flowers. Anne and Paul knelt close, their hands clasped, their thoughts at first a mingling of their own happiness and the peace of the holy place. Then suddenly the words of the ancient Order for Daily Evening Prayer struck their hearts and echoed there as though spoken to them alone:

"O Lord, save the State.

"*And mercifully hear us when we call upon Thee.* . . .

"Give peace in our time, O Lord.

"*For it is Thou, Lord, only, that makest us to dwell in safety.*" THE END

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"The one I have is a little too shrill."

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Uncle Sam's Big Pay-Off

(Continued from Page 31)

But there are anxious letters and sad ones. And it lightens and brightens the job that there are also funny letters: From the man who wanted a new card rushed "because I need it to obscure my job with." From the man whose card "was stolen or picked" in spite of the fact that he was "in a sobber state of condition." From the woman who thinks Social Security can be turned on like electric service. "I would like to draw Social Security for the coming five months, taking effect the 10th of December," she wrote briskly. "Due to circumstances beyond my control, I have become pregnant."

There is a steady stream of letters asking the big social-insurance agency to locate someone. With nice economy of words, one letter painted the picture of a man who finally broke under a great common burden. Many will know how he felt. Said the letter:

"Dear sir: I have a cousin of mine who is missing for three years. He went away to pay his income tax and never showed up any more."

The assumption that Social Security is on familiar terms with all its millions upon millions of clients brings in letters like the one from Millie. "Please get in touch with

> The high marriage rate among air-line stewardesses may be due to their meeting so many attractive men who are strapped down.
>
> FLOYD R. MILLER

Dan, my husband," she wrote, "and tell him to call or write home right away, the bathroom is out of order, water is leaking under the house. I don't have money to fisk it. Thinks."

Social Security and the Railroad Retirement Act are correlated. It may be necessary to decide which fund pays a wage earner's survivors. So a standard question is asked: did the wage earner ever work for a railroad? To many, the question seems odd. To one widow it seemed entirely natural. "My husband never worked for a railroad, ever," she wrote. "You must be thinking of his brother, Willie."

Social Security knows a Willie or two, she was right about that. In Smiths alone, they've got some 32,000 Wills, Willies, Williams or Bills. But Social Security doesn't know all its clients personal-like, as you might say—not as well as the widow seemed to think.

Name changing produces a lot of mail, including this little lament: "Sir: I was living here under another name on account of a woman. She said to go under that name. Which she has gone and got me into a mess of trouble under that name. So please sign my card in my right and lawful name."

"Dear sir," one woman wrote impatiently. "As you was asking why wasn't my name the same on Item 1 and 3. So as you may know. People are always getting married. Arn't they? And that is exactly what I done."

People sure always are, and it is tough to keep up with some of them. An impulsive Texas girl asked for a new card on February second because she had just married. She wrote next to ask for the old card back "as I am no longer married." That was on February third.

Or they don't quite get married, and it takes several letters to find out just what the deal is. When an insured wage earner died, in the Southwest, it appeared he had a common-law wife to whom benefits should be paid. But Rosa, the lady in the case, said the relationship was purely informal and for fun. "I was just room here," Rosa wrote, "and he was my boy friend. Because I *have* a husband."

A widow's right to receive benefits sometimes is beclouded by a previous marriage. In Lucy's case, Social Security needed assurance that Lucy's first marriage, to Frank, had terminated in some definite way. Lucy wrote back that it was definite enough.

"You want to find out how my marriage to Frank ended. Well, sir, I DEVOURED him. Signed with my own hand, Lucy."

Another widow, hoping for benefits as the survivor of Husband No. 2, needed evidence that her first husband was not an impediment. She wrote her mother in Mexico. Mamma replied with spirit.

"How thoughtless are the gentlemen," she wrote. "You first husband is now dead and it is impossible to dig him out of the cemetery. I am very sorry. If he were alive I would have found him and would have sent you his head in a box."

What mamma had against poor Juan, or Pedro, or whatever, she didn't say. He may have been shiftless. Some men are. As this letter makes clear:

"Dear Social Security: My husband took sick January 20 and died Feb. 27. He hasn't earned anything since."

Sometimes a mix-up is Social Security's fault. The administration got one card back with the complaint "You spelt my name rong." But a little confusion is inevitable. A Mississippian with a card in one name began using another. Asked why, he explained that his mother had just remarried, at eighty-four. Her boy, aged sixty-five, had taken the name of his new papa.

On suitable proof of death, a lump-sum payment is made to defray funeral expenses. Often something less definite than a death certificate must be accepted, since not everyone dies in bed. Social Security was satisfied in Emil's case. For about Emil's passing, to a watery grave, a witness wrote this:

"The last I saw of Emil he was pulling on the whistle frantically to signal the other boats with one hand and holding the wench with the other." They assume the writer meant "wrench" or "winch," but in any case it seemed clear that Emil was gone.

Sam's friends didn't see him make his exit, but they were confident Sam was a goner. Said a letter about this:

"Dear sirs: Everybody here is sure that Sam is dead. We and the police looked everywhere for him. He was very regular and we could always count on where he was if he wasn't home. At Johnny's Stag Bar they said they knew he'd walk in the door at 5:30 on the dot every night. But he never came that night, so I know he must be dead."

Jimmy's wife said there was no doubt in her mind about Jimmy either. She knew him. He was dead, all right, or he'd come home for meals.

"Gentlemen: I know what's in your mind. You think that James walked out on me. Well, he threatened to, often enough, but he never meant it. He liked his comfort too much and he couldn't eat restaurant cooking. If he's still alive, it would be a big surprise to me. It just wouldn't be like him."

Usually the lump-sum payment, running from $90 to $255, is to a close relative. Occasionally the expenses are borne by a seeming stranger. Then Social Security looks into the circumstances. "You were hardly more than a casual acquaintance," one man was told. "Why did you pay this man's funeral expenses?" His answer was

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simple, plain and without a trace of self-glorification.

"Well, sir, I had to," he said. "*He* warn't in no shape to do it."

What with one thing and another, Social Security people are hard to surprise. Even so, one death notice hoisted their eyebrows, for it seemed to come directly from the late lamented. It was a letter apparently asking for the lump-sum payment, and it said:

"I, Enola, died Sept. 14. Please answer and let me know. Thanks."

That line of Thomas Gray's about "the short and simple annals of the poor" is much admired. Any Social Security correspondence reviewer would observe, however, that the poet didn't know many poor people. Their affairs, financial and domestic, can be complex in the extreme. The same is true of men and women in middling circumstances. One of Social Security's widows has married nine times since they began keeping track of her. Nine husbands, all different, wouldn't present much of a problem, but she favors two men, marrying first one and then the other. And in interludes of singleness she prefers to revert to her original married name; though it has been explained to her that she can no longer claim widow's benefits.

The "ordinary man" frequently turns out to be an extraordinary fellow indeed, battling extraordinary problems. The proprietor of a coal yard was reproached for not keeping up on the reports an employer must make. He replied that he was having woman trouble, at age seventy-two.

"I would have complied long ago if I could," he wrote. "I have a wife seventy years old. My business doesn't justify me having someone just to do my writing. I can't keep a combination housekeeper and to do my work because my wife is so jealous. No one will stay long enough to learn the work. She makes them sleep in the hall or in the room with her, when we have plenty of vacant rooms. If you have any suggestions that will help, I'll be glad to co-operate."

Many a big-business executive might not be able to take the troubles which snap and yap at the little businessman. Sometimes they prove to be more than the little businessman can take. Reproved for not filing returns on time, one man—the names are fictitious—replied as follows:

"Sir: I had an accountant, a Mrs. Warren, that got pregnant. Everybody was so surprised, but she and her husband seemed to know all about it. One day she was working and the next day she was in the hospital and back and forth she went.

"She had various employers, and one, a Mr. Phillips, overdrank and dropped dead. This caused Mrs. Warren to miscarry her baby, and by the time I got my books out of this six months calamity I am surprised that any of it was reported correctly.

"I paid the accountant to do the work and she was supposed to do it right as well as the accountant who took over from her. I was very careful to get a man that time as I found out you can't do anything with a pregnant bookkeeper. However, the man I got turned out to be a preacher on the side. I finally got so discouraged I sold the damned hotel."

There are days when you can't lay up a dime, whole years when working gets you nothing much but exercise. The self-employed sometimes find themselves—in the expressive phrase of one Social Security claimant—"suffering from inability." A farmer reported that he raised a lot of hogs, sold them, and sat down to figure out his income, so he would know how much Social Security tax to pay. No matter how many times he figured it, he said, he came to the same conclusion—no loss, but not a nickel's profit for all his labors with those hogs. "Anyway," he reported philosophically, "I enjoyed their company."

"Please use the back door," a Social Security field worker was directed, "as the front steps don't exist." That is often the case with birth certificates, and establishing correct ages may be tough. If there is a family Bible, that may help. The Bibles often contain a wealth of information, crisply reported. In one, after a whole list of children born to one union, there was this terse notation: "Maw quit Paw—June, 1923."

To one woman it was suggested that her husband might have documents bearing on her age. She replied in wrath. "I dare you to write me about him any more. Please remember that I did not live with that sorry man and do not class myself with that trash. These people may be your class, but not mine."

Another didn't remember the date of her birth, but did remember the gunfire which

that event occasioned. "There was doubt," she wrote, "as to my rightful father. I can faintly remember seeing five men shot over my birth or my existence when I was around five or six years old."

Social Security workers are an enthusiastic lot, who regard the big insurance program as the happiest thing to happen to this country in many a year. Some of them have voluntarily postponed their vacations four and five years hand-running, to keep the work rolling; some field representatives put in a fourteen-hour day straightening out the affairs of men and women in remote communities. Effort like that is bound to generate friendship. Many a business house gets a good response when offering an informative booklet. But its customers probably don't enclose a quarter for a free booklet, and write, as one man wrote to Social Security: "please take contense and go and git you a bottle of beer."

The friendly feeling shows up in chatty letters full of neighborhood or personal news notes. Like this:

"Dear sir: They told me you want to get rid of a typewriting machine you all have. I would be tickled to own one. I would give you good money for it. It would be real nice to write a letter and not have to use a pensil, my pensil is always broke and the butcher knife is dull because the baby digs holes in the yard with it. I got the money left from the hawg I razed last yr. I had to use part of it when our cow got the black leg. It didn't do no good. Old Pansy dyed enyway. Yr true fren ——"

"I don't know how you figured my check," wrote a satisfied customer, "and I don't care. But I think it was largely owing to the good job you did. If you ever want a murder done, let me know." Another wrote: "Never was allowed a Social Security number before. I'll be just as tickled with it as a pig with a tail on both ends."

On the other hand, there is no telling what simple question will provoke a storm. Applying for an account number, one man failed to supply his father's name. Asked for it, he wrote as follows:

"Stranger: You can get my father's name from the county court house. I positively will not give it to you. To hell with any number or anything else as far as I care. It seems to me a lot of you people want to know too dam much that is none of your business."

There is a steady demand for advice on problems of heart and home. One sixty-four-year-old woman would in a year begin drawing widow's benefits. But she was engaged, she explained, to a man of sixty-five. She wondered: Would she be better off, benefit-wise, as a widow or a bride?

"As a wife," she was told, "you will have to be married three years before you can draw benefits."

She said promptly that she would call the engagement off. "It pays to go into these things," she said. "Three years, is it? I just don't think it's worth it."

But Social Security felt duty-bound to show her the whole picture. In the unhappy event that her new husband died after hardly more than a taste of wedded bliss, she could draw benefits after one year of marriage to him. That put a different complexion on things. Three years, no. One year, yes. "In that case," she said briskly, "I'll just go ahead with my plans to marry and thank you very much."

Now and then a little confusion develops over mothers' benefits. A young widow draws benefits of this nature, but they stop if she remarries. Even so, payments to small children go on. Little Howard's mother got a mothers' benefit check after she had remarried. She wasn't entitled to it, and sent it back, announcing her decision:

"I have married, but Howard is still with me," she wrote. "I am sending the check back and keeping Howard."

There are letters written in black despair, from those trapped in an impoverished old age. But there are others from good jaunty souls meeting old age with fine serenity. Notifying Social Security that it was time to start sending those checks, one man wrote:

"Well, the wheels has rolled around to three score and ten. I understand I shall receive a donation from our good old U.S.A. I have the enclosed number and am self-employed. I have purchased me a rod and reel and a .22 to kill frogs for bait. I have retired."

In only twenty years, Social Security has become "a basic resource . . . for most American families," in the phrase of Commissioner Charles I. Schottland. It is "the cornerstone of the Government's programs," as President Eisenhower put it, "to promote the economic security of the individual." And an old boy in Denver figured the program could increase its usefulness by doubling as a matrimonial bureau. After a Colorado disaster, it was announced that the women widowed by the blast would receive as much as $25,000, over the years. A sharp-eyed widower at once took pen in hand.

"I am at home after 4:30 every evening," he wrote, "and would like to meet some of those nice women."

A further testimonial comes from an oldster who said this mighty piece of social engineering had tided him over just fine until he found something which was more fun. Returning a pension check, he wrote:

"It is with great pleasure that I inform you that I have returned from the never-never land of retirement to the land of the living, the ranks of the employed. At 70 years of age, a bachelor, with a bookkeeper's career behind me, I am starting a new career as a salesman of household products. I am going out into the wide world and meeting the fairer sex on equal terms. I find ladies in almost every kitchen who look with favor on me, who take pleasure in inspecting my wares and chatting over a cup of coffee."

Ladies whose husbands, he added smugly, "apparently do not have the gift of conversation," though all right at earning money, with which to buy household products.

A great many of the letter writers want a general description of the whole program. In this thirst for knowledge, this praiseworthy interest in public affairs, they may even be impatient. Like this:

"Dear sir: It seems like we just get our card game going when someone starts in on politics or something, lately its been income tax and Social Security. What conditions must excist before Social Security can be collected and how is it firgured? Please settle our argument so we can go on with our card game."

THE END

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No other clock-radios offer so much... sound so good! They're by RCA VICTOR

What makes these RCA Victor clock-radios so special? Just look! There's a model that lulls you to sleep on one station, turns itself off, wakes you to another station. There's a set with a built-in automatic calendar. Some models even control appliances. (Of course, *all* RCA Victor clock-radios coax you out of bed.)

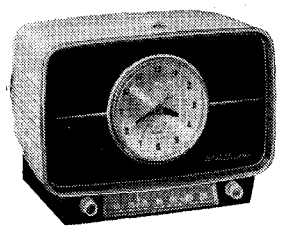
And remember—these are the *only* clock-radios with console-size "Golden Throat" tone. So read about them now, then watch your RCA Victor dealer put them through their paces—soon.

HOUSEHOLD HELPER. Want your Christmas tree lights turned on automatically? RCA Victor's *Sandman* will do that—as well as control household appliances. At night, it sings you to sleep, then shuts itself off. Next day, it wakes you to music, buzzes if you oversleep. Phono-jack. Telechron* clock with luminous hands. Maroon, forest green or ivory cabinet. Model 6C8. $39.95.

EYE-OPENER. The *Roommate* is RCA Victor's lowest priced clock-radio! Telechron* clock has a large, easy-to-read face. Black, antique white or turquoise green. Model 6C5. $29.95. Not shown: The *Dreamer*. Same as above, but with Slumber Switch, buzzer alarm, luminous hands. Maroon or ivory. Model 7C6. $34.95.

FRIENDLY REMINDER. The *Dateliner* has a built-in automatic calendar . . . tells you day, date, time. At night it lulls you to sleep, then shuts itself off. Has buzzer alarm, appliance outlet and phono-jack. Telechron* clock, luminous hands. Black or antique white. Model 7C9. $44.95.

BEDSIDE COMPANION. The *Prompter* has extra powerful, sensitive chassis; Slumber Switch; buzzer alarm; appliance outlet; phono-jack. Clock hands are luminous. In pearl gray and antique ivory (Model 4C671) or black and beige (Model 4C672). $49.95. "Victrola" 45 Record Player shown: Model 6JY1. $19.95.



NIGHT WORKER. The *Slumber King* changes stations while you sleep. Exclusive Rim-O-Matic Selector for easiest operation ever. Appliance outlet. Black with beige (Model 5C591) or black with pearl gray (Model 5C592). $59.95.

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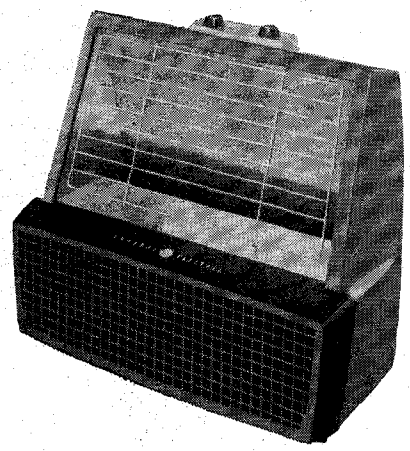
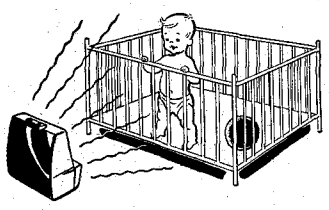


De Luxe Room Heater, model H-2. Turns on and off automatically as room heat changes. Fan-forced heat. 1320 and 1650 watts. **Only $39.95***



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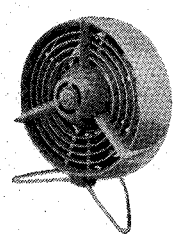
- Heats two ways: radiant heat plus fan-forced heat.
- Safety-engineered—shuts off automatically if tipped over.
- Signal light lets you know when it's on.



Automatic Heater, model H-1. Built-in thermostat. 1320 watts. **Only $19.95***

*Manufacturer's recommended retail and Fair Trade price. Automatic Blanket and Fan Dept., Small Appliance Division, General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

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Keeping Posted

Larry Keighley, King of the Chopsticks

That photo of author Haru Matsukata, of Tokyo, and photographer Larry Keighley, of just-outside-Philadelphia, co-workers on page 34, of course resulted in the author's being asked whether Keighley got anything into his mouth during that meal. Keighley took the picture himself with a delayed-action device, but that proves nothing about his chopsticking.

Miss Matsukata explained that they had lunch in that charming Japanese restaurant which has windows on three sides, and the menu was raw fish, a delicious salad of raw chicken and cucumbers wrapped in thin egg roll, meat flavored by ginger, bonito soup with thin slices of fish and seaweed, eggplant pickles and hot rice. She says that her many American friends in their first chopstick experiences fall into one of two categories: too proud to admit defeat, they are equally hungry at the start of a meal and at the end; or they stoke themselves sufficiently, but wind up with pains and convulsions in their fingers. Finding that Keighley's many Post trips to Japan had made him an old hand at chopsticks, the lady gave him two classic tests for A-1 rating: eat slippery beans,

Miss Matsukata gives eating tests.

and eat each grain of rice separately. And darned if our man didn't pass as deftly as a lesser man would have with a couple of spoons. But there wasn't material at hand for a traditional supertest for a super-A-1 degree: eat a whole fish leaving bone structure unbroken and attached to the head, and leaving nothing else on the dish. "However," writes Haru, "I'm sure Larry would have passed, judging from the way he doesn't like to stay hungry long."

Some People are Born to be Air-Borne

When Don Dwiggins was a freshman in a Hollywood high school, the aviation bug bit him, and he built half of a thirty-six-foot glider wing in the hall of his home. "It's no gag," he assures, "that then I couldn't get it out of the door, and had to saw the half in half, thus ruining its ultimate load factor, as they say in flying school." So he sold the two pieces

Father and son plot a jaunt by air.

to a pal for $10—the pal wanted to build a little glider.

Today, Dwiggins, after being a wartime flight instructor and a newspaper aviation editor, is a make-up editor at Disney Studios, a friend of Mr. K-7, who, in case you're not up on Disneyland, can fly 25,000 mph and never get off the ground. Not long ago, Dwiggins flew out to the Mojave Desert country to visit Pancho Barnes, lady speed flier and granddaughter of Thaddeus Lowe, balloonist friend of President Lincoln and self-styled founder of the nation's air forces. There he met Maj. Arthur Murray, who has flown higher than any other man; they hangar-flew for several hours, resulting eventually in happy landings on page 19.

While their story was awriting, Dwiggins would often bundle Mrs. Dwiggins, son Donl, and daughter Toni Kay into his flying machine, and wing out to the Murrays' place, partly to research their marvelous back-yard barbecues. "I learned," Dwiggins reveals, "that a rocket-ship pilot starts a barbecue fire by putting the charcoal briquets on a burner of the kitchen stove. When his wife isn't looking." During such family flights, young Donl gets in navigation practice toward the pilot's license he aspires to next year when he's sixteen, showing that he, too, has been bitten by the flying bug, or by his father.

Late bulletin: Dwiggins took the Murrays on a trip to Disneyland, introduced the major to that other great rocketeer, Mr. K-7, and it all wound up with Murray and his children being scheduled to appear on TV in the Mickey Mouse Club Newsreel November twenty-first.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Football's Biggest Show"

In Philadelphia next week Army and Navy will clash in football. Read this fascinating story of a spectacle that nothing else in all sports can quite match.

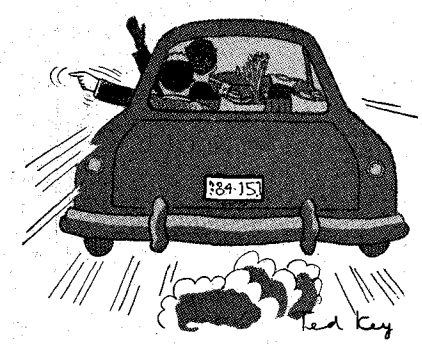
This is the Land of Pioneers

It came to pass that in the French Quarter of New Orleans the police picked up a man who, when urged to identify himself, averred he was Davy Crockett. Robert Yoder, the page 31 purveyor of some odd information from the Social Security files, comments, "Those coppers, like everyone else, had had about as much of Davy Crockett recently as they could stand; so, presuming they were being kidded, they asked to see the stranger's Social Security card." Their suspicions were well founded—phony name. His real name was Daniel Boone.

This turn of events set the Social Security people to wondering whether there were any real Davy or even David Crocketts extant, and they checked their files. There were. One hundred forty-eight. Then the checkers wondered whether modernized America has more than one Dan'l Boone, and it has. Two hundred twenty-one.

Hazel Rides Again

A new book of Hazel cartoons, titled as above, is just off the Dutton press, and on its jacket the famed maidservant, whom Ted Key draws for the Post, writes a critique of the book and of Key. She says she was amazed to have the cartoons give her some real good laughs, for she had seen most of them before, and, indeed, most of the ideas were swiped from her. Reporting that she posed for some of



the drawings, Hazel reveals, "But most of them came from Key's memory, like guys studying the inside of refrigerators or dozing in hammocks . . . he didn't need anybody to pose for that." Hazel says she loves kids and dogs and therefore she lauds the profusion of them in the cartoons, adding belligerently, "I love cats, too, if you wanna make something of it." She concludes, "Give the boss credit for a good job, but don't tell him I said so." Key also gets hearty credit in an introduction to the book by Post editor Ben Hibbs, which includes a rather heart-rending anecdote about how Hazel once wowed a large gathering of people and he didn't. The moral of this paragraph indubitably is: he who buys this selection of Hazeliana drives a shrewd bargain.

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